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## DO YOUR OWN THINKING

IN one of his essays Emerson asks why young men reading in libraries to-day should take on faith the ideas and opinions of young men who read in libraries a thousand years ago? Emerson was never such a young man. He took nothing on faith. He was a great man. If you do your own thinking you will not necessarily be a great man, but you will assuredly be a greater man than you otherwise could be. "For as he (any man) thinketh in his heart so is he." If a man thinketh nothing in his heart he is nothing.

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There was a time when it was culpable for the average man to think for himself. His views on religion were supplied to him from without. The king did his thinking for him on matters political. Some great overlord did his thinking for him on matters social and even domestic. Then came along some common men with uncommon ability; men who thought for themselves and translated their thoughts red-hot into action—men like Martin Luther, Rousseau, Garibaldi, Oliver Cromwell, George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson. From the thoughts of these men came the Reformation, the French Revolution, the War of Italian Unity, the Civil War of England, and our American Revolution. And after all this vast amount of struggle and bloodshed the average men, over a large part of the earth's surface, found themselves free to do their own thinking.

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And nowhere in the world was there such freedom of thought as in our country. Our ancestors came here to be free to think their own thoughts and to do as they thought

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best. The majority of those who have since come to our shores have come for much the same reason. We have a heritage of freedom. There can be no freedom without freedom of thought. For every man to think his own thoughts is, in our country, not only a privilege but a duty. Our ancestors did away with arbitrary authority. From such sources our freedom is not threatened.

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Let us beware the more insidious dangers which do imperil our freedom of thought! Democracy breeds demagogues. Of demagogues we have our full share. They call themselves by different names—some teachers, some preachers, some authors, some editors, and many politicians. They all fatten on the people who don't think for themselves. The people who don't think are a mob. Every mob has its demagogue. All these demagogues manufacture ready-made thoughts and ideas. That's their business. They manufacture them by means of articles, editorials, speeches, novels, tracts, and advertisements. It's a good business for the man who runs it. It's a bad business for his customers.

We have a Pure Food Law to prevent the adulteration of foods and drugs. This law was passed by Congress. Let us have a Pure Thought Law to prevent the adulteration of thoughts and ideas! Such a law cannot be enacted by Congress; it can only be enacted by public opinion. The public means you and it means us. The demagogue can't sell you his canned thoughts if you think your own thoughts. If you and your neighbor, and all the rest of us, did our own thinking, the demagogues would starve.

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There are some people who are doing their own thinking in the wrong way. They are so occupied with their own thoughts that they have no time for what anyone else is thinking or for what anyone else ever did think. These people, too, try to do everyone else's thinking as well as their own. They know all that is worth knowing. Their minds are closed against new thoughts. When they say the Lord's Prayer they unconsciously substitute "My will be done" for "Thy will be done." They are strong believers in independence of thought and action. By independence of thought and action they mean that they should think as they please and do as they please. They mean that other people should think as they wish them to think and do as

they wish them to do. One of the favorite occupations of these people is to build stone walls out of their own prejudices and then bang their heads against them. This practice makes their heads sore, and then all the rest of us are in some unaccountable way responsible for their sore heads. Any one of these individuals would feel himself perfectly competent to run the universe during his absence should the Creator take a vacation. This particular brand of independence of thought we cannot recommend.

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It is not only the demagogues who do our thinking for us; we press all sorts of other and better people into the service. An honest and industrious man makes a great fortune manufacturing collar buttons. We drag him from his self-respecting obscurity and catechise him on everything from the tariff to the nebular hypothesis. He may not know as much of these things even as the rest of us. He may be a little reluctant at first to express his opinions on matters which he knows little or nothing about. This reluctance wears off, however, when he finds we are perfectly willing to take his utterances on faith. After a time he even comes to think himself a universal authority—a living compendium of human wisdom. If one of the more daring of us questions his statements, we are indignantly reminded that he has sixty million dollars, one hundred blooded horses, sixty automobiles, and eight thousand employees. This crushes further skepticism. The farther he is removed from actual contact with the collar buttons the greater becomes this resplendent citizen in the eyes of the gaping crowd. This man was once an industrious and intelligent maker of collar buttons. We have dragged him into the lime light and made a fool of him. We did it because we wanted him to do for us some of the thinking which we should do for ourselves.

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So, too, we get hold of learned men—scholars, professors, and college presidents—and make them give us their thoughts on business. Some of them know little more of actual business than what they have learned from paying their rent and their washer-women. We hold up some poor scholar who is on the point of being evicted by his landlord and make him give us his views on the national debt. If anyone suggests that possibly he does not know much about it we indignantly point to his five degrees and

his reputation for vast learning. Our public men don't make fools of themselves: we make fools of them. We try to make them do our thinking when they have all they can manage to do their own.

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The people who don't think for themselves are like sheep. The ram jumps over a certain stone in the wall and all the sheep jump over the same stone. That may be the best place to get over the wall, but whether it is or not the sheep do it just the same. Initiative is a rare quality. Sheep haven't much initiative. To have initiative you must do your own thinking. At the Harvard Law School some five years ago there occurred a striking example of initiative. One of the professors devised a system for improving the curriculum. He demonstrated that his method would double the efficiency of the instruction. He went over his plans exhaustively with his leading colleagues on the faculty. They all agreed that it was a great idea. Finally, there was called a mass meeting of faculty and students for the purpose of presenting and indorsing the new system. The professor described before the meeting the many and great advantages of his scheme. When he sat down, as a matter of form, the chairman called for remarks before taking a vote. A first-year man whom no one knew got up and began very quietly to point out objections—serious objections. All eyes were turned upon this presumptuous upstart. What did he know about it! Not much, perhaps, but he knew enough to do his own thinking. When he had finished speaking the new system was voted down, never to be heard of again.

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It would be interesting to know how many of the officers of corporations of to-day were the office boys of yesterday. It is safe to say there are thousands of such men. Not one of them rose to his present position by letting anyone else do his thinking for him. That does not mean that he stopped to argue it out every time he received an order. That would be the fool's attempt to do the thinking of his superiors. The man who thinks for himself knows when to take the other fellow's thoughts on faith and when not to. Such a boy and such a man was Amos R. Eno—one of New York's first multimillionaires. His first large venture was the building of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Older and supposedly wiser men told him it was a wild scheme. He might as well throw his money into the East River. New



York would never amount to anything beyond Twenty-third Street. With this encouragement he started in. One Sunday he was looking at the hole the workmen had dug for the foundation. There came along two elderly merchants—prominent men he knew by sight. They had never heard of him. Said one elderly merchant to the other: "What poor fool is sinking his money 'way up town here?" "The poor fool" became a multimillionaire. The Fifth Avenue soon became and long remained New York's leading hotel. Its builder and owner had the habit of doing his own thinking.

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In order to do your own thinking, in the right way, you must pay strict attention to what other people think and have thought. No man is sufficient unto himself. Pig-headedness is sometimes called independence, but it is not. The biggest lakes have the biggest fish. The biggest men have the biggest thoughts. A really big man is well worth listening to when he speaks. He is well worth reading when he writes. But if a little man has a big thought, that thought is no less big because expressed by a little man. If a big man has a small thought, that thought is no less small because expressed by a big man. Other people's thoughts taken with discrimination become our own thoughts. It is not the source of an idea, but the idea itself that helps us. One of the chief pleasures in reading is the coming upon one's own thoughts. They are no less your ideas because they happen also to be the ideas of the author.

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Do your own thinking and let the other fellow do his. In that way we can preserve and perpetuate real democracy in America. Real democracy in distinction from the kind of democracy which is hardly more than a constitutional theory and a Fourth of July emotion.

# CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

## CHAPTER I

### THE PERFECT BOARDING-HOUSE



It is queer, but Captain Cy himself doesn't remember whether the day was Tuesday or Wednesday. Asaph Tidditt's records ought to settle it, for there was a meeting of the board of selectmen that day, and Asaph has been town clerk in Bayport since the summer before the Baptist meeting house burned. But on the record the date, in Asaph's handwriting, stands "Tuesday, May 10, 189-," and, as it happens, May 10 of that year fell on Wednesday, not Tuesday at all.

Keturah Bangs, who keeps "the perfect boarding house," says it was Tuesday, because she remembers they had fried cod cheeks and cabbage that day—as they have every Tuesday—and neither Mr. Tidditt nor Bailey Bangs, Keturah's husband, was on hand when the dinner bell rang. Keturah says she is certain it was Tuesday, because she remembers smelling the boiled cabbage as she stood at the side door, looking up the road to see if either Asaph or Bailey were coming. As for Bailey, he says he remembers being late to dinner and his wife's "startin' to heave a broadsides into him" because of it, but he doesn't remember what day it was. This isn't surprising; Keturah's verbal cannonades are likely to make one forgetful of trifles.

At any rate, whether Tuesday or Wednesday, it is certain that it was a quarter past twelve, according to the clock presented to the Methodist Society by the Honorable Heman Atkins, when Asaph Tidditt came down the steps of the town hall, after the

selectmen's meeting, and saw Bailey Bangs waiting for him on the opposite side of the road.

"Hello, Ase!" hailed Mr. Bangs. "You'll be late to dinner, if you don't hurry. I was headin' for home, all sail sot, when I see you. What kept you?"

"Town business, of course," replied Mr. Tidditt, with the importance pertaining to his official position. "What kept *you*, for the land sakes? Won't Ketury be in your wool?"

Bailey hasn't any "wool" worth mentioning now, and he had very little more then, but he mopped his forehead, or the extension above it, taking off his cap to do so.

"I cal'late she will," he said, uneasily. "Tell you the truth, Ase, I was up to the store, and Cap'n Josiah Dimick and some more of 'em drifted in and we got talkin' about the chances of the harbor appropriation, and one thing or 'nother, and 'twas later'n I thought 'twas 'fore I knew it."

The appropriation from the government, which was to deepen and widen our harbor here at Bayport, was a very vital topic among us just then. Heman Atkins, the congressman from our district, had promised to do his best for the appropriation, and had for a time been very sanguine of securing it. Recently, however, he had not been quite as hopeful.

"What's Cap'n Josiah think about the chances?" asked Asaph, eagerly.

"Well, sometimes he thinks Yes and then again he thinks No," replied Bailey. "He says, of course, if Heman is able to get it he will, but if he ain't able to, he—he—"

"He won't, I s'pose. Well, I can think that myself, and I don't set up to be no inspired know-it-all, like Joe Dimick. He ain't heard from Heman lately, has he?"

"No, he ain't. Neither's anybody else, so fur as I can find out."

"Oh, yes, they have. I have, for one."

Mr. Bangs stopped short in his double-quick march for home and dinner, and looked his companion in the face.

"Ase Tidditt," he cried, "do you mean to tell me you've had a letter from Heman Atkins, from Washin'ton?"

Asaph nodded portentously.

"Yes, sir," he declared. "A letter from the Honorable Heman G. Atkins, of Washin'ton, D. C., come to me last night. I read it afore I turned in."

"You did! And never said nothin' about it?"

"Why should I say anything about it?"

'Twas addressed to me as town clerk, and was concernin' a matter to be took up with the board of s'lectmen. I ain't in the habit of hollerin' town affairs through a speakin' trumpet. Folks that vote for me town-meetin' day know that, I guess. Angie Phinney says to me only yesterday: 'Mr. Tidditt,' says she, 'there's one thing I'll say for you—you don't talk.'"

Miss Phinney boarded with the Bangses, and Bailey was acquainted with her personal peculiarities; for that matter so were most of Bayport's permanent residents.

"Humph!" he snorted, indignantly, "she thought 'twas a good thing not to talk, hey? *She* did? Well, by mighty! you never get no *chance* to talk when she's around. Angie Phinney! Why, when that poll parrot of hers died Alph'us Smalley declared up and down that what killed it was jealousy and disapp'inted ambition; he said it broke its heart tryin' to keep up with Angie. Her ma was the same breed of cats. I remember——"

The talking proclivities of females is the one topic upon which Keturah's husband is touchiest. Asaph knew this, but he delighted to stir up his chum occasionally. He chuckled as he interrupted the flow of reminiscence.

"There, there, Bailey!" he exclaimed.

"I know as much about Angie's tribe as you do, I cal'late. Ain't we a little mite off the course? Seems to me we was talkin' about Heman's letter."

"Is that so? I judged from what you said we wa'n't goin' to talk about it. Aw, don't be so mean, Ase! Showin' off your importance like a young one! What did

Heman say about the appropriation? Is he goin' to get it?"

Mr. Tidditt paused before replying. Then, bending over, he whispered in his chum's ear:

"He never said one word about the appropriation, Bailey; not one word. He wanted to know if we'd got this year's taxes on the Whittaker place. And, if we hadn't, what was we goin' to do about it? Bailey, between you and me and the mizzenmast, Heman Atkins wants to get a-hold of that place the worst way."

"He does? He *does*? For the land sakes, ain't he got property enough already? Ain't a—a palace like that enough for one man, without wantin' to buy a rattletrap like *that*?"

The first "that" was emphasized by a brandished but reverent left hand; the second by a derisively pointing right. The two friends had reached the crest of the long slope leading up from the town hall. On one side of the road stretched the imposing frontage of the "Atkins estate," with its iron fence and stone posts; on the other slouched the weed-grown, tumble-down desolation of the "Cy. Whittaker place." The contrast was that of opulent prosperity and poverty-stricken neglect.

When Heman Atkins came back from the South Seas early in the '60's, "rich as dock mud," though still a young man, he promptly tore down his father's old house, which stood on the crest of Whittaker's Hill, and built in its place a big imposing residence. It was by far the finest house in Bayport, and Heman made it finer as the years passed. There were imitation brown stone pillars supporting its front porch, iron dogs and scroll work iron benches bordering its front walk, and a pair of stone urns, in summer filled with flowers, beside its big iron front gate.

Heman was our leading citizen, our representative in Washington, and the town's philanthropist. He gave the Atkins memorial window and the Atkins tower clock to the Methodist Church. The Atkins town pump, also his gift, stood before the town hall. The Atkins portrait in the Bayport Ladies' Library was much admired; and the size of the Atkins fortune was the principal subject of conversation at the sewing circle, at the table of "the perfect boarding

house," around the stove in Simmons's store, or wherever Bayporters were used to gather. We never exactly worshiped Heman Atkins, perhaps, but we figuratively doffed our hats when his name was mentioned.

The "Cy Whittaker place" faced the Atkins estate from the opposite side of the main road, but it was the general opinion that it ought to be ashamed to face it. Almost everybody called it "the Cy Whittaker place," although some of the younger set spoke of it as the "Sea Sight House." It was a big, old-fashioned dwelling, gambrel roofed, and brown and dilapidated. Originally it had enjoyed the dignified seclusion afforded by a white picket fence with square gateposts, and the path to its seldom-used front door had been guarded by rigid lines of box hedge. This, however, was years ago, before the second Captain Cy Whittaker died, and before the Howes family turned it into the "Sea Sight House," a hotel for summer boarders.

The Howeses "improved" the house and grounds. They tore down the picket fence, uprooted the box hedges, hung a sign over the sacred front door, and built a wide veranda under the parlor windows. They took boarders for five consecutive summers; then they gave up the unprofitable undertaking, returned to Concord, New Hampshire, their native city, and left the Cy Whittaker place to bear the ravages of Bayport winters and Bayport small boys as best it might.

For years it stood empty. The weeds grew high about its foundations; the sparrows built nests behind such of its shutters as had not been ripped from their hinges by February no'theasters; its roof grew bald in spots as the shingles loosened and were blown away; the swallows flew in and out of its stone-broken window panes. Year by year it became more of a disgrace in the eyes of Bayport's neat and thrifty inhabitants—for neat and thrifty we are, if we do say it. The selectmen would have liked to tear it down, but they could not, because it was private property, having been purchased from the Howes heirs by the third Cy Whittaker, Captain Cy's only son, who ran away to sea when he was sixteen years old, and was disinherited and cast off by the proud old skipper in consequence. Each March, Asaph Tidditt, in

his official capacity as town clerk, had been accustomed to receive an envelope with a South American postmark, and in that envelope was a draft on a Boston banking house for the sum due as taxes on the "Cy Whittaker place." The drafts were signed "Cyrus M. Whittaker."

But this particular year—the year in which this chronicle begins—no draft had been received. Asaph waited a few weeks and then wrote to the address indicated by the postmark. His letter was unanswered. The taxes were due in March and it was now May. Mr. Tidditt wrote again; then he laid the case before the board of selectmen, and Captain Eben Salters, chairman of that august body, also wrote. But even Captain Eben's authoritative demand was ignored. Next to the harbor appropriation, the question of what should be done about the "Cy Whittaker place" filled Bayport's thoughts that spring. No one, however, had supposed that the Honorable Heman might wish to buy it. Bailey Bangs's surprise was excusable.

"What in the world," repeated Bailey, "does Heman want of a shebang like that? Ain't he got enough already?"

His friend shook his head.

"Pears not," he said. "I judge it's this way, Bailey: Heman, he's a proud man——"

"Well, ain't he got a right to be proud?" broke in Mr. Bangs, hastening to resent any criticism of the popular idol. "Cal'late you and me'd be proud if we was able to carry as much sail as he does, wouldn't we?"

"Yes, I guess like we would. But you needn't get red in the face and strain your biler just because I said that. I ain't finding fault with Heman; I'm only tellin' you. He's proud, as I said, and his wife——"

"She's dead this four year. What are you resurrectin' her for?"

"Land! you're peppery as a West Injy omelet this mornin'. Let me alone till I've finished. His wife, when she was alive, she was proud, too. And his daughter, Alicia, she's eight year old now, and by and by she'll be grown up into a high-toned young woman. Well, Heman is fursighted, and I s'pose likely he's thinkin' of the days when there'll be young rich fellers—senators and—and—well, counts and lords, maybe—cruisin' down here courtin'.

her. By that time the Whittaker place 'll be a worse disgrace than 'tis now. I presume he don't want those swells to sit on his front piazza and see the crows buildin' nests in the ruins acrost the road. So——"

"Crows! Did you ever see a crow build a nest in a house? I never did!"

"Oh, belay! Crows or canary birds,

way Joe Dimick felt when he heard the doctor had told Elviry Pepper she must stop singin' in the choir or lose her voice altogether. 'Whichever happens 'll be an improvement,' says Cap'n Joe; and whatever Heman does 'll help the Whittaker place. What did you decide at the meetin'?"



"*We was a spunky, dare-devil lot in the old days, wa'n't we, Ase?*"

what difference does it make? *Somethin'* 'll nest there, if it's only A'nt Sophrony Hallett's hens. So Heman he writes to the board, askin' if the taxes is paid, if we've heard any reason why they ain't paid, and what we're goin' to do about it. If there's a sale for taxes he wants to be fust bidder. Then, when the place is his, he can tear down or rebuild, just as he sees fit. See?"

"Yes, I see. Well, I feel about that the

"Nothin'. We can't decide yet. We ain't sure about the law and we want to wait a spell, anyhow. But I know how 'twill end: Atkins 'll get the place. He always gets what he wants, Heman does."

Bailey turned and looked back at the old house, forlorn amidst its huddle of blackberry briars and weeds, and with the ubiquitous "silver-leaf" saplings springing up in clusters everywhere about it and closing in on its defenseless walls like



squads of victorious soldiery making the final charge upon a conquered fort.

"Well," sighed Mr. Bangs, "so that'll be the end of the old Whittaker place, hey? Sho! things change in a feller's lifetime, don't they? You and me can remember, Ase, when Cap'n Cy Whittaker was one of the biggest men we had in this town. So was his dad afore him, the Cap'n Cy that built the house. I wonder the looks of things here now don't bring them two up out of their graves. Do you remember young Cy—'Whit' we used to call him—or 'Reddy Whit,' 'count of his red hair? I don't know's you do though; guess you'd gone to sea when he run away from home."

Mr. Tidditt shook his head.

"No, no!" he said, "I was to home that year. Remember 'Whit'? Well, I should say I did. He was a holy terror—yes, sir! Wa'n't no monkey shines or didos cut up in this town that young Cy wa'n't into. Fur's that goes, you and me was in 'em, too, Bailey. We was all holy terrors then. Young ones nowadays ain't got the spunk we used to have."

His friend chuckled.

"That's so," he declared. "That's so. Whit was a good-hearted boy, too, but full of the old Scratch and as sot in his ways as his dad, and if Cap'n Cy wa'n't sot then there ain't no sotness. 'You'll go to college and be a parson,' says the Cap'n. 'I'll go to sea and be a sailor, same as you done,' says Whit. And he did, too; run away one night, took the packet to Boston, and shipped aboard an Australian clipper. Cap'n Cy didn't go after him to fetch him home. No sir—ee! not a fetch. Sent him a letter plumb to Melbourne and, says he: 'You've made your bed; now lay in it. Don't you never dast to come back to me or your ma,' he says. And Whit didn't, he wa'n't that kind."

"Pretty nigh killed the old lady—Whit's ma—that did," mused Asaph. "She died a little spell afterwards. And the old man pined away, too, but he never give in or asked the boy to come back. Stubborn as all get-out to the end, he was, and willed the place, all he had left, to them Howes folks. And a nice mess *they* made of it. Young Cy, he——"

"Young Cy!" interrupted Bailey. "We're always callin' him 'young Cy,' and yet, when you come to think of it, he

must be pretty nigh fifty-five now; most as old as you and I be. Wonder if he'll ever come back here?"

"You bet he won't!" was the oracular reply. "You bet he won't! From what I hear he got to be a sea cap'n himself and settled down there in Buenos Ayres. He's made all kinds of money, they say, out of hides and such. What he ever bought his dad's old place for, I can't see. He'll never come back to these common, one-horse latitudes, now you mark my word on that!"

It was a prophecy Mr. Tidditt was accustomed to make each year to the crowd at the post office, when the receipt for the draft for taxes caused him to wax reminiscent. The younger generation here in Bayport regard their town clerk as something of an oracle, and this regard has made Asaph a trifle vain and positive.

Bailey chuckled again.

"We was a spunky, dare-devil lot in the old days, wa'n't we, Ase?" he said. "Spunk was kind of born in us, as you might say. And even now we're——"

The Atkins tower clock boomed once—a solemn, dignified stroke. Mr. Tidditt and his companion started and looked at each other.

"Godfrey scissors!" gasped Asaph; "is that ha'f past twelve?"

Mr. Bangs pulled a big worn silver watch from his pocket and glanced at the dial.

"It is!" he moaned. "As sure's you're born it is! We've kept Ketury's dinner waitin' twenty minutes. You and me are in for it now, Asa Tidditt! Twenty minutes late! She'll skin us alive."

Mr. Tidditt did not pause to answer, but plunged headlong down the hill at a race-horse gait, Bailey pounding at his heels. For "born dare-devils," self-confessed, they were a nervous and apprehensive pair.

The "perfect boarding house" is situated a quarter of a mile beyond "Whittaker's Hill," nearly opposite the Salters homestead. The sign, hung on the pole by the front gate, reads, "Bayport Hotel. Bailey Bangs, Proprietor," but no one except the stranger in Bayport accepts that sign seriously. When, owing to an unexpected change in the administration at Washington, Mr. Bangs was obliged to relinquish his position as our village post-



master, his wife came to the rescue with the proposal that they open a boarding house. "Whatsoe'er you find to do," quoted Keturah at sewing circle meeting, 'do it then with all your might!' That's a good Sabbath-school hymn tune and it's good sense besides. I intend to make it my life work to run just as complete a—eatin' and lodgin' establishment as I can. If, when I'm laid to rest, they can put onto my gravestone, 'She run the perfect boardin' house,' I'll be satisfied."

This remark, and subsequent similar declarations, were widely quoted, and, therefore, though casual visitors may refer to the "Bayport Hotel," to us natives the Bangs residence is always "Keturah's perfect boarding house." As for the sign's affirmation of Mr. Bangs's proprietorship, that is considered the cream of the joke. The idea of meek, bald-headed little Bailey posing as proprietor of anything while his wife is on deck, tickles Bayport's sense of humor.

The perspiring delinquents panted into the yard of the perfect boarding house and tremblingly opened the door leading to the dining room. Dinner was well under way, and Mrs. Bangs, enthroned at the end of the long table, behind the silver-plated teapot, was waiting to receive them. The silence was appalling.

"Sorry to be a little behindhand, Ketury," stammered Asaph, hurriedly. "Town affairs are important, of course, and can't be neglected. I—"

"Yes, yes; that's so, Ketury," cut in Mr. Bangs. "You see—"

"Hum! Yes, I see." Keturah's tone was several degrees below freezing. "Hum! I s'pose 'twas town affairs kept you, too, hey?"

"Well, well—er—not exactly, as you might say, but—" Bailey squeezed himself into the armchair at the end of the table opposite his wife, the end which, with sarcasm not the less keen for being unintentional, was called the "head." "Not exactly town affairs 'twan't that kept me, Ketury, but— My! don't them cod cheeks smell good? You always could cook cod cheeks, if I do say it."

The compliment was wasted. Mrs. Bangs had a sermon to deliver, and its text was not "cod cheeks."

"Bailey Bangs," she began, "when I

was brought to realize that my husband, although apparently an able-bodied man, couldn't support me as I'd been used to be supported, and when I was forced to support *him* by keepin' boarders, I says, 'if there's one thing that my house shall stand for it's punctual promptness at meal times. I say nothin', I says, 'about the inconvenience of gettin' on with only one hired help when we ought to have three. If providence, in its unscrutable wisdom,' I says, 'has seen fit to lay this burden onto me, the burden of a household of boarders and a husband whom—'"

And just then the power referred to by Mrs. Bangs intervened to spare her husband the remainder of the preachment. From the driveway of the yard, beside the dining-room windows, came the rattle of wheels and the tramp of a horse's feet. Mrs. Matilda Tripp, who sat nearest the windows, on that side, rose and peered out. "It's the depot wagon, Ketury," she said. "There's somebody inside it. I wonder if they're comin' here."

"Transients" were almost unknown quantities at the Bayport Hotel in May. Consequently all the boarders and the landlady herself crowded to the windows. The "depot wagon" had drawn up by the steps, and Gabe Lumley, the driver, had descended from his seat and was doing his best to open the door of the ancient vehicle. It stuck, of course; the doors of all depot wagons stick.

"Hold on a shake!" commanded some one inside the carriage. "Wait till I get a purchase on her. Now, then! All hands to the ropes! Heave—*ha!* *There* she comes!"

The door flew back with a bang. A man sprang out upon the lower step of the porch. The eye of every inmate of the perfect boarding house was on him. Even the "hired help" peered from the kitchen door.

"He's a stranger," whispered Mrs. Tripp. "I never see him before, did you, Mr. Tidditt?"

The town clerk did not answer. He was staring at the depot wagon's passenger, staring with a face the interested expression of which was changing to that of surprise and amazed incredulity. Mrs. Tripp turned to Mr. Bangs; he also was staring, open-mouthed.

"Godfrey scissors!" gasped Asaph, under his breath; "Godfrey—scissors! Bailey, I—I believe—I swan to man, I believe——"

"Ase Tidditt!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs, "am I goin' loony, or is that—is that——?"

Neither finished his sentence. There are times when language seems so pitifully inadequate.

## CHAPTER II

### THE WANDERER'S RETURN

HERE in Bayport, nowadays, the collecting of "antiques" is a favorite amusement of our summer visitors. Those of us who were fortunate enough to possess a set of nicked blue dishes, a warming pan, or a tall clock with wooden wheels, have long ago parted with these treasures for considerable sums. Oddly enough Sylvanus Cahoon has profited most by this craze. Sylvanus used to be judged the unluckiest man in town; of late this judgment has been revised.

It was Sylvanus who, confined to the house by an illness brought on by eating too much "sugar cake" at a free sociable given by the Methodist Society, arose in the night and drank copiously of what he supposed to be the medicine left by the doctor. It happened to be water-bug poison, and Sylvanus was nearly killed by the dose. He is reported as having admitted that he "didn't mind dyin' so much, but hated to die such a dum mean death."

While convalescent he took to smoking in bed and was burned out of house and home in consequence. Then it was that his kind-hearted fellow citizens donated, for the furnishing of his new residence, all the cast-off bits of furniture and odds and ends from their garrets. "Charity," observed Captain Josiah Dimick at the time, "begins at home with us Bayporters, and it generally begins up attic, that bein' nighest to heaven."

Later Sylvanus sold most of the donations as "antiques" and made money enough therefrom to buy a new plush parlor set. Miss Angeline Phinney never called on the Cahoons after that without making her appearance at the front door.

"I'll get some good out of that plush sofy I helped to pay for," declared Angeline, "if it's only to wear it out by settin' on it."

There are two "antiques" in Bayport which have not yet been sold or even bid for. One is Gabe Lumley's "depot wagon," and the other is "Dan'l Webster," the horse which draws it. Both are very ancient, sadly in need of upholstery, and jerky of locomotion.

Gabe was, as usual, waiting at the station when the down train arrived, on the Tuesday—or Wednesday—of the selectmen's meeting. The train was due, according to the time table, at eleven forty-five. This time table and the signboard of the "Bayport Hotel" are the only bits of humorous literature peculiar to our village, unless we add the political editorials of the *Bayport Breeze*.

So, at eleven forty-five, Mr. Lumley was serenely dozing on the baggage truck, which he had wheeled to the sunny side of the platform. At five minutes past twelve, he yawned, stretched, and looked at his watch. Then, rolling off the truck, he strolled to the edge of the platform and spoke authoritatively to "Dan'l Webster."

"Hi there! stand still!" commanded Mr. Lumley.

Standing still being Dan'l's long suit, the order was obeyed. Gabe then loafed to the door of the station and accosted the depot master, who was nodding in his chair beside the telegraph instrument.

"Where is she now, Ed?" asked Mr. Lumley, referring to the train.

"Just left South Harniss. Be here pretty soon. What's your hurry? Expectin' anybody?"

"Naw; nobody that I know of, special. Sophrony Hallett's gone to Ostable, but she won't be back till to-morrow, I cal'late. Hello! there she whistles now."

Needless to say it was the train, not the widow Hallett, that had whistled. The depot master rose from his chair. A yellow dog, his property, scrambled from beneath it, and rushing out of the door and to the farther end of the platform, barked furiously. Cephas Baker, who lives across the road from the depot, slouched down to his front gate. His wife opened the door of her kitchen and stood there, her wet arms wrapped in her apron. The five Baker children tore round the corner of the



*"Is this your—horse?" demanded the newcomer."*

house, over the back fence, and lined up, whooping joyously, on the platform. A cloud of white smoke billowed above the clump of cedars at the bend of the track. Then the locomotive rounded the curve and bore down upon the station.

"Stand still, I tell you!" shouted Gabe, addressing the horse.

Dan'l Webster opened one eye, closed it and relapsed into slumber.

The train, a combination baggage car and smoker, two freight cars and a passenger coach, rolled ponderously alongside the platform. From the open door of the baggage car were tossed the mail sack and two express packages. The conductor stepped from the passenger coach. Following him came briskly a short, thickset man with a reddish-gray beard and grayish-red hair.

"Goin' down to the village, Mister?" inquired Mr. Lumley. "Carriage right here."

The stranger inspected the driver of the depot wagon, inspected him deliberately from top to toe. Then he said:

"Down to the village? Why yes, I wouldn't wonder. Say! you're a Lumley, ain't you?"

"Why! why—yes, I be! How'd you know that? Ain't ever seen you afore, have I?"

"Guess not," with a quiet chuckle. "I've never seen you either, but I've seen your nose. I'd know a Lumley nose if I run across it in China."

The possessor of the "Lumley nose" rubbed that organ in a bewildered fashion. Recovering in a measure he laughed, rather half-heartedly, and begged to know if the trunk, then being unloaded from the baggage car, belonged to his prospective passenger. As the answer was an affirmative nod he secured the trunk check and departed, still rubbing his nose.

When he returned, with the trunk on the truck, he found the stranger, with his hands in his pockets, standing before Dan'l Webster and gazing at that animal with an expression of acute interest.

"Is this your—horse?" demanded the newcomer, pausing before the final word of his question.

"It's so cal'lated to be," replied Gabe, with dignity.

"Hum! Does he work nights?"

"Work nights? No, course he don't!"

"Oh, all right. Then you can wake him up with a clear conscience. I didn't know but he needed the sleep. What's his record?"

"Record?"

"Yup; his trottin' record. Anybody can see he's built for speed, narrow in the beam and sharp fore and aft. Shall I get aboard the barouche?"

The depot master, who was on hand to help with the trunk, grinned broadly. Mr. Lumley sulkily made answer that his passenger might get aboard if he wanted to. Apparently he wanted to, for he sprang into the depot wagon with a bounce that made the old vehicle rock on its springs.

"Jerushy!" he exclaimed, "she rolls some, don't she? Never mind, *my* ballast 'll keep her on an even keel. Trunk made fast astern? All right! Say! you might furl some of this spare canvas so's I can take an observation as we go along. Don't go so fast that the scenery gets blurred, will you? It's been some time since I made this cruise, and I'd rather like to keep a lookout."

The driver "furlled the canvas"—that is, he rolled up the curtains at the sides of the carryall. Then he climbed to the front seat and took up the reins.

"Git up!" he shouted, savagely. Dan'l Webster did not move.

The passenger offered a suggestion. "Why don't you try hangin' an alarm clock in his fore-riggin'?" he asked.

"Haw! haw!" roared the depot master,

"Git up, you—you lump!" bellowed the harassed Mr. Lumley. Dan'l pricked up one ear, then a hoof, and slowly got under way. As the equipage passed the Baker homestead, the whole family was clustered about the gate, staring at the occupant of the wagon. The stare was returned.

"Who lives in there?" demanded the stranger. "Who are those folks?"

"Ceph Baker's tribe," was the sullen answer.

"Baker, hey? Humph! new folks, I presume likely. Used to be Seth Snow's house, that did. Where'd Seth go to?"

Gabe grunted that he did not know. He believed Mr. Snow was dead, had died years before.

"Humph! dead, hey? Then I know where he went. Do you ever smoke—or does drivin' this horse make you too nervous?"

Mr. Lumley thawed a bit at the sight of the proffered cigar. He admitted that he smoked occasionally and that he guessed "twouldn't interfere with the drivin' none."

"Good enough! then we'll light up. I can talk better if I'm under a head of steam. There's a new house; who built that?"

The "new" house was fifteen years old, but Gabe gave the name of its builder. Then, thinking that the catechising had been altogether too one-sided, he ventured an observation of his own.

"This is a pretty good cigar, Mister," he said. "Smokes like a Snowflake."

"Like a what?"

"Like a Snowflake. That's about the best straight five center you can get around here. Simmons used to keep 'em, but the drummer's cart ain't called lately and he's all out."

"That's a shame. I told the train boy that these smoked like somethin', but I didn't know what to call it. Much obliged to you. Here's another; put it in your pocket. Oh, no thanks; pleasure's all mine. Who's Simmons?"

Gabe described the Simmons general store and its proprietor. Then he added:

"I was noticin' that trunk of yours, Mister; it's all plastered over with labels, ain't it? Cal'late that trunk's done some travelin', hey?"

"Think so, do you?"

"Yup. Gee! I'd like to travel myself. But no! I got to stay all my life in this dead 'n' alive hole. I wanted to go to Boston and clerk in a store, but the old man put his foot down, and here I've stuck ever sence. Git up, Dan'l! What's the matter with you?"

The passenger smiled, but there was a dreamy look in his gray eyes.

"Don't find fault, son," he said. "There's worse places in the world than old Bayport, and worse judgment than mindin' your dad. Don't forget that or you may be sorry for it some day." He sniffed eagerly. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "just smell that, will you? Ain't that fine?"

"Humph! that's the flats. You can smell 'em any time when the tide's out and the wind's right. You see, the tide goes out pretty fur here and——"

"Don't I know it? Son, I've been waitin' thirty odd year for that smell and here 'tis at last. Drive slow and let me fill up on it. Just blow that—that Snow-storm of yours the other way for a spell, won't you? Thanks."

The request to be driven slow was so superfluous that Mr. Lumley paid no attention to it. He puffed industriously at the Snowflake and watched his companion who, leaning forward on the seat, was gazing out at the town and the bay beyond it. The "depot hill" is not as high as Whittaker's Hill, but the view is almost as extensive.

"Excuse me, Mister," observed Gabe, after an interval, "but you ain't said where you're goin'."

The passenger came out of his day dream with a start.

"Why, that's right!" he exclaimed. "So I haven't! Well now, where would you go, if you was me? Is there a hotel or tavern or somethin'?"

"Yup. There's the Bayport Hotel. 'Tain't exactly a hotel neither. We call it the perfect boardin' house 'round here. You see——"

He proceeded to tell the story of "the perfect boarding house." His listener seemed greatly interested, and although he laughed, did not interrupt until the tale was ended.

"So!" he said, chuckling. "Bailey Bangs, hey? Stub Bangs! Well, well! And he married Ketury Payson! How in time did he ever find spunk enough to propose? And Ketury runs the perfect boardin' house! Well, that ought to be job enough for one woman. She runs Bailey, too, on the side, I s'pose?"

"You bet you! He don't dast to say

boo to a chicken when she's 'round. I say, Mister! I don't know's I know your name, do I? I judge you've been here afore so——"

"Yes, I've been here before. Whose 's that big place up there across our bows? The one with the cupola on the main truck?"

"That, sir," said Mr. Lumley, oratorically, "belongs to the Honorable Heman G. Atkins, and it's probably the finest in this county. Heman is our representative in Washin'ton, and— Did you say anything?"

The passenger had said something, but he did not repeat it. He was leaning from the carriage and gazing steadily up the slope ahead. And his gaze, strange to say, was not directed at the imposing Atkins estate, but at its opposite neighbor, the old "Cy Whittaker place."

Slowly, laboriously, Dan'l Webster mounted the hill. At the crest he would have paused to take breath, but the driver would not let him.

"Git along, you!" he commanded, flapping the reins.

And then Mr. Lumley suffered the shock of a surprise. The hitherto cool and self-possessed occupant of the rear seat seemed very much excited. His big red hand clasped Mr. Lumley's over the reins, and Dan'l was brought to an abrupt standstill.

"Heave to!" he ordered sharply, and the tone was that of one who has given many orders and expects them to be obeyed. "Belay! Whoa there! Great land of love! look at that! Who did that?"

The mate to the big red hand pointed to the front door of the Whittaker place. Gabe was alarmed.

"Done what? Done which?" he gasped. "What you talkin' about? There ain't nobody lives in there. That house has been empty for——"

"Where's the front fence?" demanded the excited passenger. "What's become of the hedge? And who put up that—that darned piazza?"

The piazza had been where it now was almost since Mr. Lumley could remember. He hastened to reply that he didn't know; he wasn't sure; he presumed likely 'twas "them New Hampshire Howeses," when they ran a summer boarding house.

The stranger drew a long breath.



"Well, of all the—" he began. Then he choked, hesitated, and ordered his driver to heave ahead and run alongside the hotel as quick as the Almighty would let him. Gabe hastened to obey. He was now absolutely certain that his companion was an escaped lunatic, and the sooner another keeper was appointed the better. The remainder of the trip was made in silence.

Mrs. Bangs opened the door of the perfect boarding house and stood majestically waiting to receive the prospective guest. Over her shoulders peered the faces of the boarders.

"Good afternoon," began the landlady. "I presume likely you would like to——"

She was interrupted. The newcomer turned toward her and extended his hand.

"Hello, Ketury!" he said. "I ain't seen you sence you wore your hair up, but you're just as good-lookin' as ever. And ain't that Bailey? Yes 'tis, and Asaph, too! How are you, boys? Shake!"

Mr. Bangs and his chum, the town clerk, had emerged from the doorway. Their mouths and eyes were wide open and they seemed to be suffering from a sort of paralysis.

"Well? What's the matter with you?" demanded the arrival. "Ain't too stuck up to shake hands after all these years, are you?"

Bailey's mouth closed in order that its possessor might swallow. Then it slowly reopened.

"I swan to man!" he ejaculated. "Well! I swan to man! I—I b'lieve you're Cy Whittaker!"

"Course I am. Have to dye my carrot top if I want to play anybody else. But look here, boys! you answer my question: who had the cheek to rig up that blasted piazza on my house? It starts to come down to-morrow mornin'!"

### CHAPTER III

#### "FIXIN' OVER"

MISS ANGELINE PHINNEY made no less than nine calls that afternoon. Before bedtime it was known, from the last house in "Woodchuck Lane" to the fish shanties at West Bayport, that "young Cy" Whittaker had come back; that he had come

back "for good"; that he was staying temporarily at the perfect boarding house; that he was "awful well off"—having made lots of money down in South America; that he intended to "fix over" the Whittaker place, and that it was to be fixed over, not in a modern manner, with plush parlor sets—à la Sylvanus Cahoon, nor with onyx tables and blue and gold chairs like those adorning the Atkins mansion. It was to be, as near as possible, a reproduction of what it had been in the time of the late "Cap'n Cy," young Cy's father.

"I think he's out of his head," declared Miss Phinney, in confidence, to each of the nine females whom she favored with her calls. "Not crazy, you understand, but sort of touched in the upper story. I says so to Matildy Tripp, said it right out, too: 'Matildy,' I says, 'he's got a screw loose up aloft just as sure as you're a born woman!' 'What makes you think so?' says she. 'Well,' says I, 'do you s'pose anybody that wa'n't foolish would be for spendin' good money on an old house to make it *older*?' I says. 'Goin' to tear down the piazza the fust thing! Perfectly good piazza that cost ninety-eight dollars and sixty cents to build; I know, because I see the bill when the Howeses had it done. And he's goin' to set out box hedges, some-thin' that ain't been the style in this town sence Congressman Atkins pulled up his. 'What in the world, Cap'n Whittaker,' says I to him, 'do you want of box hedges? Homely and stiff and funeral lookin'! I might have 'em around my grave in the buryin' ground,' I says, 'but nowheres else.' 'All right, Angie,' says he, 'you shall have 'em there; I'll cut some slips purpose for you. It 'll be a pleasure, he says. Now ain't that crazy talk for a grown man?'"

Miss Phinney was not the only one in our village to question Captain Cy Whittaker's sanity during the next few months. The majority of our people didn't understand him at all. He was generally liked, for although he had money he did not put on airs, but he had his own way of doing things, and they were not Bayport ways.

True to his promise, he had a squad of carpenters busy, on the day following his arrival, tearing down the loathed piazza. These carpenters, and more, were kept busy throughout that entire spring and well into



the summer. Then came painters and gardeners. The piazza disappeared; a new picket fence, exactly like the old one torn down by the Howeses, was erected; new shutters were hung; new window panes were set; the roof was newly shingled. Captain Cy, Senior, had, in his day, cherished a New England fondness for white and green paint; therefore the new fence was white and the house was white and the

And now Captain Cy proceeded to, literally, astonish the natives. Among the Howes "improvements" were gilt wall papers and modern furniture for the lower floor of the house. The furniture they had taken with them; the wall paper had perforce been left behind. And the captain had every scrap of that paper stripped from the walls, and the latter re-covered with quaint, ugly, old-fashioned patterns,



"'Matildy,' I says, 'be's got a screw loose up aloft just as sure as you're a born woman.'"

blinds a brilliant green. Rows of box hedge, the plants brought from Boston, were set out on each side of the front walk. The Howes front-door bell—a clamorous gong—was removed, and a glass knob attached to a spring bell of the old-fashioned "jingle" variety took its place. An old-fashioned flower garden—Cap'n Cy's mother had loved posies—was laid out on the west lawn beyond the pear trees. All these changes the captain superintended; when they were complete he turned his attention to interior decoration.

stripes and roses and flowered sprays with impossible birds flitting among them. The Bassett decorators had pasted the gilt improvement over the old Whittaker paper, and it was the Whittaker paper that the captain did his best to match, sending samples here, there, and everywhere in the effort. Then, upon the walls he hung old-fashioned pictures, such as Bayport dwellers had long ago relegated to their attics, pictures like "From Shore to Shore," "Christian Viewing the City Beautiful," and "Signing the Declara-

tion." To these he added, bringing them from the crowded garret of the homestead, oil paintings of ships commanded by his father and grandfather; and family portraits, executed—which is a peculiarly fitting word—by deceased local artists in oil and crayon.

He boarded up the fireplace in the sitting room and installed a base-burner stove, resurrected from the tinsmith's barn. He purchased a full "haircloth set" of parlor furniture from old Mrs. Penniman, who never had been known to sell any of her hoarded belongings before, even to the "antiquers," and wouldn't have done so now, had it not been that the captain's offer was too princely to be real, and the old lady feared she might be dreaming and would wake up before she received the money. And from Trumet to Ostable he journeyed, buying a chair here and a table there, braided rag mats from this one, and corded bedsteads and "rising-sun" quilts from that. At least half of Bayport believed with Gabe Lumley and Miss Phinney that, if Cap'n Cy had not escaped from a home for the insane, he was a likely candidate for such an institution.

At the table of the perfect boarding house the captain was not inclined to be communicative regarding his reasons and his intentions. He was a prime favorite there, praising Keturah's cooking; joking with Angeline concerning what he was pleased to call her "giddy" manner of dressing and wearing "side curls," and telling yarns of South American dress and behavior, which would probably have shocked Mrs. Tripp—she having recently left the Methodist church to join the "Come-Outers," because the Sunday services of the former were, with the organ and a paid choir, altogether "too play-actin'"—if they had not been so interesting, and if Captain Cy had not always concluded them with the observation: "But there! you can't expect nothin' more from ignorant critters denied the privileges of congregational singin' and experience meetin's; hey, Matilda?"

Mrs. Tripp would sigh and admit that she supposed not.

"Only I do wish Mr. Daniels, *our* minister, might have a chance to preach over 'em, poor things!"

"So do I," with a covert wink at Mrs.

Bangs, who was a stanch adherent of the regular faith. "South America 'd be just the place for him; ain't that so, Keturah?"

He evaded all personal questions put to him by the boarders, explaining that he was renovating the old place just for fun—he always had had a gang of men working for him, and it seemed natural somehow. But to the friends of his boyhood, Asaph Tidditt and Bailey Bangs, he told the real truth.

"I swan to man!" exclaimed Bailey, almost tearfully, as the trio wandered through the rooms of the Cy Whittaker place, dodging paper hangers and plasterers; "I swan to man, Whit, if it don't almost seem as though I was a boy again. Why! it's your dad's house come back alive, it is so! Look at this settin' room! Seem's if I could see him now a-settin' by that ere stove, and Mrs. Whittaker, your ma, over there a-sewing', and old Captain Cy—your granddad—snoozin' in that big armchair— Why! why, Whit! it's the very image of the chair he always set in!"

Captain Cy laughed aloud.

"It's more 'n that, Bailey," he said; "it's *the* chair. 'Twas up attic, all busted and crippled, but I had it made over like new. And there's granddad's picture, lookin' just as I remember him—only he wa'n't quite so much of a frozen wax image as he's painted there. I'm goin' to hang it where it always hung, over the mantelpiece, next to the lookin' glass.

"Great land of love, boys!" he went on, "you fellers don't know what this means to me. Many and many's the time I've had this old house and this old room in my mind. I've seen 'em aboard ship in a howlin' gale off the Horn. I've seen 'em down in Surinam of a hot night, when there wa'n't a breath scurcely and the Caribs went around dressed in a handkerchief and a paper cigar, and it made you wish you could. I've seen 'em—but there! every time I've seen 'em I've swore that some day I'd come back and *live* 'em, and now, by the big dipper! here I am. Oh, I tell you, chummies, you want to be fired *out* of a home and out of a town to appreciate 'em! Not that I blame the old man; he and I was too much alike to cruise in company. But Bayport I was born in, and in the Bayport graveyard they can plant me when I'm ready for the scrap heap. It's in

the blood and— Why, see here! Don't I talk like a Bayporter?"

"You sartin do!" replied Asaph emphatically. "A body 'd think you'd been diggin' clams and pickin' cranberries in Bassett's Holler all your life long, to hear you."

"You bet! Well, that's pride; that's what that is. I prided myself on hangin' to the Bayport twang through thick and thin. Among all the Spanish 'Carambas' and 'Madre de Dioses' it did me good to come out with a good old Yankee 'darn' once in a while. Kept me feelin' like a white man. Oh, I'm a Whittaker! I know it. And I've got all the Whittaker pig-headedness, I guess. And because the old man—bless his heart, I say now—told me I shouldn't be a Whittaker no more, nor live like a Whittaker, I simply swore up and down I would be one and come back here, when I'd made my pile, to heave anchor and stay one till I die. Maybe that's foolishness, but it's me."

He puffed vigorously at the pipe which had taken the place of the "Snowflake" cigar, and added:

"Take this old settin' room—why, here it is; see! Here's dad in his chair and ma in hers, and, if you go back far enough, granddad in his, just as you say, Bailey. And here's me, a little shaver, squattin' on the floor by the stove, lookin' at the pictures in a heap of Godey's Lady's Books. And says dad, 'Bos'n,' he says—he used to call me 'Bos'n' in those days—'Bos'n,' says dad, 'run down cellar and fetch me up a pitcher of cider, that's a good feller.' Yes, yes; that's this room as I've seen it in my mind ever since I tiptoed through it the night I run away, with my duds in a bundle under my arm. Do you wonder I was fightin' mad when I saw what that Howes tribe had done to it?"

Superintending the making over of the old home occupied most of Captain Cy's daylight time that summer. His evenings were spent at Simmons's store. We have no clubs in Bayport, strictly speaking, for the sewing circle and the Shakespeare Reading Society are exclusively feminine in membership; therefore Simmons's store is the gathering place of those males who are bachelors or widowers or who are sufficiently free from petticoat government to

risk an occasional evening out. Asaph Tidditt was a regular sojourner at the store. Bailey Bangs, happening in to purchase fifty cents' worth of sugar or to have the molasses jug filled, lingered occasionally, but not often. Captain Cy explained Bailey's absence in characteristic fashion.

"Variety," observed the captain, "is the spice of life. Bailey gets talk enough to home. What's the use of his comin' up here to get more?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Josiah Dimick, with a grin, "we let him do some of the talkin' himself up here. Down at the boardin' house Keturah and Angie Phinney do it all."

"Yes. Still, if a feller was condemned to live over a biler factory he wouldn't hanker to get a job in it, would he? When Bailey was a delegate to the Methodist conference up in Boston, him and a crowd visited the deaf and dumb asylum. When 'twas time to go he was missin', and they found him in the female ward lookin' at the inmates. Said that the sight of all them women, every one of 'em not able to say a word, was the most wonderful thing ever he laid eyes on. Said it made him feel kind of reverent and holy, almost as if he was in Paradise. So Ase Tidditt says, anyway; it's his yarn."

"Tain't nuther, Cy Whittaker!" declared the indignant Asaph. "If you expect I'm goin' to father all your lies, you're mistaken."

The crowd at Simmons's discuss politics, as a general thing; state and national politics in their seasons, but county politics and local affairs always. The question in Bayport that summer, aside from that of the harbor appropriation, was who should be hired as downstairs teacher. Our schoolhouse is a two-story building, with a schoolroom on each floor. The lower room, where the little tots begin with their "C—A—T, Cat," and progress until they have mastered the Fourth Reader, is called "downstairs." "Upstairs" is, of course, the second story, where the older children are taught. To handle some of the "big boys" upstairs is a task for a healthy man, and such a one usually fills the teacher's position there. Downstairs being, in theory at least, less strenuous, is presided over by a woman.

Miss Seabury, who had been downstairs

teacher for one lively term, had resigned that spring in tears and humiliation. Her scholars had enjoyed themselves and would have liked her to continue, but the committee and the townspeople thought otherwise. There was a general feeling that enjoyment was not the whole aim of education.

"Betty," said Captain Dimick, referring to his small granddaughter, "has done fust rate so fur's marksmanship and lung trainin' goes. I cal'late she can hit a nail head ten foot off with a spitball three times out of four, and she can whisper loud enough to be understood in Jericho. But, not wishing to be unreasonable, still I should like to have her spell 'door' without an 'e.' I've always been used to seein' it spelt that way and—well, I'm kind of old-fashioned, anyway."

There was a difference of opinion concerning Miss Seabury's successor. A portion of the townspeople were for hiring a graduate of the State Normal School, a young woman with modern training. Others, remembering that Miss Seabury had graduated from that school, were for proved ability and less up-to-date methods. These latter had selected a candidate in the person of a Miss Phœbe Dawes, a resident of Wellmouth, and teacher of the Wellmouth "downstairs" for some years. The arguments at Simmons's were hot ones.

"What's the use of hirin' somebody from right next door to us, as you might say?" demanded Alpheus Smalley, clerk at the store. "Don't we want our teachin' to be abreast of the times, and is Wellmouth abreast of anything?"

"It's abreast of the bay, that's about all, I will give in," replied Mr. Tidditt. "But, the way I look at it, we need discipline more 'n anything else, and Phœbe Dawes has had the best discipline in her school that's been known in these latitudes. Order? Why, say! Eben Salters told me that when he visited her room over there 'twas so still that he didn't dast to rub one shoe against t'other, it sounded up so. He had to set still and bear his chilblains best he could. And popular! Why, when she hinted that she might leave in May, her scholars, more 'n ha'f of 'em, bust out cryin'. Now do you hear me, I——"

"It seems to me," put in Thaddeus Simpson, who ran the barber shop and was

something of a politician; "it seems to me, fellers, that we'd better wait and hear what Mr. Atkins has to say in this matter. I guess that's what the committee 'll do, anyhow. We wouldn't want to go contrary to Heman, none of us; hey?"

"Tad" Simpson was known to be deep in Congressman Atkins's confidence. The mention of the great man's name was received with reverence and nods of approval.

"That's right. We mustn't do nothin' to displease Heman," was the general opinion.

Captain Cy did not join the chorus. He refilled his pipe and crossed his legs.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Heman Atkins seems to be— Give me a match, Ase, won't you? Thanks. I understand there's a special prayer meetin' at the church to-morrow night, Alpheus. What's it for?"

"For?" Mr. Smalley seemed surprised. "It's to pray for rain, that's what. You know it, Cap'n, as well's I do. Ain't everybody's garden dryin' up and the ponds so low that we shan't be able to get water for the cranberry ditches pretty soon? There's need to pray, I should think!"

"Humph! Seems a roundabout way of gettin' a thing, don't it? Why don't you telegraph to Heman and ask him to fix it for you? Save time."

This remark was received in horrified silence. Tad Simpson was the first to recover.

"Cap'n," he said, "you ain't met Mr. Atkins yet. When you do you'll feel same as the rest of us. He's comin' home next week; then you'll see."

A part at least of Mr. Simpson's prophecy proved true. The-Honorable Atkins did come to Bayport the following week, accompanied by his little daughter Alicia, the housekeeper, and the Atkins servants. The Honorable and his daughter had been, since the adjournment of Congress, on a pleasure trip to the Yosemite and the Yellowstone Park, and now they were to remain in the mansion on the hill for some time. The big house was opened, the stone urns burst into refulgent bloom, the iron dogs were refreshed with a coat of black paint, and the big iron gate was swung wide. Bayport sat up and took notice. Angeline Phinney was in her glory.

The meeting between Captain Cy and Mr. Atkins took place the morning after



“How are you, Heman? Fatter’n you used to be, ain’t you?”

the latter’s return. The captain and his two chums had been inspecting the progress made by the carpenters and were leaning over the new fence, then just erected, but not yet painted. Down the gravel walk of the mansion across the road came strolling its owner, silk-hatted, side-whiskered, benignant.

“Godfrey!” exclaimed Asaph, “there’s Heman. See him, Whit?”

“Yup, I see him. Seems to be headin’ this way.”

“I—I do believe he’s comin’ across,” whispered Mr. Bangs. “Yes, he is. He’s real everyday, Cy. He won’t mind if you ain’t dressed up.”

“Won’t he? That’s comfortin’. Well, I’ll do the best I can without stimulants, as the doctor says. If you hear my knees rattle just nudge me, will you, Bailey?”

Mr. Tidditt removed his hat. Bailey touched his. Captain Cy looked provokingly indifferent; he even whistled.

“Good mornin’, Mr. Atkins,” hailed the town clerk, raising his voice because of the

whistle. “I’m proud to see you back among us, sir. Hope you and Alicia had a nice time out West. How is she—pretty smart?”

Mr. Atkins smiled a bland, congressional smile. He approached the group by the fence and extended his hand.

“Ah, Asaph!” he said; “it is you then. I thought so. And Bailey, too. It is certainly delightful to see you both again. Yes, my daughter is well, I thank you. She, like her father, is glad to be back in the old home nest after the round of hotel life and gayety which we have—er—recently undergone. Yes.”

“Mr. Atkins,” said Bailey, glancing nervously at Captain Cy, who had stopped whistling and was regarding the Atkins hat and whiskers with an interested air, “I want to make you acquainted with your new neighbor. You used to know him when you was a boy, but—but—er—Mr. Atkins, this is Captain Cyrus Whittaker. Cy, this is Congressman Atkins. You’ve heard us speak of him.”



The great man started.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that this is really my old playmate Cyrus Whittaker?"

"Yup," replied the captain, calmly. "How are you, Heman? Fatter'n you used to be, ain't you? Washin'ton must agree with you."

Bailey and Asaph were scandalized. Mr. Atkins himself seemed a trifle taken aback. Comments on his personal appearance were not usual in Bayport. But he rallied bravely.

"Well, well!" he cried. "Cyrus, I am delighted to welcome you back among us. I should scarcely have known you. You are older—yes, much older."

"Well, forty year more or less, added to what you started with is apt to make a feller some older. Don't need any Normal School graduate to do that sum for us. I'm within seven or eight year of bein' as old as you are, Heman, and that's too antique to be sold for veal."

Mr. Atkins changed the subject.

"I had heard of your return, Cyrus," he said. "It gave me much pleasure to learn that you were rebuilding and—er—renovating the—er—the ancestral—er—"

"The old home nest? Yup, I'm puttin' back a few feathers. Old birds like to roost comf'able. You've got a fairly roomy coop yourself."

"Hum! Isn't it—er—I should suppose you would find it rather expensive. Can you—do you—"

"Yes, I can afford it, thank you. Maybe there'll be enough left in the stockin' to buy a few knickknacks for the yard. You can't tell."

The captain glanced at the iron dogs guarding the Atkins gate. His tone was rather sharp.

"Yes, yes, certainly; certainly; of course. It gives me much pleasure to have you as a neighbor. I have always felt a fondness for the old place, even when you allowed it—even when it was most—er—run down, if you'll excuse the term. I always felt a liking for it and—"

"Yes," was the significant interruption. "I judged you must have, from what I heard."

This was steering dangerously close to the selectmen and the contemplated "sale

for taxes." The town clerk broke in nervously.

"Mr. Atkins," he said, "there's been consider'ble talk in town about who's to be teacher downstairs this comin' year. We've sort of chawed it over among us, but naturally we wanted your opinion. What do you think? I'm kind of leanin' toward the Dawes woman, myself."

The Congressman cleared his throat.

"Far be it from me," he said, "to speak except as a mere member of our little community, an ordinary member, but, as such a member, with the welfare of my birthplace very near and dear to me, I confess that I am inclined to favor a modern teacher, one educated and trained in the institution provided for the purpose by our great commonwealth. The Dawes—er—person is undoubtedly worthy and capable in her way, but—well—er—we know that Wellmouth is not Bayport."

The reference to "our great commonwealth" had been given in the voice and the manner wont to thrill us at our Fourth of July celebrations and October "rallies." Two of his hearers, at least, were visibly impressed. Asaph looked somewhat crestfallen, but he surrendered gracefully to superior wisdom.

"That's so," he said. "That's so, ain't it, Cy? I hadn't thought of that."

"What's so?" asked the captain.

"Why—why, that Wellmouth ain't Bayport."

"No doubt of it. They're twenty miles apart."

"Yes. Well, I'm glad to hear you put it so conclusive, Mr. Atkins. I can see now that Phœbe wouldn't do. Hum! Yes."

Mr. Atkins buttoned the frock coat and turned to go.

"Good day, gentlemen," he said. "Cyrus, permit me once more to welcome you heartily to our village. We—my daughter and myself—will probably remain at home until the fall. I trust you will be a frequent caller. Run in on us at any time. Pray do not stand upon ceremony."

"No," said Captain Cy, shortly, "I won't."

"That's right. That's right. Good morning."

He walked briskly down the hill. The trio gazed after him.

"Well," sighed Mr. Tidditt. "That's



settled. And it's a comfort to know 'tis settled. Still I did kind of want Phœbe Dawes; but of course Heman knows best."

"Course he knows best!" snapped Bailey. "Ain't he the biggest gun in this county, pretty nigh? I'd like to know who is if he ain't. The committee 'll call the Normal School girl now, and a good thing, too."

Captain Cy was still gazing at the dignified form of the "biggest gun in the county."

"Let's see," he asked. "Who's on the school committee? Eben Salters, of course, and——"

"Yes. Eben's chairman and he'll vote Phœbe, anyhow; he's that pig-headed that nobody—not even a United States representative—could change him. But Darius Ellis 'll be for Heman's way and so 'll Lemuel Myrick."

"Lemuel Myrick? Lem Myrick, the painter?"

"Sartin. There ain't but one Myrick in town."

"Hum!" murmured the captain and was silent for some minutes.

The school committee met on the following Wednesday evening. On Thursday morning a startling rumor spread throughout Bayport. Phœbe Dawes had been called, by a vote of two to one, to teach the downstairs school. Asaph, aghast, rushed out of Simmons's store and up to the hill to the Cy Whittaker place. He found Captain Cy in the front yard. Mr. Myrick, school committeeman and house painter, was with him.

"Hello, Ase!" hailed the captain. "What's the matter? Hasn't the tide come in this mornin'?"

Asaph, somewhat embarrassed by the presence of Mr. Myrick, hesitated over his news. Lemuel came to his rescue.

"Ase has just heard that we called Phœbe," he said. "What of it? I voted for her, and I ain't ashamed of it."

"But—but Mr. Atkins, he——"

"Well, Heman ain't on the committee, is he? I vote the way I think right, and no one in this town can change me. Anyway," he added, "I'm going to resign next spring. Yes, Cap'n Whittaker, I think three coats of white 'll do on the sides here."

"Lem's goin' to do my paintin' jobs," explained Captain Cy. "His price was a little higher than some of the other fellers, but I like his work."

Mr. Tidditt pondered deeply until dinner time. Then he cornered the captain behind the Bangs barn and spoke with conviction.

"Whit," he said, "you're the one responsible for the committee's hirin' Phœbe Dawes. You offered Lem the paintin' job if he'd vote for her. What did you do it for? You don't know her, do you?"

"Never set eyes on her in my life."

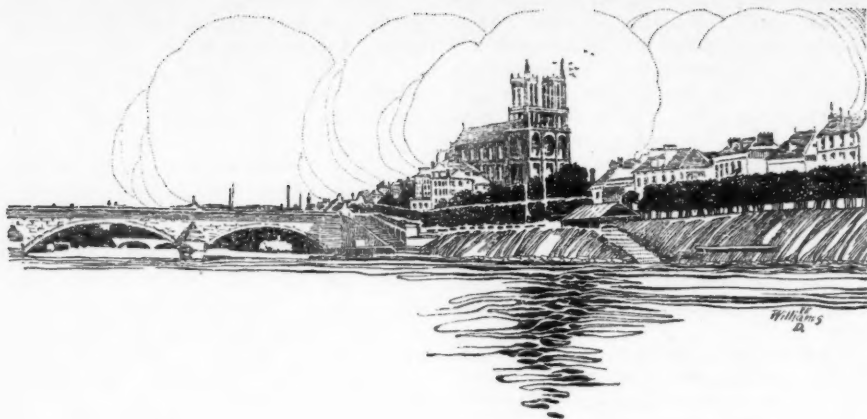
"Then—then— You heard Heman say he wanted the other one. What made you do it?"

Captain Cy grinned.

"Ase," he said, "I've always been a great hand for tryin' experiments. Had one of my cooks aboard put raisins in the flapjacks once, just to see what they tasted like. I judged Heman had had his own way in this town for thirty odd year. I kind of wanted to see what would happen if he didn't have it."

*(To be continued.)*





*Nantes, as we came up the river.*

## ACROSS EUROPE BY MOTOR BOAT

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

### II. FROM RAMSGATE TO PARIS



OUR arrival in Ramsgate harbor was attended with a rather humorous incident. The tide was very low, and as we slid up to the sea wall a boat containing two of the harbor-master's men came alongside to give us a berth. One of them, a big, beefy fellow, wishing to get up on the wall, borrowed our boat hook and, catching it in an iron ring overhead, braced his feet against a crevice in the stones and started up, hand over hand. Almost at the top the hook broke from a flaw in the iron, and down came the sailor, landing like a ton of brick half in and half out of his boat. His mate grabbed him and hauled him aboard.

It looked to us as if the man must have broken his back, staved in all of his starboard ribs, and started some of his joints. It sounded that way, too. But he scrambled up, and the first thing he did was to

examine the thwart and gunnel of his boat. Then he looked at the boat hook.

"W'y blarst me," says he, "this 'ere was the bloody thing as done it!" He turned to one of us. "It's lucky as 'ow the blighter broke now, sir, not doin' no h'especial 'arm to nobody. H'otherwise it might ha' served ye a pup some d'y when you was dependin' on it!"

We told him that we considered that he had done us a service, at which he seemed much pleased.

This was the twenty-first of July and a Sunday, so that we were obliged to wait until the next morning to get a *mécanicien* to come aboard and repack our cylinder heads. When he saw the sort of asbestos paper which had been used, he said:

"That stuff is no good. It soaks the water up like lamp-wicking, and carries it over into the cylinder head, and if there's any one thing those engines hate to burn, it's water!"

"Dan," our motor, certainly hated it. He did not care particularly what his liquor was, but he liked it straight!

The professional repacked our cylinder heads and water joints, soldered the broken fuel-feed pipe, and by eleven o'clock we were ready for sea. The day was cloudy

nal-combustion engines the initial precept would be: "Never praise the Motor!" Aboard a sailing vessel I am not superstitious; that is, not very. I don't mind capsizing a hatch cover or leaving a bucket of water standing on the deck or being shipmates with a Baptist parson or an umbrella.



*With Dan behaving well.*

with a W.S.W. wind and showers of rain and a generally unsettled-looking condition of the weather, but the sea was smooth and we had already lost so much time that we determined to try for the French coast. Accordingly, we "heated up," turned over the motor, and chugged out of the break-water.

Dan thumped along strongly and steadily, but we were careful not to comment on the fact. If I were to write a Handbook for Beginners on the running of inter-

In the transatlantic race for the Kaiser's cup in 1905, I threw enough money over the taffrail to bring a gale of wind,—and it did! But shipmates with a motor, and especially a motor which had shown the diabolic ingenuity which Dan had for stopping in the wrong place, I am constantly the prey to superstitious fear. Dan knew every word that was said about him; but while ugly he was at the same time subject to abuse and intimidation. Later, in the Danube, when I had learned a lot of nice,



*Locking through at Havre.*

new, strong and vigorous terms of abuse, I always commenced the day by lifting the hood and showering them on Dan, and it kept him right up to his work.

So we put out and laid a course through the haze for the South Foreland, and by one o'clock had laid it abeam. A little later we sighted the Channel Squadron maneuvering, and by two o'clock the mist had blown away and the day become a lovely one. We were by this time in mid-channel, and I suggested that it was an appropriate time to break out and hoist our American ensign. We had not done so earlier, owing to Dan's villainous behavior. Upon seas where an American vessel is a rare but time-honored guest we were unwilling that the *Beaver* should bring contumely upon her flag by spinning down with the tide stern first, or tied up alongside a garbage scow, or, perhaps, drag ignominiously into port behind some aromatic trawler.

But Dan's functional infantile complaint had now been remedied, so we got out our American ensign and mastheaded it on our British boat with its Danish motor, and pledged the good old flag in good old Scotch! It was sort of an international event. Spooner, who was a New Zealander, made a few appropriate remarks, and we took another drink to *his* flag, the one under which the *Beaver* had been

launched. We would have taken still another drink to the Danish flag, in honor of Dan, but we were afraid that he would get conceited and stop, and we were in mid-channel with a boat all open abaft the cabin house, and not a rag of sail aboard.

After "colors" Spooner made us a famous stew—an Irish one—and by the time that we were beginning to recover from the stupor following the gorge, Cape Griz Nez was looming up on our port beam and the *Beaver* made her first bow to *La belle France*, which she was destined to traverse.

As it was then getting late in the day and Spooner had to start back to London the morning following, we decided to put into Boulogne for the night. On getting into the harbor we found the berth a very noisy and unquiet one, owing to the big fleet of fishermen which are constantly coming and going. So we waited until slack water and then ran into the inner basin, where we found a snug place alongside a brig, whose captain we subsidized as watchman.

As soon as we had tied up, two customs men in a small boat came alongside and asked us if we had come from America. We said: "No, we have come from England."

"But the boat must have come from America," they insisted, "because you are flying the American flag."

"That is because we are Americans and it is our boat."

"Oh, so that is it! Whereabouts in America do you live?"

"Well, you see, although we are Americans we live in Paris."

They couldn't make it out at all. I don't know that I blame them. Presently one of them asked:

"Where are you bound?"

"To Constantinople, then back through the Mediterranean and up the coast to Havre."

Most men in their position would have thought that we were lying, but they accepted our word with such perfect faith that we explained to them our trip, in which they were much interested. We chatted for a while and then one of them said:

"Oh, by the way, you haven't any contraband, have you?"

"Only a few cigarettes for ourselves."

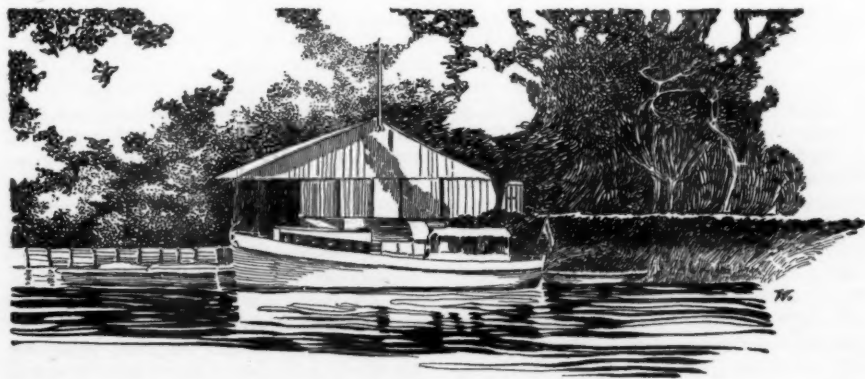
"That does not matter; merci, messieurs . . . au 'voir, messieurs, bon voyage." And they bowed and pulled away, and the terrible formality of the customs was over.

This was the treatment which we received from the customs all of the way; Germany, Austria, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Roumelia, Turkey—no one ever doubted our words. We never

did have any contraband, of course, that not being our mission, and we told them so and they believed us. They looked at our flag and said: "These are Americans and, therefore, truthful; besides, they are our guests and it behooves us to treat them as such." This, at least, was the way in which they acted. They did not ask us to swear and then force us to submit to the insult of having some official try to prove us liars.

Another thing which I should like to credit the continent of Europe with in this connection is the honesty of her peoples. In crossing the continent from the Atlantic Ocean to the Black Sea, we repeatedly left the boat tied up to the bank in different rivers and canals, and entirely unguarded, at all hours of the day and night. The cabin, which contained many valuable articles, we naturally locked up, but the cockpit and engine room were entirely open and contained many articles of some value, such as tools, lanterns, oil cans, drums of petroleum and expensive lubricating oil, and coils of rope with blocks, many of which were in plain sight and in reach from the bank itself. Yet throughout the course of the whole voyage we never missed one single article.

Spooner came down to see us off the next morning, and as soon as Pomeroy had returned from the bureau of the captain of

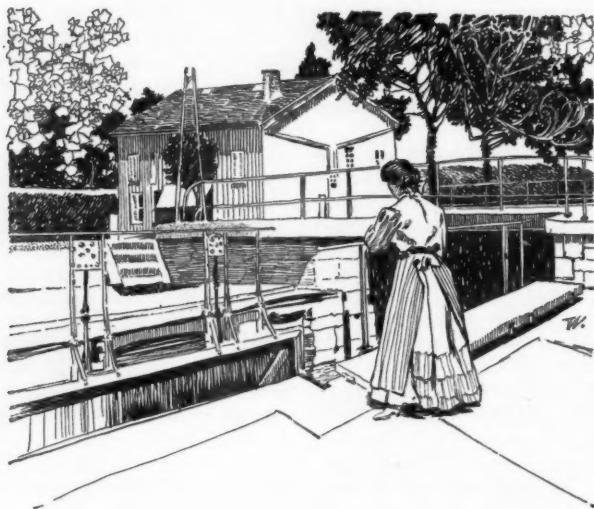


*At the clubhouse landing, Isle de Puteaux.*

the port with our papers, we heated Dan up and, bidding Spooner good-by with much regret, started out to sea.

The weather was fine, with a fresh easterly breeze; a fair wind with a following sea which helped us along considerably. As the conditions were so favorable we decided to make a run directly to Havre, and accordingly took a broad offing and by noon

Dan suddenly swore and stopped. It was a very trying moment; the land was close under our lee—a *falaise* of sheer cliffs with the seas spouting high at its base; the wind had freshened and there was no shelter of any sort which we could reach. The *Beaver* lost her way, swung broadside on, and began to drift rapidly toward the shore, rolling heavily in the rising sea.



*A fair éclusière.*

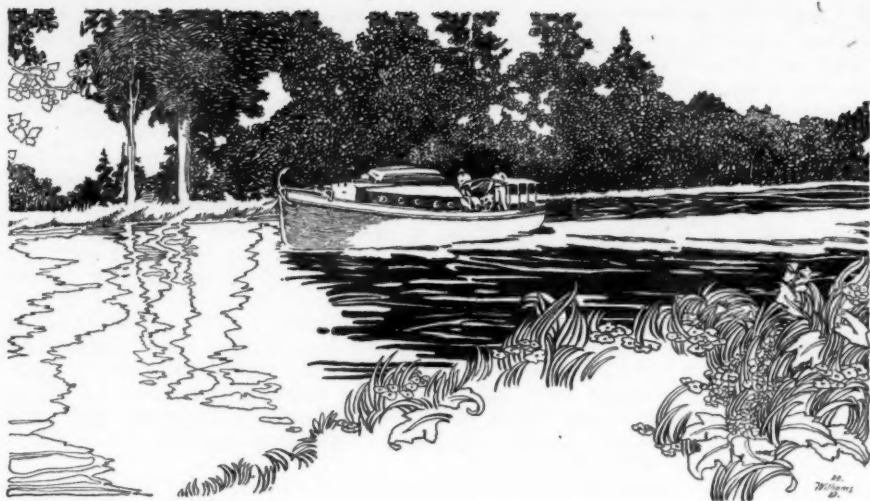
had laid the Etaples Light abeam. During the day the wind backed into the north and freshened, so remembering the amount of trouble which we had had with Dan and his capacity for sulking at the critical moment we decided to keep well offshore, which would give us time to work over the motor, if necessary to stop for any length of time, without finding ourselves up against the cliffs. Accordingly, we kept well off, sometimes losing the land as we cut across the big bights of the shore, but cutting in close again where the headlands projected.

Rounding Cape Alprech and much nearer to the cliffs than was pleasing to me,

Also it was personally inconvenient, as I happened to be up forward taking a bucket shower bath, but I lost no time in getting aft and starting a rapid clinical examination of Dan. This speedily showed the fuel pump to be all adrift, the lock nuts having loosened, which permitted of its rocking on its base, thus losing the force of the stroke. It did not take long to remedy the trouble; nevertheless, we had drifted pretty well in toward the reefs before we got the nuts hardened down and the motor going again.

Such an incident is very disturbing. Before this occurred we had put past misfor-





*The Beaver under slow headway.*

tunes well back in the lockers of our minds, and were giving ourselves up to the pleasures of the run in open sea and the delight of the charming marine pictures surrounding us. A loose nut, and how different the interpretation to the mind of every detail! The magnificent sheer cliffs bathed in mauve and purple shadows and fringed with a lacework of flying spray became grim, cold, and pitiless. The fresh, invigorating north wind carried a menace in every flaw, and each rising sea, helpmate before, growled some surly threat as it passed. The comradeship we had felt for it all was turned in a flash to combativeness, and all because a loose nut had reminded us what we might expect of this good-natured, helpful monster we bestrode if once we fell beneath his power.

Afterwards, we found ourselves listening constantly for the slightest change in the beat of the motor. This alertness was quite involuntary, but we got tired of it after a while and decided that, as we were due to meet a strong head tide which we would have to "buck" all night long and could not in any case make very good progress, we might as well put into Dieppe and

pass a comfortable night. As somebody expressed it:

"She may run right through to Havre without stopping again, but if she should stop it might be hard to find out, in the dark, what was wrong, and anyway, what's the use of getting heart disease every time she misses?"

We sailed from Dieppe the following morning at ten. The weather was perfect, with a fresh, following wind and sea. The bright, yellow sunlight brought out magnificent effects of light and shadow in the sheer, cream-colored cliffs, the beauty of which Dan kindly permitted us to enjoy. A French torpedo boat passed us, flying to windward in a shower of spray, and several times we were able to exchange pleasantries with the gurry-smeared crews of trawlers. Passing Etretat, where we had several friends, we ran in as close as we dared, which was not, however, more than near enough the shore for us to distinguish figures, as the wind was directly on the beach and there is no shelter of any sort. We learned afterwards that we were sighted and recognized.

We arrived off Havre at about half-past



Rouen.

four, having made the run from Dieppe, one hundred and one kilometers, in six and a half hours; poor time, considering the fair tide and wind. As the tidal conditions were unfavorable for going on up the Seine, we decided to spend the night in Havre and to save time the following morning by passing through the Tancarville canal, which enters at Havre and cuts across the marshes of the Seine estuary for fourteen and a half miles, joining the river at Tancarville.

That night we lay in La Citadele basin, next to the wharves from which the French liners sail. The dock master informed us that we really had no business there, as it was strictly against the rules to admit internal combustion motor boats, but upon our assuring him that we burned an explosive compound, lamp oil, he allowed us to remain on condition that we would promise not to blow up the warehouse of the *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique*.

While lying in the basin at Havre a Frenchman came over and asked me where we had come from. When I said "London" he looked skeptical.

"Ah! You brought her on a steamer," said he.

"No," said I, "we brought her on the water. Why not? She is a boat, not an automobile."

"But you have no sails! What if the motor should not march?"

"It has to march," said I. "It is against the rules for it to stop."

He shrugged. "But I suppose," said he, "that you are very well paid for it. For me, I should want a good deal of money to cross the *Manchi* in such a *canot automobile*!"

One must be careful to choose the right conditions of tide for ascending the lower part of the Seine, as there is a very dangerous bore or tidal wave, known as the *mascaret*, which has brought many a small vessel and some large ones to grief. This *mascaret* is caused by the first of the flood tide sweeping up the estuary and being then funneled down as the river narrows, where it meets the combined rush of the ebb tide and the river current. The result, during the periods of very high tides, is a wave across the river some four or five feet in height in the middle, but mounting in the shallows near either bank to a height of twenty or thirty feet. It travels at a speed of thirty-five to forty kilometers an hour, and is followed at intervals of a few hundred yards by three other waves. It is felt very strongly as high up as Duclair, fifty-four miles from the mouth, and then gradually dies away. At Rouen, seventy-six miles from the mouth, I noticed it as a slight ripple in the water only a few centimeters higher than the level before it.

Were a boat, even of considerable size, to be caught by the *mascaret* over the shal-

low water it could not possibly escape destruction, and there is a case on record of a tramp steamer which was wrecked, some of her crew being drowned. The *mascaret* never need take one unprepared, however, as the roar with which it advances is like that of Niagara.

The following morning we passed through the Tancarville canal, and on coming out into the Seine found that we had under us the last of the flood, which we carried well up beyond Caudebec. Before we had proceeded far we heard suddenly ahead of us the rattling exhaust of a rapidly running motor, and the next instant a small, rushing object shot around a bend ahead and in two great wings of flying water came tearing down at us.

"The *Paris à la mer* race!" said Pome-roy.

We knew of this race but had forgotten it. Giving the *Beaver* a sheer toward the bank we slowed our speed to make as little wash as possible for the small flyer, which shot past close aboard, her two occupants waving to us. Close on her heels came an-

other, then two more almost abreast. A few minutes later we passed one of the little gliding boats, and although we slowed down she looked as if she were "hitting only the high places" when she met the *Beaver's* swell; in fact, her crew of two appeared to have all that they could do to hang on as she squattered from one wave to the next.

Several yachts and small steamers were following up the race, and their passengers looked curiously at our American ensign. The farther inland we got the more curiosity this and the *Beaver* herself excited, her seagoing type being so entirely different from that of the long, slim, shallow, lightly built power boats of inland waters, with their square cabin houses and dainty lace curtains screening the large, plate-glass windows. We were sometimes asked why we had such small, round windows in the cabin and why the latter was built so low. It was impossible for these inlanders, many of whom had never seen the sea, to picture in their minds a wave which would sweep clean over the boat's high bows.



*In quiet waters.*

We had hoped to get into Rouen early in the afternoon, but the tide turned a little above Caudebec, and we made poor progress. The motor also appeared to be running badly, working so heavily that it led me to think the propeller might be fouled. At the same time the resoldered fuel pipe began to leak again, and finally, as we were making such poor progress, we decided to stop the motor, drop our kedge anchor, and give things an overhauling. I went overboard, and on examining the propeller discovered a twisted rope of grass wound so tightly around the boss and jammed in between the boss and tail shaft that I was unable to budge it with my hands alone and had to get a sharp knife to saw it through. No wonder Dan had been working overtime! But when Dan really chose to work it took more than a bale of hay to stop him!

We served the fuel pipe with some surgeon's plaster reinforced with copper wire, and then, as the tide was running out so fast that we saw no hope of reaching Rouen before dark, decided to wait for the flood and save fuel.

Taking the young flood we started up the river. The darkness came presently, but Rouen is a port of entry for big steamers, and although the river is tortuous the channel is fairly wide and well lighted. Laying our courses from light to light we made good time, reaching Rouen at about midnight. As the *Beaver* belonged to the Touring Club of France, we hunted up the club's landing and tied up there for the night.

We were three days in going up to Paris. Dan was on his good behavior, but the river was so charming that we took it by easy stages, stopping for lunch in some picturesque little hamlet where we were served with delicious omelets and *poulet roti* and salad, in a fresh little bower under trellises covered with ivy or grape. Knowing all of the more attractive places along the river, we would arrange our day's run as in automobiling, so as to stop for the night at some quaint, interesting place where there was a good hotel; no difficult task in France.

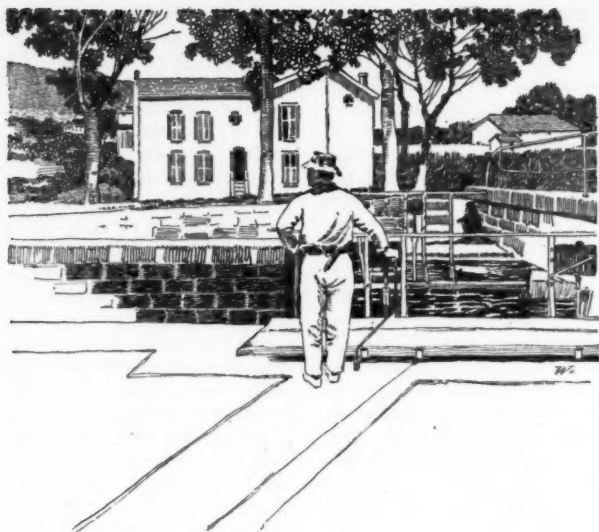
The Seine from Rouen to Maisons La-fitte is charmingly picturesque; there is no perceptible current as the river is "canalized." The locks are far apart and one passes through them very quickly, there

being special locks for yachts and small vessels. The Seine itself winds in a serpentine course through a lovely, undulating country which is parklike in its picturesque order and freedom from inartistic elements, such as factories or squalid towns and villages. There are model farms with well-kept fields, stretches of forest here and there, stately chateaus, thrusting their Gothic towers above the treetops, and beautifully kept estates sloping down to the river with charming villas tucked away and seen in swift vistas through the intervening green. Sometimes the walls and ruined towers of some fortress rise gauntly from the summit of a hill commanding the surrounding country; at Les Andelys one enjoys from the river the most imposing view to be had of the ruins of Château Gaillard, which was built in a single year by Richard Cœur de Lion.

At Vernon we discovered the wire cable of our steering gear to be so badly chafed as to make it dangerous, and as both tiller lines had been renewed since leaving London, it was evident that wire cable would not be practicable for the purpose. That which we had was the same used for automobile hand brakes, but it was obliged to pass through too many leads before reaching the steering wheel. It seemed to me that ratline stuff would be much better, as the strain of steering was comparatively slight, the difficulty with the wire being the constant bending and straightening, but as we were unable to get ratline stuff I spliced a piece of manila into the wire to take us to Paris.

On arriving at Paris, or more properly Puteaux, we lay at the float of the Isle de Puteaux Tennis and Rowing Club, of which Ranney was a member.

On the first day of August, just six weeks behind our schedule as planned, we sailed from Puteaux and proceeded up the river, having with us for the run up through the city of Paris two of Mr. Pomeroy's family and the expert adjuster, who, as a matter of fact, had found practically nothing to do to the motor. At the Suresnes lock the keeper told us that the Paris-St. Germain passenger steamer *La Touriste* was due, and asked us to wait a few minutes as the steamer had the right of way. Dan always hated waiting, and I, as engineer, hated to have him do so; if I



*A lock keeper.*

stopped him it was necessary to start the lamps, and if I turned him over slowly he would cool down sufficiently to lose all interest in his work and would usually start off again firing unevenly. In the locks we usually left the clutch in and let him tug away at the stern warp, but in the present instance, as there was no good place conveniently at hand to tie up to, we kept under way, maneuvering about, going ahead and astern and marking time while waiting for *La Touriste* to lock through.

Unfortunately, we had been unable to get the proper stuff for our steering lines in Paris, and as the splice which I had put in at Vernon appeared to be in good condition, and the wire, though slightly frayed out where it ran through the leads, still serviceable, I had not put in a new line. Just as *La Touriste* was about to come out of the lock, somebody aboard the *Beaver* dropped one of our fenders overboard. As we were moving ahead at the time it had slipped astern before anybody could grab up the hook and catch it, so in order to secure it as quickly as possible and slip into the lock before some of the other boats which were waiting should preempt our berth, I

reversed quickly and backed down on the fender. With good sternway the *Beaver* would steer very nicely, but the strain of water on the rudder as the sternway increased proved too much for the chafed wire cable tiller line, which parted just above the spot where I had spliced the rope into it. The next instant the rope itself, which was fast at its forward end to the chain which ran over the sprocket of the steering wheel, dropped down into the shaft pit and like a flash was whipped around the rapidly revolving shaft. The sudden strain snapped the wire cable on the port side, the heavy chain followed the rope and was partly wound around the shaft, while the free end was whipping around beneath the wheel and threatening to amputate the foot of anyone within reach.

Of course, the wheel was useless, and I did not know what would happen if the chain should jam, but we were charging astern and under the bows of *La Touriste*, which was coming rapidly out of the lock, so that I did not dare throw out the clutch until I had turned the propeller wheel ahead, checked the boat's way and got her in a position of safety. Then I stopped the



motor and we managed to disentangle the chain and get into the lock, steering by the tiller.

It was very annoying to be compelled to go up through the city of Paris in man-o'-war launch fashion, one hand steering from the stern while another ran the engine, especially as steering a heavy boat like the *Beaver* with a short iron tiller was no lady's pastime, but we were anxious to get to Lagny that evening and it was already early afternoon. So we made the best of it.

At the octroi station, just below the Pont du Jour, an officer, who from his uniform looked as if he must be at least a rear admiral, signaled us to stop while he came alongside. The current was swift, and there was a boat coming down ahead and another going up astern, and the handling of the *Beaver* awkward owing to the disabled steering gear, but there we had to wait until his Excellency came alongside. I opened Dan up and he roared in a way that made it impossible to hear a word said, but nothing could so convey the impression

of frantic impatience as Dan, if properly tormented, and that was the idea which I wanted him to express. The octroi man looked at him askance, and while still at a distance began to ask if we had any chickens or *pré-salé* lamb and I don't know what. At least, that's what he probably said; no one could hear what he really said. But everybody shouted "*Non!*" to everything that he said, and they answered as if they meant it. Then Dan began to make sounds which took all desire to board us from the man's bewildered mind, and he made a despairing signal which may have meant for us to go up the Seine or down somewhere else. We chose the Seine, and started off with a royal salute and much churning of water under the stern.

We pushed on up stream, past the Eiffel Tower and the Trocadero and the Louvre and Notre Dame. At Ivry we landed our *mécanicien*, and at St. Maur left the Seine and, passing through a tunnel six hundred meters in length, came out at Joinville le Pont, on the Marne.

(To be continued.)



# HOW THE NEWSPAPERS HANDLE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

BY TRUMBULL WHITE



HIS is the inside story of one phase of president-making, an industry which, like other commercial and manufacturing undertakings, has its dull and its busy seasons, and, like them, bows to the inexorable laws of supply and demand. It does not pretend to relate the methods of candidate-grooming and delegate-getting that incite insomnia in campaign managers and willing patriots for months—sometimes years—before the assembling of the national conventions. It does not undertake to cover the months of travel and talk and straw ballots and parades and canards and roorbacks that make up a campaign from convention to election. But between these periods come the conventions themselves, and from the conventions come the nominees and the newspapers.

"Will you be in Chicago?"

"Are you going to Denver?"

"How many men is your office sending to the conventions?"

These and their variants are questions that have been exchanged between the active men of the larger American newspapers, times without number, with the advance of spring. Every such office has been making its plans to cover the great occasions ever since the dates and the locations were decided, and every such man has hoped that he would be one of those to whom should be assigned this most responsible, exacting, and inspiring of tasks.

The campaign year may be one of un-mixed dread to the commercial world, but to the newspaper world it has its distinct attractions. This does not mean merely

that circulations will increase, thanks to the fervid interest of readers who try to keep up with every extra. So far as that part is concerned, it might rather be reckoned as at least one bright spot in trade conditions. But at the moment it is the newspaper men of whom we are speaking, and to those in the craft "newspaper men" means only those who gather, write, and edit the reading columns, and never those essential but sordid attachés of advertising and subscription departments, roughly grouped as "the business office," whose direct efforts bring in the money for salaries and expense accounts.

To the newspaper man, then, it is a season which may exact every ounce of his strength and rob him of sleep as he pursues the preliminary state activities, perspires through two great nominating conventions, accompanies some fluent candidate during a rear-platform progress throughout the country, and closes his season with a burst of endurance on election night. But in spite of all he likes it, every minute of it, and looks upon it as second only to a war correspondent's assignment.

The work of the newspapers in handling this climax of news-gathering is perhaps less understood than is any other task that touches so many people with its finished product. Like many another manifestation of human activity, the great national conventions for nominating presidential candidates and formulating political platforms are almost entirely dependent on the newspaper press for their real effectiveness and interest.

It is publicity that protects our rights, enlists our support, focuses our criticism,

advertises our achievements, and enables our statesmen to make known their greatness. Information, facts, opinions, personalities, exchanged between East and West, North and South, help to make local issues national and national issues local, to raise local celebrities into national fame and win local favor for national figures.

All this crystallizes quadrennially in the conventions and the campaign. If there is one time more than another when the press is alert and vital, when its columns are devoured as to details, when its work is observed and its influence is potent, that time is the season of convention and campaign reporting, now at the beginning.

Months before the time for the assembling of the national convention, while yet the delegates are unchosen and the prospective candidates coy, the newspapers begin to do their share of prefatory work, a few to urge their own cities upon the attention of the national committees which control the selection, and the others to discuss the merits of the various contestants for the distinction. When the contest narrows to a few rival cities, the local newspapers bespeak the local pride as the strife goes on. The local committees are at work, appointed, perhaps, by a nonpartisan mass-meeting or a board of trade or some other civic force that directs the local boom activities. In its pride each contestant proclaims the certainty of choice because of its own unequalled availability for the purpose, and country villages in rivalry for county-seat honors are emulated on a magnified scale.

Up to this time the personality of the prospective candidates for ultimate nomination does not enter into the fight of the cities. That is a matter which rises later at the determining session of the national committee in Washington, but regardless of this there is a commercial side to the matter of choosing the convention cities which cannot be ignored, even in a story of the newspaper side of things.

The local committee that starts out to canvass the community for cash contributions does not count very heavily on sublimated hospitality or generous patriotism to stimulate subscriptions. There will be a few citizens who open their purses from civic pride or political affiliations, but for the purpose of trade, railway companies,

hotels, theaters, stores, and—let us say it softly—saloons, are absolutely nonpartisan, and they are quite likely to write their name on the subscription books in exact ratio to the profits they expect the convention to bring them.

It is with a pang, too, that we are forced to recall some other details of the bargaining that accompanies proffered contribution and invitation. Manifestly, the convention in session two days would leave behind it only half as much money as in four days; and manifestly, too, the convention actively engaged morning, noon, and night would not have money-spending opportunities such as would exist if frequent adjournments were taken, evening sessions omitted, and opportunity for recreation given. Even statesmen have to recognize these things, and so it is that contributions are often accompanied by conditions and the clear understanding that business shall not be rushed through to a hurried conclusion, but that the session shall extend at least from Tuesday to Friday without too much uninterrupted attention to saving the country.

One more stipulation, not too public, usually enters into the negotiations between local and national committees. This bears upon the appointment of doorkeepers and sergeants-at-arms, and upon the distribution of tickets, two matters which frequently have vital bearing on the course of the convention itself. It is fair to say that in some ways the national conventions are the greatest spectacles in our political system, the greatest shows most of us ever see, and the greatest events, except the election itself, in the process of making presidents. Each of the great political parties puts on exhibit at this time its most eminent men in every walk of life. If a circus press-agent were preparing the advertising matter for a national convention considered as a show, he might readily exhaust his alliterative adjectives in characterizing the galaxy of grandeur, the stellar statesmen, the preternatural politicians, the omniscient orators, and the journalists, both juvenile and jovelike, who will form the most alluring aggregation of potential and prophetic patriots ever gathered together under one canvas.

So it is not strange that the demand for admission tickets is anticipated from the

moment the first subscription solicitor asks the corner grocer for five dollars to help the convention fund along. The grocer is willing to give the five dollars, but he wants a ticket to the convention, and so the local demand becomes tremendous. The local committee later comes into conflict with the fact that every one of the fifty thousand visitors and members of marching clubs that accompany delegations to shout for favorite candidates expects admission to the convention hall that will seat not more than ten thousand, and thus two rival forces must be harmonized.

Although the numbers involved are not so great, a precisely similar difficulty always exists in the appointment of doorkeepers and sergeants-at-arms for the convention hall. The local committee wishes to control as many such appointments as possible, in order to tender them as rewards for faithful henchmen in ward politics; every member of the national committee is entitled to control the appointment of a quota for his own State; and not least important is the fact that the various candidates, by their campaign managers, try to guard their own interests that are at stake when in the hands of those very potent though humble servitors, the doorkeepers.

And then, at last, after the money has been raised by various rival cities and their claims have been presented to the national committee in Washington, a vote of the committee determines to which metropolis the honor shall fall, and the others withdraw until four years later. It is no part of this article to suggest how far the bargaining over tickets and doorkeepers may sway the solemn councils of the committee, nor whether they are sometimes influenced by the tender of a larger sum of money for convention purposes than the convention itself would require, leaving a surplus to be turned into the campaign treasury, nor yet how far the strength of various prospective candidates and their relation to the local sentiment in the different communities might affect the choice. These be nebulous details, of which no one may know except those behind the veil. All we see is that, when on a given day eloquent advocates present the claims of the different cities with their public offer of a convention hall and expense fund and

hospitality, a vote is taken and the matter is closed.

Ten minutes after the identity of the chosen city is announced, the managing editors of important daily papers and, of course, of the Associated Press and the other co-operative news-gathering institutions, have begun to send rush telegrams, reserving accommodations for the staff of correspondents who will be assigned to cover the great event. And racing with them are the messages from campaign managers and state committees, reserving space for headquarters for their own activities.

One day, as the convention hall is nearing completion, the sergeant-at-arms of the national committee, or the chairman of the press committee, or one of like functions, appears quietly on the scene and starts to determine the precise arrangements that shall be made for the accommodation of the press. He has probably worked it out as far as possible by applying some practical experience to the architectural drawings, and consulting closely with the managers of the great telegraph companies and press associations, who know more about what ought to be done than does anyone else.

He knows that scores of telegraph instruments must be installed in the convention hall, and that the press facilities must be as nearly perfect as possible, or the waiting nation will not get the news to the best advantage. He is lucky if he does not have to rearrange the whole platform scheme, in order to permit the correspondents to reach their seats without treading the labyrinth of the whole convention, and the messenger boys to reach the telegraph operators without treading on the toes of the chairman.

He is fortunate if he has experience and, lacking that, if he is tractable. I have known of one such commanding officer serving his first convention term who happened upon a friendly reporter the day he first came to inspect the hall, and admitting frankly his utter ignorance of what was required, literally placed himself in the hands of the young man, who was thereafter actually the directing spirit of all arrangements for the press. As his own private reward therefor, the reporter claimed only the right to preempt the best possible facilities for his own paper, and

one desirable seat on the platform for distinguished guests, in one of whom he was much interested.

At last the week before convention day arrives, and the city begins to take on convention color. The streets flame out in huge flags, banners, and portraits. The headquarters signs are put up in the hotels, the advance guard of delegates, committeemen, and camp followers rolls into the city, and we have what every new reporter has characterized from time immemorial as "the gathering of the clans."

Up in the convention hall itself there appears to be about three weeks' work to be done in the few days remaining. Decorators are hanging flags from the ceiling and draping the bare walls with banners, which quote the utterances of distinguished members of the party from its organization. Great portraits, crude but recognizable, help to break the monotony. They are usually of the patriots who have passed on, for politicians realize that there may be charges of favoritism if possible candidates are used in the color scheme.

Carpenters are still hammering, electricians are installing wires, and a few visitors are poking their heads about. If they are interested in the newspaper end of things, this is what they will see: Almost directly surrounding the chairman's rostrum, except for a space for his own assistants and clerks, is a group of chairs facing temporary pine-board desks in the most favored point of vantage for catching every word that may fall from the lips of a speaker. These are the accommodations provided for the press associations, which in their work serve almost every paper in the United States with a detailed account of the convention.

Next surrounding them, at right and left, are platoons of chairs and plank writing tables, numbered and separated for assignment to individual newspapers, usually hundreds of them altogether. These face the floor of the convention, directly in line with the chairman, and at either side. Behind him and them rise the ascending rows of seats for distinguished visitors. On the level floor that they face, corresponding to the parquet of a theater many times magnified, are the seats for the delegates themselves. Next back of them, as an outer ring, come the seats for the alter-

nates, and, finally, beyond radiate the banks of spectators, perhaps five or even ten thousand of them.

Somewhere in the building, as convenient as possible to the rostrum and press seats, sometimes actually under the platform and the tiers of seats at its rear, are the private rooms assigned to the telegraph companies, the press associations, and the more important daily papers requiring increased facilities. Here the telegraph instruments are clicking and the telephone bells are ringing from beginning to end of every session, and most of the writing, other than what is done in the face of the convention itself, is turned out in the same crypt. Even on the plank desks above there are long-distance telephones for direct connection with local newspapers, so that the latest possible news may be sent to the office.

It is part of the task of some one who never likes to be identified, to designate the precise location assigned to each paper applying for space, and by the time the demands of dailies and weeklies, local papers and outside papers, photographers and sketch artists, are all trimmed to fit the facilities available, even this politician may well have earned his martyr's crown.

Enter now the newspaper men who are to make use of all of these facilities in heralding to the world the emotions, the orations, and the deliberations of the assembled statesmen and politicians. Regard first the phalanx of Washington Correspondents. Last year and next year like other men, it is necessary to admit frankly that so long as he is a Washington Correspondent, the Washington Correspondent is unique. For one thing, he does his work at the place where politicians and statesmen focus and where he concentrates his whole attention upon their comings in and goings on. He knows them all and they all know him as the one man who has daily access to the columns of his paper, virtually controlling its sources of information from the national capital, and forming the real medium of communication between statesmen and constituents, in those cases in which the politician is elected to be a statesman. So it is that he is invaluable to his paper at convention time, knowing more of the important personalities from every part of the country than



any other man available. He is likely to be an awesome figure to the others of the staff, always prone to envy the man whose work keeps him away from the office and particularly one with the ambassadorial assignment to the national capital. If of one type, he may lord it over them in a most patronizing way while he forgathers with political friends who are but names to the other reporters; and if of another, he is as valuable to his juniors on the staff as he is to the office, by the keenness with which he can suggest the trail to follow on a given quest and the friendly introductions he can send where he cannot multiply himself for every errand.

If the Washington correspondents may be reckoned the chorus in this drama of democracy, we may call the Signed Specials the semichorus. They are likely to be those who have earned fame in other years as eminent journalists of national reputation and with a wide acquaintance with men and measures of the present, they carry also the reminiscences of the conventions of twenty or thirty or even forty years ago which they revamp and syndicate every four years as they interview and describe and philosophize afresh. They, too, are looked at with interest not only by the younger group of newspaper men who rub shoulders with them, but also by a large part of the public, to whom they may be pointed out as figures almost as familiar by their signatures as are the great politicians themselves. Some of them are bald and some are gray, but they come from the period of personal journalism so nearly at an end, and the boys listen when they talk about the Wigwam, where Lincoln was first nominated.

Another group with an identity of its own is that of the newspaper men from the villages and small cities all over the country, who come not primarily to write accounts of the convention, which is covered for them long before and far better than they could do it single-handed, by the press associations, but because they are parts of the local political movements, and they come to cheer for favorite sons and dark horses. Outside of convention hours they stay about their delegation headquarters, and many a more metropolitan member of the fraternity owes them for friendly tips as to local conditions and prospects when

the wire-pulling and slate-making are at their height.

Here also to the convention city comes the journeyman reporter, drifting into local newspaper offices at this time, when there is the most likely chance for employment, precisely as an increased labor demand in any other craft always draws a supply from other communities.

Last of all are the new reporters, who have come into the profession since the last convention—a group of their own.

And now the hour is at hand for the first session of the convention. The staff of our typical newspaper has assembled as the day approached. Some one of the group is in authority over the others, in order that the work shall be properly distributed to avoid duplications and omissions. This some one has obtained the proper quota of press badges, which assure admission to the convention hall and to the assigned places on the platform and elsewhere. He has seen that the special telegraph wires are working, the operators ready in the little room placed at his disposal, and the rooms at the hotel ready for the men during whatever few hours they will be at liberty to use them.

For the daily papers published locally in the convention city the big event becomes even more important than for their contemporaries elsewhere. On such an occasion almost the entire staff of the office may be concentrated on convention news, and almost the entire space of the paper devoted to it. When this is the case, the city editor himself usually takes charge of the undertaking, handling his own well-known staff, and leaving to some assistant with meager help the task of covering what little other routine news is permitted to occur at such a time. Indeed, outside papers frequently send their city editors at the head of the staff wherever the convention is held, with the idea that such an executive is more likely to be able to handle his men effectively than anyone else would be, and that his duties at home can be delegated to a junior.

It is a painful memory in the office of one great newspaper in a western metropolis, that the city editor took charge of his convention staff once upon a time to the verge of disaster. The convention hall was some seven miles from Newspaper Row, and messenger service was far from reliable.

There had been a protracted session from noon until evening, during which had occurred what will be reckoned for many a year the most dramatic and spectacular scene, growing from a single speech, in the convention history of this generation, a description which, perhaps, recalls enough to identify the occasion. A well-organized staff had covered the session in the spirit of the day, its best work written in the glow of the convention atmosphere, with all the color and quality that could be expected from such an inspiring event. Hundreds of sheets of manuscript, hot from the pencil, patched together in sequence as each man finished his phase of the story, were ready for the compositors when the convention adjourned, hastily, in the hope of averting a certain nomination which was inevitable if a vote should be taken at that time.

"I'll take all this copy direct to the office," said the city editor, "and you fellows scatter to the headquarters of the candidates and the state delegations to see what they'll say while things are boiling. To-night will be the time when they will have to face the situation and some of them may talk. At least you must stick to it. Don't pay any more attention to what's happened up to this point. We've got the story written and ready for the paper; now spread yourselves for the rest of the night."

Whereupon he specified the assignments, and disappeared in the direction of a trolley car.

One hour later, a series of frantic telephone calls reached every hotel and headquarters in town in the effort to learn the whereabouts of any or all of the scattered staff. As fast as a few of them could be rounded up at the home office, they learned that when their commander had reached his desk his precious parcel of manuscript which he had carried was missing, and the entire volume of work had to be done again as best it might, on a wornout inspiration. Nobody ever learned where the missing bundle went, and every man who had a page of manuscript in it will believe to his dying day that the greatest work of his life was there lost to immortality. But every man is glad it was the city editor and not himself who was at fault.

The chairman of the national committee calls the convention to order and the race

is on between candidates and between newspapers.

You may not realize in what detail the work of the newspaper men is subdivided and then dovetailed. Almost every paper in the United States prints in full the complete narrative of the convention, as furnished by the Associated Press or one of its rival news-gathering associations. Most newspapers provide by their own staff what is characterized as the running account, which is prepared in the present tense, progressive form, speaking syntactically, by a succession of men writing in long hand, omitting the nonessentials, and making the story as dramatic and interesting as possible. This, of course, is complete whenever any session of the convention adjourns and the manuscript is instantly ready for typesetting. Perhaps another star reporter with certain gifts is assigned to write the descriptive account, which is briefer, and more likely to be done after adjournment, with closer regard to perspective and proportion.

In almost every case the speeches, except those brought out by momentary subjects of discussion, have been prepared and manifolded long in advance, and are furnished in duplicate to every paper so that they may be inserted in the running account of the convention whenever delivered.

Then there are the stories of headquarters, the street stories, the wire-pulling and manipulation, the fights over credentials and platforms that occur within the delegations and the committees, never to be mentioned on the floor of the convention. There are the rumors and the pipe-dreams to run down and verify or contradict. There are the humors of the convention, the street scenes, the popular songs, and the dramatic episodes all to be portrayed. There are the single great moments in the convention, the greatest when the nomination of the candidate is accomplished.

There is the applause to be timed, for every convention has its one occasion when the applause is longest, and every candidate hopes to be the object of that distinction. Here is where the value of the local delegations and marching clubs makes itself apparent to those who facilitate their journey to the convention. The claque and the clock are in a definite relation to each other. It is clearly understood by conven-

tion pundits that a large part of the protracted outburst of enthusiasm recorded several times a day is the result of definite organization, the leader of which keeps his eyes on his watch and on his perspiring cohorts as carefully as the claque in a French opera house watches the man who has arranged for the service.

Here is a manifestation of the necessity for safeguarding the distribution of tickets and of doorkeepers and sergeants-at-arms. More than once there have been ugly charges that doorkeepers have been posted at certain entrances by collusion of the friends of some candidates, prepared to admit freely anyone who should appear at that door with a certain password, which would mean yelling to the point of exhaustion for the statesman in question.

There was once a State from which came two candidates for the presidency, one of them supported by the State itself and the other by the State in which was the convention city. It was long alleged that by the powers of the local committee which provided the convention hall, the public galleries were packed with local visitors, without right or ticket, in the effort to stampede the assembly for the candidate so high in local favor.

At that same convention an eminent general of the Civil War, acting as sergeant-at-arms in chief, is said to have engaged in a knockdown argument, involving fists and umbrellas, with the virtual head of the national committee, later to be all but a cabinet officer, and ever since a man of national fame and high official position, all over the fact that the latter party to the discussion had issued certain admission tickets not recognized by the party of the first part, and complicated by the further fact that they were supporters of these two rival candidates from the same State.

Neither rest nor sleep forms any part of the organized scheme of the newspaper man during convention week. History does not record that there was ever a convention where the time was sufficient or the staff large enough to get all the news that was wanted; where the telegraph wires were not crowded so that some of the stuff failed to get through to the office; where the press platform contained as much space as required for the *bona fide* applicants, to say nothing of the exasperating encroach-

ments of those who come with some pretense to press connections, but no work to do. These latter are the bane of the profession. They come with credentials from papers that will never print a line of convention news, or with the printed card of a fictitious "editor" who has been able to enlist influence. They may be amateurs, or the daughters of potent politicians, or the officers of press associations never heard of except in connection with an annual excursion, the camp-followers of the craft and bearing as little relation to it as do the be-starred, be-penciled stage reporters of the modern melodrama to the man who does the real work on the real paper.

In fact, it is not possible even to provide all *bona fide* applicants for press facilities with admission tickets, and so great is the demand that for this reason it has frequently become necessary for the paper with a large force to make its own arrangements for its excess above the assigned quota. The simplest method of accomplishing this is the arrangement of a schedule by which, first, as many of the men enter the hall as the number of press badges issued to them will carry past the doorkeeper at the press entrance. Once inside, the badges may be stripped off the coat lapels of all but one, who places them in a convenient pocket and leaves the hall, again distributing them when outside to the other members of the staff who have been waiting their turn to enter. A brief calculation will reveal the simplicity of the endless chain, which would not be here exposed except for the fact that no doorkeeper yet has ever been observed to do more than wink and grin, even when the exchange was made under his nose. Highly reprehensible, of course, but even the doorkeepers, far from human as they may seem to the general public trying to enter, understand the immunity from all law that is one of the few perquisites of the newspaper man at such a time.

The little rooms assigned to the more important papers may be, in some ways, almost as interesting as the convention hall itself. To them, for moments of refreshment or rest or sociability, come the very greatest of the convention leaders, knowing that there they are less likely to be lionized, more likely to be treated as fellow men, than anywhere else.

In one such little room, a certain delegate, who had been also a Congressman and a newspaper man, was sitting for a friendly visit after five minutes of solitary pacing across the great floor, which had been left unused when the convention chamber was partitioned off from the rest of the building. Applause from within indicated that a speech had just been finished, and the delegate rose to return to his place in the hall.

"When are you going to speak?" asked the newspaper man.

"I am going to speak now," came the answer from the delegate.

"Well, warm 'em up," was the careless comment.

The delegate smiled.

"Warm them?" he said. "I am going to burn them," and he passed through the inner doorway, with the reporter following him, to deliver the speech which "burned them," and made him a presidential nominee and for the last twelve years a truly national figure.

While the convention staff is gathering and writing the news, and the platoon of telegraph operators is rushing it forward to a destination at the other end of the wire, another force, just as important and just as alert, is working under the same high pressure to place it in the hands of the waiting public. Copy readers and headline writers put the incoming story into shape for composition. A battery of typesetting machines, manned by skillful, tireless men, turns the manuscript into metal slugs to be transmuted by the stereotypers into the armor-plate "turtles" ready for the waiting presses. These are clamped on the cylinders, the league-long ribbons of white paper are threaded into the wonderful machines, and the wheels begin their clamor. From the other end of the presses the folded papers flow in a continuous stream, automatic elevators hoist them to the great metal-covered tables in the room above, there is a cavalry charge of distributing wagons in every direction to catch the early mails or to supply waiting news stands throughout the city, and within an hour from the moment of some great convention

event a man a thousand miles away may be reading the account of it without a thought of the amazing organization that has been enlisted in his service, all at his command for a bit of copper.

Years of familiarity with the Prominent Citizen, the Influential Politician, and the Famous Statesman go far to reduce the newspaper man's reverence for individuals. His contact with the great is at the point of greatest sensitiveness—the desire for publicity. He discovers that every one of them, generals and admirals, senators and representatives, presidents and governors and judges, all require and wish advertising, preferably, of course, advertising based on fair recognition of their worthy achievements, but, at any rate, advertising. He has learned that those who are most reluctant to be interviewed and exploited are frequently the most facile in organizing insidious methods of publicity for themselves. He knows that these men of eminence feed on newspaper publicity, and could not conceivably reach their national recognition if it were not for the daily press. For this reason he may smile cynically at the public man who assumes to be coy, but pardon him that, as one of the legitimate methods of obtaining his purpose. To such, as well as to the others, he lends the columns freely in the gathering of the news.

Few newspaper men become so calloused to the great events they record as to be indifferent to them. They, too, have a right to pose, if the subjects of their narratives have that right. And so you may see the hardened reporter sitting dreamily and indifferently while he covers his assignment, smiling faintly at exuberant oratory, watching the clock impassively as the applause extends past the period of normality, apparently almost *blasé* in the presence of an event that is making national history; and still you may know that he is thrilling, like the crowds in the galleries, from the beginning of his task to the last moment of the final session, when the platform has been adopted, the presidential candidate selected, the claims of vice-presidential choices compromised, and the gavel falls.

# THE LAST DUCHESS OF BELGARDE

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

## PART THIRD



HERE was but one chair, one bed, one table in the room, and when the turnkey brought the duke's supper, there was only one cup, one plate, and no spoon or knife at all. To the turnkey's surprise, Citizen and Citizeness Belgarde made merry at this. Trimousette was to have a little cell opening into the duke's, but when the rusty door was forced wide, there was nothing but the bare walls and floor. The duke, assuming an air of authority as if he were giving orders to a lackey at the Château de Belgarde, directed the turnkey to bring what was necessary for the comfort of the Duchess of Belgarde, and the turnkey, appreciating the joke, winked at the duke. Then the duchess in her sweet, complaisant manner said to him:

"Pray take no offense at the Duke of Belgarde. He is not yet used to being in prison. But do me the favor please, kind sir, to give me at least a bed to sleep upon and a chair to sit in. Not so good as your wife has at home perhaps, but I shall be easily satisfied."

The turnkey Duval went, and returned after a few minutes to say that not only might the duchess have a bed and a chair and a table, but he would even get an old sheet and hang it up as a curtain between the cells. This was luxury undreamed of by Trimousette, and she overwhelmed Duval with pretty thanks. The turnkey of his own accord put up the bed and placed the chair and table which all prisoners were allowed, and, having himself a taste for luxury, actually laid a piece of carpet by the side of the bed and put a cover on the table.

This prison supper was the first at which the Duke and Duchess of Belgarde had ever sat together *tête-à-tête*. They felt a furtive and secret joy at being together, for the duke had been steadily falling in love with his wife ever since she appeared in his cell an hour before. He noticed a new expression in her black eyes, an expression of hope and even of joy. Trimousette, with a woman's keenness, knew she was on the road to her kingdom—her husband's heart. It was so odd that it was almost comical, the way the duke examined his wife. She certainly had beautiful eyes and a slim figure, and although dressed in the simplest manner, as became a lady who traveled alone, Trimousette had not forgotten her solitary piece of coquetry—her delicious little shoes. Also, she had suddenly found her tongue, and talked to her husband so freely and even gayly that he was astounded.

Was this the silent, shy, awkward girl he had married so many years ago and who had seemed to be growing shyer, more silent, more awkward every year? He was so surprised, so pleased, so touched, that he scarcely knew what to make of it. It was still light when supper was over, and Trimousette produced some needlework which she had been allowed to bring into the prison. She was very artful, was this artless Trimousette, and not meaning to thrust her company on her husband, retired to her own little cell. There a charming surprise awaited her. The turnkey, over whom Trimousette had thrown a spell of enchantment, had placed upon her table a pot containing a geranium with ten leaves and two brilliant scarlet blossoms. Trimousette, after admiring her treasure, sat down upon her one chair and began to stitch diligently. She was ever a good needlewoman. Most prison-



ers, as soon as they were incarcerated, begged for pen, ink, and paper, to write to their friends, and to begin their struggle to get out of prison. Not so Trimousette. She had no one to write to, and particularly did not wish to get out of prison.

As she sat sewing, she heard the duke moving restlessly about in the next cell, beyond the ragged curtain. A mysterious smile came into Trimousette's eyes and upon her lips; her husband was uneasy without her; he must come and seek her—oh, rapturous thought! Presently, the duke knocked quite timidly at the side of the door. It might have been Trimousette herself, the knock was so gentle; and when Trimousette softly bade him enter, he said, quite shamefacedly:

"I have never been lonely in this place before, for my thoughts, although painful enough, always kept me busy. But I have grown very lonely without you in the last five minutes. May I enter?"

In that hour began Trimousette's long-delayed honeymoon.

Trimousette, being by nature orderly and the duke philosophic, they regulated their lives as if they expected to die of old age in the prison of the Temple. The duke had never before had much leisure for reading, his time having been chiefly taken up with war and the ladies, nor had he felt the need of any proficiency in writing until he became the guest of the Revolution. His newly found accomplishment with the pen revealed to him a gift which neither he nor anyone else had ever suspected in him. He could write verses, very pretty verses, all addressed to Trimousette. These she set to music and sang in a sweet little voice. Thus was the kingdom of poetry and song open before them and they entered it hand in hand. When they sat together at the little table in the purple April nights, the duke teaching Trimousette his verses and she singing them softly to him, they gazed with rapture into each other's eyes, and wondered how could they ever have lived apart.

They had no watch or clock and no means of telling the time except by the prison bells, until the duke contrived, with a wooden peg driven into the bare table, a rude sundial. They would not put upon it the motto of the sundial in the old gar-

den where Trimousette had first dreamed of the duke; it was too sad. The duke suggested the old, old one, "Only the happy hours I mark," but Trimousette shook her head.

"Are not all our hours happy when we are together?" she asked, and her husband for answer caught her to his breast.

"I know another motto," she whispered; "it is on the sundial on the broken terrace at Bourry, 'Tis always morning somewhere in the world.'"

The duke, therefore, etched this motto upon the table with a piece of a nail out of his shoe, and Trimousette said it meant that when they made their journey some evening to the Place de la Révolution, they would close their eyes for a few minutes and open them upon the Eternal Morning. She had many sweet superstitions, but behind them lay a noble courage and faith itself.

Trimousette was not always employed with poetry and music, however, but devised for herself many graceful and feminine employments, the duke watching her meanwhile with great delight. In the mornings she, like a good housewife, would sew with diligence, and patched and mended the duke beautifully. Her own wardrobe contained but two gowns, a black one which she wore every day, and a white one which she saved carefully for a certain great occasion likely to arrive any day; for although she and her duke lived with love and peace in their two cells, neither of them expected release except by the road which led to the guillotine in the Place de la Révolution. Robespierre had promised it, and in these matters he never broke his word. They faced the future with a calmness which amazed themselves. The duke had the courage of a soldier who is always ready to answer the last roll call; Trimousette's simple and sublime faith would have made her walk to the stake as calmly as to the guillotine.

It must not be supposed, however, that a man with red blood in him like Fernand, Duke of Belgarde, could see a new, sweet life of love opening before him, and then could always bring himself to resignation. He said little when these moods, like slaves in revolt, possessed him. At such times he would rise from his bed in the night, grinding his teeth and quivering

with a dumb rage, and walk stealthily like a cunning madman, up and down, up and down, his narrow cell. Trimousette waking, would rise, and going to him in the darkness, gently recall him to his manhood, his fortitude, his heart of a soldier, and then with the earnestness of an angel and the simplicity of a child, she would tell him of the strange certainty she felt that they would not be separated even in the passage of the abyss called death.

The duke, listening to her, and feeling the soft clasp of her arm about his neck, would feel something like repose descend upon his tumultuous soul. At least, they would go together—that much of comfort was theirs. But it was only at times that this mood came upon the duke. Soldierlike he had always looked upon death as an incident, and the only really important thing about it was how the thing could be done with the greatest ease and dignity.

"And surely," Trimousette would say, drawing up her slight figure and showing the pride that had always been latent in her heart, "to die for one's loyalty is a very good way for the Duke and Duchess of Belgarde to make their exit."

Every day at noon the prisoners walked for an hour in the garden and courtyard of the Temple. They were quite cheerful, and sometimes even gay. Madame Guillotine was grown familiar to their thoughts. They paid each other compliments upon their courage, and made little jokes upon very grim subjects. The honeymoon of the Duke and Duchess of Belgarde amused, but also touched their fellow prisoners. Among these was a pretty boy of sixteen, the Vicomte d'Aronda. His father had died, as had Victor, Count of Floramour, gallantly fighting in La Vendée. His mother and sister had perished in the embrace of Madame Guillotine. The boy alone remained. He felt himself every inch a man, and showed more than a man's courage. He was immensely captivated by the Duke of Belgarde's dashing air, which he still retained in spite of his patched coat and shabby hat, and when the duke introduced him to Trimousette, the boy fell, if possible, more in love with her than with the duke. Every day during their hour of exercise in the garden he watched for them, and his boyish face red-

dened with pleasure when they would ask him to join them on their walk up and down the broken flags. It diverted the duke to pretend to be jealous of so gallant a fellow as the little vicomte, and the boy himself, half bashful and half saucy, was charmed with the notion of being treated as a man. Of himself, the little vicomte broached the subject of the fate that lay before him, as well as before the Duke and Duchess of Belgarde.

"You see, madame and monsieur," he would say, quite serenely, "all the men of my line have known how to die, whether in their beds of old age, or falling from their horses in battle, and I, too, know how to die. I shall be perfectly easy, and not let the villains who execute me see that I care anything about it. My mother died as bravely as the queen herself; so did my sister, only twenty years old; and I shall not disgrace them. But I should like very much to go the same day with you. It would seem quite lonely to walk in this garden without you."

Sometimes a woman's passion of pity for the boy would overwhelm Trimousette. She felt nothing like pity for her own fate or that of the man she loved; they had entered into Paradise before their time, that was all. But the boy was too young to have had even a glimpse of that Paradise. At least he would go in his white-souled youth, and this thought comforted Trimousette.

So passed the happiest month of Trimousette's life. Her pale cheek grew rosy and rounded like a child's. Her black eyes lost their tragic and somber expression and now shone with a soft splendor of deep peace and even joy. Trimousette, Duchess of Belgarde, had come into her own at last. She received from her husband the silent and constant tribute of his adoring and admiring love. When she glanced up from her sewing, it was to find the duke's eyes lifted from his book or his writing and fixed upon her. If she moved across the narrow little cell, he watched her, noting the grace of her movements. He told her twenty times a day that she had the most beautiful little feet in the world. When she sung her little songs to him in a small, pretty voice, the duke thought it the most exquisite melody he had ever heard. They were as far removed from

the world as if they were upon another planet, and standing on the lonely peak of existence between the two abysses from which man emerges and into which he descends, it was as if they contained in themselves the universe.

It was now April; the days were long and bright, and the nights short and brilliant with moonlight and star shine. One day—it was the twenty-first of April—the air was so warm and Maylike that Trimousette laid aside her heavy black gown and put on the only other one she possessed—her white one, which she had saved for her bridal with death. Her husband had not seen her in a white gown for a long, long time, and paid her such loverlike compliments that Trimousette blushed with delight. When the time came for them to go into the gardens for their one hour of fresh air many of the prisoners remarked upon Trimousette's white gown, and the little Vicomte d'Aronda, coming up, said gallantly:

"Madame, I beg to present you with a bouquet I gathered for you this morning," and he handed her five puny dandelions and some milkweed, tied together with a bit of grass.

Trimousette was charmed, and thanked the little vicomte so prettily that he blushed redder than ever, and the duke declared the boy was a dangerous fellow with the ladies; at which the lad answered saucily:

"Ah, monsieur, if I could live until I am grown up. Then I should be devoted to the ladies."

The duke turned away his head. The boy was but sixteen years old and he would not live to be much older.

That day was illuminated for Trimousette; it was so softly bright. As the afternoon wore on, its languid beauty, its sad sweetness entered into the soul of Trimousette. She did not busy herself as usual with the little tasks she had devised for herself, but sat and moved in a soft and composed reverie. Then, for a long time she watched the rude sundial, studying the motto, and, almost involuntarily, she wrote upon the table with her pen the old motto about the passing of the shadow called man. She was serious, but not sad, and when the duke, taking her hand, said to her:

"My little Trimousette, does your heart ache because we, shadows that we are, shall no more pass this way?" Trimousette replied:

"I tell you truly, my heart has not once ached for myself since I have been in this prison."

And with a lovely sidelong glance from her black eyes, now no longer sad, she continued, smiling:

"We have had our honeymoon, and no price can be too dear for that."

For the hundredth time the duke begged her pardon for those early years of neglect, and Trimousette, answering his burning kisses, whispered:

"It does not matter now. All the great joys and griefs color the past as well as the present. Since you were to love me, I could wait."

The perfect day had a sunset of unearthly beauty. Together at the low-arched window in the great prison wall Trimousette and her best beloved watched the rosy sunset glow give way to the keen flashing stars shining in the deep blue heavens. They talked a little, softly, but presently an eloquent silence fell between them. Trimousette's head was upon her husband's shoulder, and after a time she slept. The duke drew her mantle about her and held her close. And thus, in warmth and peace and love, Trimousette slept an hour. It was close upon nine o'clock and a great white moon flooded the little cell with its silvery radiance when the duke heard the key turning quietly in the heavy lock. Duval, the turnkey, entered, and obeying a sign from the duke, walked noiselessly toward him. The turnkey's coarse face was pale, and his rough hands shook. He said in a whisper to the duke:

"It is to-morrow—at seven in the evening—sunset time."

The duke nodded, coolly. The hour being at hand he was all courage.

The turnkey pointed to the sleeping Trimousette, then turned away putting his sleeve to his face. Trimousette stirred, and withdrawing herself from the duke's arm, looked with calm, wide-open eyes from her husband to the turnkey and back again. In the strong white moonlight she saw clearly the faces of both men.

"It is to-morrow, I think," she said.

"It is to-morrow," replied the duke, without a tremor.

"Monsieur Robespierre—" began the turnkey, and then in terror and rage stopped, shaking his fist in the direction of the Rue St. Honoré where Robespierre lodged.

"After all, it is well to leave a feast before the candles are burned out," said the duke, smiling, and Trimousette added:

"It is not Monsieur Robespierre. It is the will of the good God who calls us, and we pass over the short bridge, not the long one of age and disease, but the shortest of all—and we pass together."

The turnkey kept on in a shaking voice:

"Not a soul but you knows who is to be posted to-morrow, but I can tell you of two—the sister of Louis Capet, Madame Elizabeth, and the little boy who calls himself Vicomte d'Aronda, and saunters about the garden so jauntily."

"It is a great honor to us that we go with the king's sister, and as for the little lad—well, he has no father, no mother, no brother, no sister—"

It was the duke who said this. Trimousette had ever shown something like weakness about the boy.

The night in its pale glory passed, and the morning dawned as fair as if the world were freshly made. The duke waited until seven o'clock for Trimousette to wake; she had slept like an infant since midnight. Then he went and roused her. She arose and dressed quickly, and began those preparations which even a prisoner makes before leaving the world. There were some books to be disposed of and a few clothes, and the pot with the geranium, now bearing three splendid scarlet flowers.

"It is well you have no shoes to leave, except what you are wearing, for there is no woman's foot in France small enough to wear your shoes," said the duke, and Trimousette nodded almost gayly.

At nine o'clock Duval came to them. The duke was calmly writing at his table, and Trimousette was smoothing out her white gown upon the bed.

"Ah, Monsieur Duval!" she cried, cheerfully, "we have decided to make you our executor. The duke means to leave you his pen and these books. You can sell the books for ten francs perhaps. My

clothes are few and very shabby, but you may have a daughter or perhaps a niece whom they will fit, so pray take them. Also, I give you my geranium, but I shall pluck the blossoms—one for the duke to wear to the Place de la Révolution, one for myself, and one for the little Vicomte d'Aronda."

"Thank you, madame," replied Duval, gruffly. "I—I—have not yet told the boy. I don't know how he will take it."

"Have no fear. His name is d'Aronda," said the duke, looking up from his writing.

At noon the great doors clanged open, and the prisoners, marching out, saw the list of the condemned posted up in the vast, gloomy archway. The list which was long was headed with the name of the king's sister, the gentle and pious Elizabeth. Next came the names of Citizen and Citizeness Belgarde, and the twenty-fourth and last name was that of Louis Frederic d'Aronda.

At this noontime, as on any other, Trimousette and the duke walked in the garden. They wished to say good-by to their friends among their fellow prisoners, a brave custom, rarely omitted. Standing before the posted list, in the archway, was the little vicomte, quite smiling and composed.

"It is a great honor," he said, bowing low with boyish bravado, "to go with the king's sister, and also an honor to go with the Duke and Duchess of Belgarde."

"Death is nothing!" cried the duke, debonairly, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I have faced him a hundred times in fight, and if you look him straight in the eye and advance upon him, he grows quite amiable to look at."

"So my father always said," replied the boy, "and none of my family, monsieur, knew fear. Even my sister, only twenty, was as cool as any soldier, and surely a gentleman cannot let his sister surpass him in courage. Oh, if I die bravely, my father will praise me, and my mother will smile upon me, and so will my sister when we meet; and if I showed the white feather, I should be afraid to face them."

"You shall go in the cart with us," said Trimousette, "and we will tell Madame Elizabeth that you are a brave boy, a real d'Aronda."

That day, too, was bright and cloudless, and one of the most peaceful Trimousette ever spent.

At six o'clock there resounded through the great stone corridors of the prison a loud, echoing voice, calling the condemned to appear, and at the same moment, the tumbrils rattled into the courtyard, Duval unlocked the doors of the cells, and the Duke and Duchess of Belgarde came forth, and at the same moment the little vicomte appeared. He had made as much of a toilet as he could, and carried carefully in his hand a new, though coarse white handkerchief.

Trimousette wore upon the breast of her white gown a vivid red geranium blossom, and another blazed upon the lapel of the duke's threadbare brocade coat. The third blossom Trimousette pinned upon the little vicomte's breast, and he kissed her hand for it.

Once in the courtyard, the guards objected to the boy going in the same cart with Trimousette and her husband—the cart would be too heavy.

"But he is so small—he takes up so little room," urged Trimousette, with soft pleading in her eyes. And then, the lad, without waiting for permission, jumped into the cart and folded his arms defiantly, as much as to say:

"Turn me out if you dare."

They allowed him to remain.

There were twelve tumbrils in all for the twenty-four condemned persons. The very last to appear was a gentle, middle-aged lady, the dead king's sister, Madame Elizabeth. Each of the condemned persons made her a low bow, the little vicomte scrambling out of the cart to make his reverence. The eyes of Madame Elizabeth grew troubled as she looked at the lad; the women and men could die, but the little lads—ah, it was too hard! The Duke of Belgarde, as the man of highest rank present, had the honor of assisting Madame Elizabeth into the cart, for which she thanked him sweetly. Her hands were the first tied, the guards knowing well she would make no resistance, and that the rest would do as the king's sister did. When it came to the duke's turn, he said:

"Will you kindly permit me to assist madame, my wife, into the cart first? Then I shall submit willingly."

The ruffian in attendance assented with a grin, and the duke gallantly helped Trimousette into the tumbril, and then putting his hands behind his back, they were tied, after which he jumped lightly in himself and cried:

"Drive on, coachman!"

The procession of the twelve carts moved. In one sat a solitary person, in another sat three, the Duke and Duchess de Belgarde and the little Vicomte d'Aronda. The evening was as clear as crystal and the river, like a string of pearls, slipped softly from the green valley of the Seine, under the bridges, the statues looking down upon the silvery stream, past the palaces, in whose windows the sunset blazed blood red. The great city was still and breathless, as it always was when these strange processions started for the great open space where Madame Guillotine held her court. Toward the west, the sky turned from a flame of crimson to an ocean of golden light, and then to a splendor of pale purple and green and rose. Presently, a single palpitating star came out softly in the heavens, now dark blue, and shone with a veiled but steady brilliance, growing larger and brighter as the daylight waned. Trimousette, jolting along upon the rude plank laid crosswise the tumbril, leaned a little toward the duke, who, although pinioned, yet supported her as the cart rattled along the stony street. The boy sat at her feet, his look fixed upon her face. He saw neither fear nor grief, but perfect peace. From Trimousette the lad turned his glance upon the duke, who had a cool and victorious eye even in that time.

"I said a great many prayers last night," said the boy, after a pause, "and so that business is finished. I leave all with God, as a gentleman should who treats God as if He were a gentleman and meant to keep His word to us."

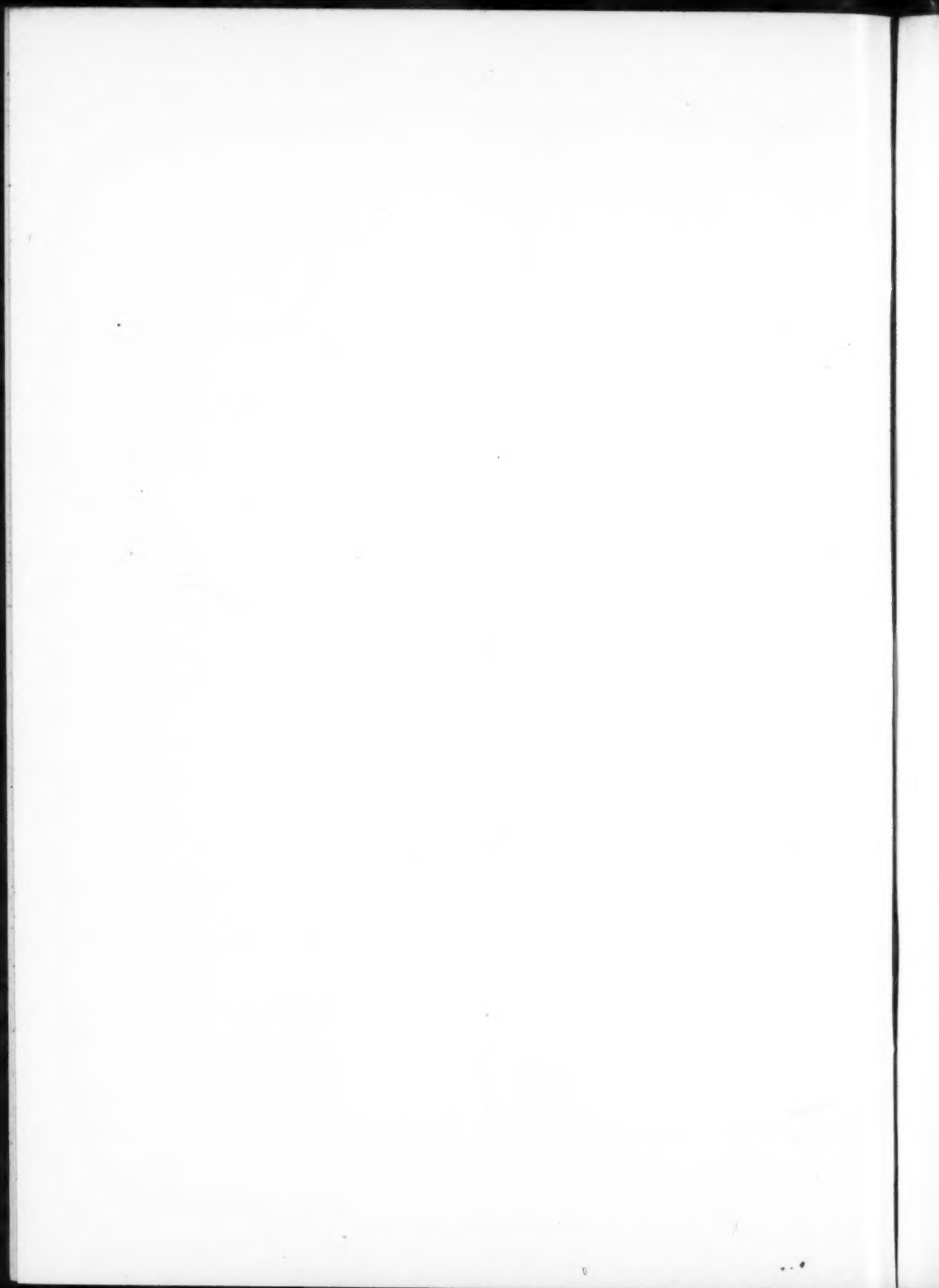
"He will keep His word to us," answered Trimousette. The boy's courage charmed her, and she thought, if long life had been given to her she would have wished for such a son as this boy.

"When first I was in prison I rehearsed this scene to myself and concluded there was nothing about it to keep a man awake at night," said the duke. "I think, too, if there is a God, He is a gentleman, and





*"She turned for one moment toward the star trembling in the western sky."*



will treat us poor devils of mortals fairly. Is not that true, Trimousette?"

"Quite true," replied Trimousette.

So, with calm and peaceful talk, they made the journey, amid crowds of staring and agitated people, who packed the streets and made black the tops of the houses. A murmur of pity for the little vicomte, sitting in the bottom of the cart, and talking so cheerfully, swept over the multitude. The women in the throbbing crowds asked each other his name and sometimes broke into sobbing as he passed. This soft compassion troubled the boy, and he said, with his lip trembling a little:

"I wish they would not say 'Poor lad! Poor little boy!' I am afraid it will make me weep, and that is what I should hate to do."

"If you are a man, you will not weep," answered the duke, who knew what chord to touch. "You should say to them: 'Ladies, I would take off my hat to you if my hands were not tied.'"

The boy's eyes sparkled; he loved to play the man and the gallant; so he spoke to the crowd as the duke had told him, and was innocently vain of his own coolness.

At last the carts, jolting steadily onward, reached the vast clear space of the Place de la Révolution, crammed with people, and in the open place in the middle a great Thing, black and gaunt, reared itself high in the air. At the top a blade of blue steel blazed in the sunset glow.

The first to dismount from the carts was gentle Madame Elizabeth. She seated herself placidly on one of the twenty-four chairs ranged around in the circle. For the first time was noted of this simple and kindly creature, once known as a child of France, something majestic in her demeanor. She looked about her calmly, as much as to say: "It matters little to me, Elizabeth, a daughter of France, what you may do with me."

Another woman, who had also been meek all her life, showed a stateliness of bearing which might well become a duchess. This was Trimousette, Duchess of Belgarde. She was the next to alight, after Madame Elizabeth, and took her place of rank, next the royal princess, first making her a low courtesy which the princess rose and returned. Each lady present made two courtesies to this royal lady and

each man two bows, one on dismounting from the cart, and another before ascending the rude stairs to the platform where the glittering ax worked in its groove. The most graceful bow of all was made by the Duke of Belgarde; the most debonair by the Vicomte d'Aronda.

The condemned persons passed in the order of their rank; those of the lowest ranking first. The little vicomte was last of all, except the Duke and Duchess of Belgarde, and the royal lady, sitting still and stately in her rough wooden chair. Twenty persons mounted the stairs to the platform, and twenty times the ax flashed up and down in its groove. From the surging multitudes around came occasionally gaspings and sobbings, and even sometimes a wild shriek cut the twilight air. But not one sob or shriek came from those who went to their death, each passing bravely and silently.

The twenty-first name to be called was that of Citizen d'Aronda, and the little vicomte, standing up, cried:

"I am here—Louis Frederic, Vicomte d'Aronda!"

He went first to Trimousette and kneeled to kiss her hand.

"Au revoir, madame!" he cried; "we meet again shortly, but meanwhile I shall have seen madame, my mother."

"Yes, we shall meet soon, and in the greatest happiness," answered Trimousette. Her voice trembled a little—she had been less brave about the boy than about anything else. And the duke called out in a pleasant voice:

"Au revoir, my comrade!"

The vicomte made his reverence to Madame Elizabeth, who rose and returned it as if the lad were a marshal of France. In another minute he was springing up the wooden steps, and some women in the crowd began weeping loudly, but were soon quieted by the rude orders and blows of the guards. Trimousette did not see what happened next. Her eyes were fixed upon the west, in which the single star was growing more beautifully brilliant every moment.

Then it became the turn of Citizen Belgarde, once known as the Duke of Belgarde. He knelt and kissed Trimousette's hand and rose and kissed her cheek, saying with a smile:

"I believe with the little lad, that God is a gentleman, and has not brought us together only to tear us apart."

Trimousette answered with the sweet, bright smile which had only been hers since her honeymoon began:

"It is a good belief. Wait for me there," and pointed toward the star, now shining large and bright in the purple heavens.

Nevertheless, she turned away her head, and two warm tears ran down her cheeks. After making his reverence to Madame Elizabeth, the duke's voice rang out:

"Long live the King!" and then there was a slight crash, some movement and commotion on the scaffold.

Trimousette rose quickly, made her low reverence to Madame Elizabeth, and when

her name was called she was already standing at the foot of the wooden steps.

Every man who looked at Trimousette wished to help her; even one of the guards, seeing how small and slight she was, would have assisted her, but she said to him with a kind of gentle haughtiness:

"I thank you, monsieur, but I do not need your help."

The executioner tore the white fichu from her neck, leaving its unsunned beauty exposed to the gaze of tens of thousands. Trimousette's black eyes flashed, and a deep red blush flooded her face and milk-white neck. She turned for one moment toward the star trembling in the western sky, and then, with a glorified face, laid her dark head upon the wooden block, and passed smiling into the Great Silence.

THE END

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## TWO

By DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

THE rain is falling steadily  
From leaden sky to leaden sea:  
In all the earth and sea and sky  
No soul's alive but you and I.

No living soul but I—and you!  
The broad earth curves between us two,  
Yet you to me are dearer much  
Than those whom now my hands can touch.

So you and I are quite alone,  
Save for the rain's dull monotone,  
Its quivering network on the sea—  
But, ah! my Love, come close to me!



*"Rehearsing an oration entitled 'The Decline of Puritanism in the West.'"*

## GRADUATION DAY

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY THE AUTHOR



COMMENCEMENT time" is almost upon us once more. The symptoms are unmistakable. Invitations to class reunions are making their appearance, and printed slips in which you are respectfully invited to subscribe for ——— copies of the "'08 Annual" have found their way to your desk. You forthwith send a check for *One* (1) copy and patiently wait for the large volume that contains photographs of 400 seniors, 150 professors, and a list of all the members of eighteen "frats." Truly a

"sparkling symposium of epigrams and local hits." Perhaps your own name will appear among the "fratres in urbe," or "list of charter members."

You can almost feel the wave of intellectual activity that is sweeping over the country. You may not know it for a positive fact, but it is almost certain that somewhere in this great nation a blooming young lady of nineteen is rehearsing an oration entitled "The Decline of Puritanism in the West." Before a mirror somewhere else a young man is surely going over his masterly address on "The Dangers of a Centralized Government, and the





*"Dear old Jim was the wildest Indian that ever infested a center of learning."*

Way to Avoid Them." He will thrill with emotion as he reels out the well-balanced sentences and develops his climaxes. "The History of Rome" will be sacked and pilaged for material, and the "Essays" of Ralph Waldo Emerson will yield up their treasures of thought for a rehearsing. The town paper, in describing the oration, will call it a scholarly exposition of the subject, and the account will go into an honored place in a mother's scrapbook, along with the full text of the oration. There it will stay for years until some time a sober business man will happen to run across it, read it with growing wonder, and then cry out in anguish, "Great Scott, how did I ever have the nerve to deliver that rot before all those people!"

Commencement time is a period when sentiment reigns rampant. In a thousand college towns the May moon is looking down on dark couples whispering under the trees their vows of eternal fidelity. The old vows—the oft-repeated vows! Ah, where are the vows of yesteryear? Ivy-

covered walls and venerable elms will hear again the stories that they have heard so often before, and sentiment and romance will spread like a contagion throughout the college towns. And perhaps it is just this spirit of sentiment that makes commencement time so dear to us. It is one of the high spots we strike in our flight between the cradle and the grave. Marriage, the first baby, and Graduation Day are the three lofty eminences we reach, and each is great because it is so full of sentiment.

When we think of Commencement Day, as seen through a perspective of years, it seems like the happiest period of life. All the worries and troubles have been smoothed away, and we retain only the somewhat jumbled memory of broad lawns and stately trees and ivy-covered college buildings and white dresses and fresh young faces full of the joy of living. For example, take that lovely moonlight night in June, when we serenaded the girls at the "Ladies' Hall." It will always stand out in memory. The throb of the instru-



*"Of all the domesticated men in the world, Jim is now the most conspicuous example."*

ments, the faint fragrance of flowers, the fresh smell of verdure, the delightful mystery that lay beyond those fluttering window curtains up above, and more than all, the elation of youth. Why, that night was a sentimental orgy, and it stands out against the purple long ago like the evening star against the heavens. It was rapturous, inspiring.

Only a few evenings ago I was talking it over with "Slim Jim" Preston, who sang tenor off and on that night. Jim has become a slimmer Jim since then, and matrimony and a mortgage have imposed a shadow of materialism on his erstwhile sunny nature.

"Wasn't it great, Jim—that serenade that night?"

"Fine," said he, thoughtfully, "although I'll never forget how those shoes hurt me, or how mad you were when you stumbled into the fountain."

And with this preliminary remark he paraded a long list of mishaps that had quite passed beyond my memory. Jim is

too much of a materialist to get the most out of pleasant recollections. And then, as if repentant of his point of view, he sought to make atonement.

"We ought to go back to commencement oftener than we do," he remarked sadly. "I'd like to line up with some of the old boys again. What do you say, old man, to going down this year? I haven't attended a commencement for nearly ten years. I'd just like to show those kids down there a touch of the real old-time college spirit. Let's go down there and burn up the campus again."

Dear old Jim! In his day he was the wildest Indian that ever infested a center of learning, and yet I know perfectly well that this brave note of devilry is only an empty echo of the old-time Jim who used to tear things wide open in the good old college days. Of all the domesticated men in the world, Jim is now the most conspicuous example. He shuttles back and forth from his office to his suburban home, cultivates a garden, and is the president of a



*"Streets which seemed like great arteries of congested commerce."*

neighborhood club for the amelioration of ennui.

Three growing children serve effectually to subdue the few embers of fire that have survived these years of patient domesticity; and as for "burning up the campus," Jim would act as an antidote. Why, old Jim couldn't burn up anything any more, except autumn leaves, and he knows it, and he knows that I know it, but just the same it sounds like old times, and we let it go at that. We like to deceive ourselves into thinking that we could "burn up the campus," or put the cow in the chapel if it were necessary.

Last year I went back, and for some curious reason the visit was disappointing. The old college town seemed to have shrunk. Buildings that once towered skyward and looked like "edifices" were now meager, as seen by eyes accustomed to skyscrapers. A Sunday hush seemed to reign on the streets, which one time, to me, seemed like great arteries of congested commerce. All my classmates who turned up were sober, mature men with strange outbursts of beard. Only I alone had not changed.

The girl whose image was enshrined in my memory as a paragon of youth and loveliness, and who cornered my entire output of affection for the last four months of my college career, had undergone a subtle change. I saw her in the crowd on Class Day. She was not alone. Two husky children were with her, and her ample figure told eloquently of the tribute she had paid for the years of married happiness. She called me "Mister" for a while, and introduced her children to me.

I went away and sat over near where the old pump used to stand. Great buildings soared above the broad campus, and dwarfed the old ones that I had known and remembered as such gigantic piles. With every moment came some dear old illusion shattered, leaving in its place a fireless pride that the college had leaped ahead to its present vast proportions. The catalogue looked like a city directory, the faculty list stretched across pages and pages, and the spirit of modern progress had crushed out the hallowed memories that I had been treasuring for years. It was distinctly disappointing, and I hesitated to ac-

cept Jim's proposal that we return for the incendiary purpose he suggested. The whole scheme of things had changed.

Graduation Day may be regarded from more different angles than almost any other day in a man's life. It is a time to be viewed with "mingled feelings of mirth and sadness." As countless valedictorians have remarked, "we have come to the parting of the ways, and as we journey down the stream of life we shall always look back," etc. It is a good deal like a lottery. Thousands of graduates are suddenly projected out in an unromantic world and are told to make good. The man whose college life has been one succession of triumphs on the football field or in the glee club, or an ornament to college society, suddenly awakens to the realization that he is confronted by a different proposition. The great business concern to which he applies for a job is not looking for an adept in football tactics.

There is nothing quite so sad as the college hero the day after Graduation Day. He has been elevated to the highest pinnacle. The applause of vast crowds is still ringing in his ears. There is the echo of

his name shouted by hordes of admiring students, and he has been carried aloft on the shoulders of frenzied idolaters, with fair young ladies struggling to catch his eye. But with the last outburst of commencement oratory he finds his audience scattered to the four winds, and is confronted by the prospect of a quiet desk in the office of some very worldly corporation. The manager does not know what a hero he is, for he has never seen nor heard of the greatness of his triumphs. The college hero is like a banquet hall the morning after the feast. The prosaic routine of daily work has only one bright spot, and that is when the annual reunion comes along, and the hero for a brief moment again comes into his own.

And then there is the star orator. He also has been a shining light in college. His parents and his classmates have kowtowed to him, to the end that he exults in an importance that may unfortunately manifest itself even after Commencement Day. To him the year after his graduation will come as an anticlimax, and he must readjust his self-esteem to meet the demands of an unknowing and unsympa-



*"The old college town seemed to have shrunk."*



*"A paragon of youth and loveliness."*

thetic business world. His employer will not know that he has the honor of being

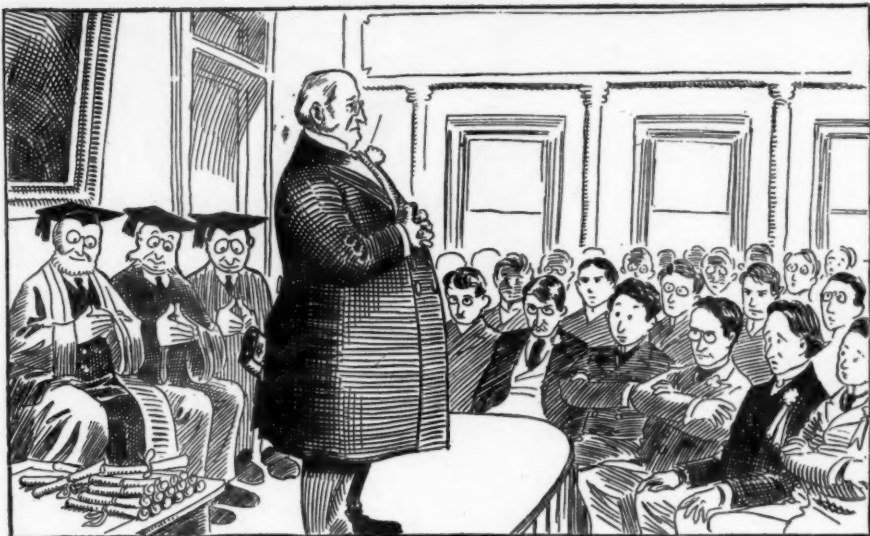
associated with the author of that peerless oration, "Our Nation's Destinies," and that the sum total of human knowledge is massed beneath the throbbing brow of the young graduate. As he walks to the office in the morning, or hangs onto a street-car strap, there will be never a one of the heedless throng around him who will know that he is Horace Kenmore Browne, the winner of three state oratorical contests.

The year after Commencement Day is a great leveler. From peerless heights the college hero drops to take his obscure niche in the everyday order of things. The college grind who has never shone except on examination day, finds that he is just as good as the hero. Young Livingston, '08, will spend the summer at his father's country place and look forward to a pleasant job in father's office next fall. Young Dawson, '08, with twenty-five dollars of his mother's slender store, will begin life in earnest the week after graduation day, and will be diligently looking for work. And while Dawson is plugging along, Livingston will be getting the good things of life until some day the papers will be full of Dawson's name, and the society



*"She called me 'Mister,' and introduced her children to me."*





"Remember, my young friends, that the three essentials to a successful and honorable life are industry, frugality, and unswerving honesty."



THE NEXT DAY.—"Send this schedule of my personal property over to the assessors to-day, then telegraph our Louisville branch to undersell that new competitor until we bust him, and then have my automobile at the club at three. If anybody calls, tell them I've gone out to the races."

From "The Mysterious Stranger."  
By courtesy of McClure, Phillips & Co.

"Now is the time when the prominent citizen tells the college graduate how to be successful."



By courtesy of the Chicago Tribune.

*"Plant your banners high! Hitch your chariot to a star and forge ahead! By sheer force of will we must override and crush all obstacles!"*

columns full of Livingston's name. Thus life arranges its little scheme of compensations.



*"Mechanical engineer?"*

By the end of June there will be countless thousands of young people who will be ready to begin life in earnest. Hitherto life has been an amiable thing, but now, suddenly, its aspect changes and it challenges the youth to come forth and give battle. It becomes a grim reality. No more will father pay the bills, or if he has to, it will be at the cost of the pride of the boy who accepts the favor.

Although perhaps father has not said so in so many words, yet the new graduate feels it in the air that the time has come for him to realize on the investment his father has made. He must "get busy" immediately, and luckless is the youth who does not know exactly what field of life he is best suited for. The thing that he aspires to be may not be the thing he is fitted for. Full many a splendid clerk has been spoiled by the ambition to be a statesman. And luckless is the young graduate who embarks perforce on a work in which his heart has no interest.

When one sees how much useful material is going to waste because it is not directed along the right lines, and how many graduates are thrown into fields absolutely



By courtesy of the Chicago Tribune.

"(Three months later.) The office boy—"Naw, the boss can't see you."

uncongenial, it would seem that there should be some sort of clearing house to get young men started in the direction where their inclinations or interests lie. And how many boys are ruined by the ambition of their parents! "James shall be a doctor," and "Charley must follow the law." That is the family programme, even though James's whole soul lies in music, and Charley, in every instinct and feeling, is a natural-born trader.

Once there was a boy who hated mathematics more than poison. But his father and mother were eager to have him become a mechanical engineer. Ten years of his life after Commencement Day were wasted in the vain quest for engineering glories, and in the end a lucky stroke of fortune deflected the youth into another channel wherein his capabilities had some scope. He is now an accomplished musician. The moral of this is that a boy shall try to find out what he would like to be, and then follow that line until he finally lands. Even if he doesn't make a great success, he will at least have the pleasure of doing work that he likes. And that is the chief joy of life.

Along in the summer or fall following the June commencement the streets and offices of the great cities are thronged with



"Minister?"

the output of the colleges. It is the recruiting time for vast enterprises. The gangling youth who modestly edges into an office in search of a job may be one of the partners ten years from now. The grouchy clerk who smiles derisively at the awkward collegian, when the latter asks to see the boss, may be taking orders from him a few years later. Consequently, it is never wise to laugh at the new recruit. The jay of to-day may be the magnate of to-morrow. In these days things move swiftly, and it is never wise to pity the boy whose trousers don't hang correctly or whose hair is tangled and long.

To the mothers of young graduates the commencement time is a succession of thrills of pride and vague heart-burnings, for she knows that hereafter the family circle will be broken. The boy must go away off to some great business center, and

will come back only once or twice a year on his annual vacation. In time she becomes reconciled to it, but it makes a great change in the cherished order of things, and she dreads it. And yet she would not have it otherwise, any more than she would wish her daughter to remain unmarried and at home.

To the graduate himself, the world stretches out before him in a long and uncertain perspective. What lies ahead in the mists he does not know, but with the joyousness of youth he dashes in, full of hope and ambition, to find what the future holds for him. He knows that because others have failed is no reason why he will fail, and that the great, successful men of to-day will pass away, and the great, successful men of to-morrow will be chosen from the ranks which he now is in. It is for him to take his opportunity.



*"The town paper will call it a scholarly exposition of the subject."*

## THE GRASSES

By CURTIS MAY

WE bind the clods of the lonely dike  
On the landward side;  
We fringe the edge of the dusty pike  
Where the horsemen ride;  
We heal the scars of the battle plain  
Where the red drops fell like November rain:  
With living green we renew again  
All its perished pride.

We trust our roots to the dark Unknown  
Of the silent ground,  
And feel our way along tree and stone  
Where no path is found;  
Where the sleepers lie and the sunbeams flit  
We weave the tapestry, bit by bit,  
And call the flowers to embroider it  
In each sunken mound.

Yea, over many a living head  
We uplift our roof;  
The beetle drums where our tent is spread  
In his sole behoof:  
Our long and sinuous colonnades  
The black ant threads in his hidden raids:  
The spider, tying his web to our blades,  
Puts our strength to proof.

We string the pearls of the morning dew  
For the earth's green breast,  
We hold the cup of the harebell blue,  
On its leafy crest:  
The hoarfrost works with his shuttle white  
A lacework coverlet in the night,  
Until the sun with his laughing light  
Breaks our peaceful rest.



# THE AMALGAMATED REVOLUTIONISTS; AND HOW THEY TOOK NEW YORK

BY M'CREADY SYKES



HIS car doesn't stop at the twenty-eighth floor. First stop fortieth."

The elevator man seemed almost surly. But then if people will be so foolish as to get in elevators without finding out from the starter what floor their man is on, they must expect to get frequently in the wrong car; in the express when they should be in the local, and *vite versa*.

In the Aëro Building there were twenty-eight elevators serving the forty-eight stories. Nine elevators ran as locals to the seventeenth floor; nine were express as far as seventeen and local from seventeen to thirty-three; eight cars were express as far as thirty-three, and local from thirty-three to forty-six; while another car ran without stopping from the ground level to the forty-sixth story and there connected with a single supplementary car that served the forty-sixth, forty-seventh, and forty-eighth stories that together made the imposing tower whose cornice marked the artistic limit of what in the last number of the *Architectural Review* had been aptly termed "aërial decoration."

The elevator man's observation at the beginning of this narrative has really nothing to do with the story. It is quoted simply as the kind of expression frequently heard in the fleet elevators of this building, and to impress upon you at the outset that the Aëro Building was a very tall structure indeed. That is important; for if it had not been a tall building the events here set down would not have happened there.

"The tallest building in New York—bedad, in the wurld!" said Bill Slattery,

as he laid down the paper describing the proposed Aëro Building. That had been more than four years ago, when Mr. Slattery, in company with his inseparable comrades Philetus Q. Babcock and Antonio di Angostini, had been seated in the back room of the old *Café Freiheit* in William Street.

"The tallest building in the wurld—tallest in the wurld!" The fact seemed to awaken a train of reflections in Mr. Slattery's brain, for he was silent the rest of the afternoon. For the next week or two his conversation ran almost entirely along the lines of finance; with many lead-pencil scratchings and much figuring over the state of "the fund," an expression often on the lips of the three. The upshot of it was, for the details are unimportant, that long before the Aëro Building was completed, or even half built, the top three floors—that is, the forty-sixth, forty-seventh, and forty-eighth, had been leased for a term of three years to the American Wood Working Machinery Company—a corporation of which Mr. Philetus Q. Babcock was President, our imaginative friend, Bill Slattery, Secretary and Treasurer, and the dark-skinned and enthusiastic di Angostini, Chairman of the Executive Committee. The American Wood Working Machinery Company had an army of employees; but rather curiously, it seemed to have on its pay roll no women and no boys.

You will remember that the top three floors happened to be served by a little "sky elevator" of their own. On the other side of the shaft ran a kind of supernumerary elevator, not originally intended for regular use.

"Why can't we use that as a freight

elevator?" Babcock had inquired of the agent of the building. "We'll have quite a lot of boxes and stuff going up and down, and 'twill be handy to run it in the daytime."

The American Wood Working Machinery Company, with its three floors, its rent always promptly paid, and its impressive army of employees, was a tenant entitled to consideration; so it came about that it had the privilege of taking freight up and down at all hours. For convenience, the tenant company provided an elevator man at its own expense. He was a dark Sicilian, of sinister aspect, with a saber cut across his left cheek. Thus it happened that no one paid any particular attention to the fact that freight was always going up into the establishment of the American Wood Working Machinery Company, and that nothing was ever coming down. There went up curious padded bales, great metal boxes covered with Japanese writing, long cylindrical crates of vast diameter and weight, five hundred boxes with the label of the U. S. Concentrated Protein Co., barrels of Gimyeih Cracker, and whole bales of Pure-Food Beefdust. And nothing coming down but empty boxes!

As the occurrences I am narrating will doubtless hereafter engage the historians, I may, for the reader's clearer apprehension, recall now movements, happenings, drift, gossip of the town contemporaneous with these events. The *Dawn*, an evening newspaper of enormous circulation, which professed to purvey the truth, freed from adventitious trappings of error, had long preached the gospel of the Iniquity of the Existing Order. That indeed as a fundamental social concept is not so alarming; as a working basis or point of view it is, I doubt not, true.

But the *Dawn* preached to the populace in no mood or temperament of the loving kindness and broad humanity that should embrace and encompass that fundamental concept. On the contrary, it was almost always inflammatory. It delighted in clever editorials, replete with capitals and trenchant paradox; it cunningly laid hold of and perverted all kinds of innocent happenings. Its mood and method were dramatic and picturesque; out of the flaming phantasmagoria of modern life, the gro-

tesque obscuring layer that hides over the meaning of the divine will in its working out on the children of men, the cynical and paradoxical editor of this mordaunt sheet skillfully laid hold of those picturesque contrasts, those discords unresolved, that have ever caused the fool to say in his heart that there is no God.

"Stop and Think" was a favorite expletive of the *Dawn* editorial page; a safe challenge, for none of its readers was likely to stop until the editor's undoubted incisive interest and fascination of style had brought him to the end of the column; while the adjuration to think was well understood by its framer to be given only in a Pickwickian sense.

But while the *Dawn* flung its appeal chiefly to the lowly and uninfluential, and had long been regarded as hardly more than a somewhat amusing firebrand, of late years great aid and impetus had been given to its warfare by the inflammatory speeches and writings of various men in high station, even, in some instances, those holding public offices of distinguished power and influence. It was an age of radicalism in which men excused violence of speech in those who "meant well," and sometimes even violence of action when the ultimate welfare of the race was pleaded.

This digression, explanatory of the forces then at work on the public consciousness, has been necessary in order to make clear the operations of the little group of men who had rented the three top floors of the Aëro Building—the so-called American Wood Working Machinery Company. For had you been close to the councils of this little group, so that you were apt to receive letters from, say, our florid friend di Angostini, or from the effusive Philetus Q. Babcock, the letter head would have borne the neatly engraved title, not of the American Wood Working Machinery Company, nor of anything like it, but the cryptic legend:

#### THE AMALGAMATED REVOLUTIONISTS

New York Headquarters

It was big Bill Slaterry who had devised the title, and it was big Bill whose untiring energy and fertility of resource

had filled the three top floors of the Aëro Building with the contents of the crates, boxes, and bales that for two years had been keeping the freight elevators so busy. It was the Amalgamated Revolutionists to whose headquarters everything had been going up and whence nothing had come down.

"Everything is ready," said big Bill to the dark di Angostini. "Twenty-eight thousand pounds of lyddite, and no more to be had by anyone who looks for it for the next sixty days. We've cornered the lyddite market, and that's a fact."

"And how does the Karaki powder check up, Bill?" asked Mr. Babcock. "Devil a pound was the Japs to ship except to us."

"An' devil a pound have they shipped, comrades. Ivery ounce of it brought through England, too. An' tin guns to shoot the dear stuff. Ah, Angoostini dear, 'tis not long now. Is it Winsday th' ooltimeathum goes, Mr. Babcock?"

"Right you are, Slattery, my boy. Wednesday the Comptroller's office for ours."

On Wednesday morning the Comptroller of the City of New York whirled around in his chair to see what it was that his secretary wanted.

"Of course, I told the man outside I would deliver this to you in person. I had no intention of doing so, but I really think he's going to wait until I bring him some sort of answer. Shall I send for the police, or would you like to read the letter? It's a little different from the regular crank, and the man doesn't look the least like a dynamiter."

"All right, Spofford," said the Comptroller; "I'll read it."

"Whew! he doesn't want much," laughed the Comptroller, after reading the letter. "Two million dollars in cash, and two days to get it in. No, don't bother the police; bring the man in."

Philetus Q. Babcock was in outward appearance, as the secretary had observed, very unlike a dynamiter. But then dynamiters usually are. All the dynamiters I have ever known have been men of the most quiet and unassuming demeanor. A certain air of detachment, perhaps, distinguishes the professional, so far as my acquaintance goes, but assuredly nothing sug-

gestive of violence. Mr. Babcock bowed politely.

"I have the honor of addressing the Comptroller?" This interrogatively.

"The pleasure is indeed mine. To come right to business, surely you must know that the city carries on hand no such sum of cash as two million dollars, nor, for that matter, one million, nor a quarter of a million." The official winked at the secretary over his visitor's head.

"I am well aware of that, Mr. Comptroller, for you will see by reference to my note that I give you ample time to go out and get it. In fact, there is no necessity that it should be the city's money at all. Go out and get it. We don't propose to go from bank to bank or from vault to vault. You are the natural financial mouthpiece of this community. You see, don't you, that we must from the nature of things deal with one man. That's all."

"And what do I understand is the alternative, Mr.?"—he looked again at the letter, and filled out his sentence with an amused expression—"Mr. Babcock."

"Oh, in that case, up you go—down—around—in—everywhere. Blown up, smashed, shot, bombarded. Oh, we're ready. We aren't paper revolutionists. We've got the goods. Now see here, Mr. Comptroller," he added, with something of blarney in his tones, "*don't* be foolish. Don't make us give a demonstration. You don't seem to realize that we're all ready to bombard your whole darn town. *Don't* be unreasonable. We don't want much. You can get it all from a single malefactor of great wealth, an' he'll hardly feel it."

"And when does the alternative arrive, Mr. Babcock?"

"You'll get the first installment of the alternative at half past four to-morrow afternoon. And I'm sorry to have to say that 'twill be you that will get it. Come, yes or no?"

"I'm afraid it's no, my dear sir. Go down to the Chemical Bank and try Hetty Green." This was easier for the Comptroller than turning the crank over to the police, and it ended the interview. Philetus Q. Babcock walked thoughtfully out of the Stewart Building, and neither the Comptroller nor his secretary even mentioned the incident when the reporters dropped around for the day's happenings. What-

ever coming events the future had in its bosom had failed in this case to cast before them any shadow that anyone in New York recognized at the time as a shadow, except the Inner Circle of the Amalgamated Revolutionists: the portly di Angostini, the intrepid Bill Slattery, and the suave and smiling Philetus Q. Babcock, makers of destiny!

But at eleven o'clock that night the story was telephoned to the city press, and as the day's news was dull, a sleepy reporter was dispatched to the Comptroller's house for verification. That official was by a rule of conduct always agreeable to the newspaper men, and he laughingly recounted the morning's interview. So no one knew or cared who had been at the other end of the wire to send out the story in the first place. The news was fit to print. The *Journal* made of it a flaring headline. The *Sun* turned it into a funny story; the *World* broached it mysteriously, and the good *Times* dispatched it in six lines. Perhaps four million people read about it the next day; of these four million there may have been a dozen in whose minds it stuck. A liberal estimate, when we consider what lots of good stuff there is in the newspapers!

At four o'clock in the afternoon the Comptroller's secretary heard a vicious ring at his telephone.

"This is Mr. Babcock. Connect me with the Comptroller, please."

"Nothing doing, Colonel. The Comptroller really can't raise the money. He told you to try Hetty Green."

"Oh, come now," answered the voice. "No dope-for-cranks. Half past four's the limit. Get busy."

"Ring off," laughed the secretary, and hung up the receiver.

Then messages began to come in for city editors. It was all over Newspaper Row. The crank liked to telephone, evidently. Something would be going on at half past four, it seemed, in front of the Stewart Building, on Broadway.

"Get over there, Harkins, will you, and see if there's a story in the crank," laughed Fletcher, of the good paper that can be taken into the most careful of homes.

"Get a funny story out of the crank," was the laconic message from the *World's* desk. Indeed, there were some half dozen

reporters waiting for Mr. Babcock that afternoon, ready to hear the story of his life. Occasionally these cranks are so amusing!

You see, don't you, that the whole atmosphere, the *aura*, as the *Sun* likes to term it, was an absurd one. We were in the region of the Patently Absurd, what Mr. Kipling calls the Utterly Impossible and Vain. I've made that clear, haven't I? For that is what we all thought it was, the utterly absurd—a Snark, a Whangdoodle, the White Queen and the March Hare!

And now, with your mind firmly lodged in this Utterly Absurd point of view, as all our minds were lodged that afternoon, I want you to forget all about that, for the rest is terribly serious. It's tragic really, and the jester runs off in the wings and the violins stop jiggling, and the trombones take up the theme, the terrible trombones, and the French horns, that can be so tragical and ominous when they want to be!

For he came out on the sidewalk, this Comptroller of ours, and the newspaper men looked around for the crank, and there was no crank anywhere in sight. The Comptroller buttoned up his coat and turned into Chambers Street.

Then the Horror swooped down out of the sky. We heard up in the air a long "Whee-e-e-o-o-OW-OU-OU-oo-oo!" and those of us who had been in South Africa felt a sick thing jumping at our heart. Have you ever heard a lyddite shell? It begins with a pleasant purr, that grows suddenly sharp and shrill and very shrill indeed, and you fancy that some monstrous infernal *cat* is riding the heavens, and the cat gives a long scream that you never forget, after that. And the awful Thing came down, right out of the blue sky, and landed not thirty feet from the Comptroller, and then there was a dreadful hole in the street and a great gash in the building and the mangled bits of the man's body flung wide in air, and blood and horror everywhere. It was more sudden than I have put it down—this horrible annihilation of the joke whereat all the reporters had been laughing a moment before, and the dead thing before them there in the sun.

Then, of course, there was something for the newspapers to talk about, and hurried conferences, and of course very soon it was all brought up sharply to the group of men

in the Aëro Building. Indeed, they had begun to telephone again before the blood was dry on the pavement, and the answer was a squad of police rushing in double-quick time to the building and shooting up toward the forty-sixth floor.

But the forty-sixth floor was cut off, walled up by vast shafts filled with cement, sealed up just above the main elevator well, and the little "sky elevator" that had done duty for the three floors at the top of course wouldn't work; for how could it run through twenty feet of adamant cement? All the police found was a placard staring at them from the wall where the staircase had been.

Telephone 4834 Cortlandt

Therefore again there was activity on the wire.

"You don't seem to have taken us seriously, Mr. Mayor," was the burden of Babcock's complaint in his first conversation with that executive. "There's no use in sending the police to arrest us. We're walled off here and they can't get up. It's only fair to tell you that we have provisions here for a year's siege. But there won't be any siege. You'll have to come around long before that. And remember that our price takes a jump every day. It's three millions now, and we'll give you twenty-four hours to get it."

"Three millions! You cowardly murderers up there. We'll give you half an hour to come down peaceably, or we'll blow you to kingdom come."

"Not at all, my dear sir, my *very* dear sir. You forget that we have twenty-eight thousand pounds of lyddite up here, and I shan't tell you how much Karaki powder. It explodes on contact. I wouldn't cause any of it to drop if I were you. It would make a hole in New York that would put the Grand Cañon out of business as a tourist resort. Be reasonable, as I said to the poor Comptroller yesterday."

How much of this was true? The Mayor could not tell. No one could tell. With the murder of the Comptroller fresh in their minds, the city officials turned their field glasses with a horrible fascination on the forty-eighth story of the Aëro Build-

ing, from whose roof the red flag of anarchy now fluttered triumphant.

The authorities record that on this occasion bold counsels prevailed. Sharpshooters were posted in the upper windows of the neighboring Warbler and Paternal Insurance Company buildings, and two revolutionists who showed their heads were incontinently shot. But the aerial defiance was prompt. Hardly had the news of the sharpshooters' success reached the city officials when the message came to them, dropped in a convenient basket, that the requital for the dead revolutionists would be exacted at noon precisely and that the place selected was that position of Broad Street in front of the Stock Exchange.

And at exactly ten minutes after twelve there was a hole in the pavement big enough to drop a ship in, and not enough left of the front of the Mills Building across the street to show what its color had been. This time it was a Karaki bomb that had done the work—Karaki, the devilish Japanese powder with ten times the force of the dreadful lyddite, and which when impregnated with a five-per-cent solution of sulphuric acid acquires the hellish quality of exploding on contact.

The panic that was now seizing like madness the whole city of New York was indescribable. The Stock Exchange was closed. There was a wholesale exodus of respectable citizens. A vague horror of this dreadful arsenal in the air seemed to paralyze the arm of authority. The lower part of New York was deserted. Then, as reason gradually returned, two distinct parties, two policies, began to emerge.

One party, whose organ was the *World*, and which in a general way was led by the professional men, officers of militia, and independent merchants, advocated the immediate use of the entire available military and naval forces; they urged that the authorities turn upon the revolutionists the same means of warfare that they themselves were using, blowing up if necessary the entire Aëro Building.

On the other hand, there was a very strong conservative element, led by the *Evening Post*, that pointed out the enormous destruction of property that would ensue—a wholesale cataclysm wiping out many millions of dollars of property and rendering worthless large quantities of se-



curities. Broadway, too, would be ruined for at least a quarter of a mile, and an enormous burden imposed on the holders of securities of the local traction companies. On a rough calculation, a human life was estimated as being the commercial equivalent, for the purposes of Applied Economics, of two and a half, or two and five eighths, thousand-dollar bonds; and figures were carefully prepared demonstrating that the fall in the value of securities inevitably consequent on the collapse of the great Aéro Building would far exceed the loss likely to accrue from the comparatively slight destruction of human life that accompanied the guerrilla methods of attack so far pursued by the city. Besides, the sum of human life would in the nature of things be constantly replenished by fresh infusions from the country districts and from Europe; whereas, as the *Post* well pointed out, capital once destroyed is gone forever.

The conservative view became dominant, to the extent at least of the forbearance from any attempt to blow up the Aéro Building. A company of artillery from the regular army was indeed landed at the Battery, and had hardly reached Bowling Green when a perfect storm of the frightful Karaki shells burst upon them. It imputes no cowardice to officers or men to record that they were utterly demoralized and routed. Alas! a straggling half dozen men were all that were left to be demoralized after the first rain of this devilish missile that had turned the destinies of the Far East along the banks of the Yalu not so many years ago.

"Why not attack them?" it was said. "Why not hurl from a safe distance a few well-directed shells that shall put the whole outfit out of business?" Thus the *World*, and thus urged many citizens in those awful days. "Why are we taking all their fire, and making no attack?"

Why, indeed? It had not taken many lyddite shells, surely, from Governor's Island, or from a war ship in the bay, to open a gap in the Aéro Building that would bring the whole sky arsenal tumbling about their heads.

But that brought one back to the old difficulty of vested rights. In fact, the owners of the Aéro Building, guided by the ablest lawyers in the community, served repeated notices upon the officials that they

should hold them strictly liable for any damage deliberately inflicted upon their property. And, indeed, it was not alone the Aéro Building that would have gone in the resultant catastrophe. The Paternal Insurance Company's building would doubtless have been undermined. The gas pipes would have been crushed and ruined, and it was the opinion of able counsel that such a deliberate invasion of the earning power of the plant would constitute an unlawful impairment of the contract created by the company's franchise. The conflagration likely to ensue on such an upsetting of the city's foundations was nothing less than appalling in its possibilities. The San Francisco fire was too fresh in men's minds.

"No," as General Ox well pointed out in a conference of officers at Governor's Island, "we can't take them without endangering half of the city. We could throw a dozen shells that would do the trick, but it would leave Manhattan Island as the seat of an extinct civilization."

And so it came about that after three weeks of terror, three weeks during which a dozen officials had been killed, the Mills Building torn half to pieces, the Stock Exchange put out of business, Trinity Church spire knocked off, the front of the Sub-Treasury torn out, the Sixth Avenue Elevated smashed to the ground at four places, the Grand Central Station turned into a shambles, and the St. Regis Hotel a gaping shell, they came at last to parley. This historic conference was held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. Philetus Q. Babcock and the deep-hued di Angostini, attended by twenty-five dynamiters, represented the Amalgamated Revolutionists. Big Bill Slattery was left behind to command the garrison; while the urbane Bishop Clay, the great financier Morehouse, Mr. Perriman of the Finance Section of the Ananias Club, a select body made up from the most distinguished men in the country, Mr. Flaherty, the suave Tammany boss, and Mr. Lemuel Bumpus, representing the labor unions of the country, were Mr. Slattery's guests in the capacity of hostages. They had been hoisted up the face of the forty-sixth story of the Aéro Building by the same car that had brought down, two at a time, Philetus Q. Babcock, di Angostini, and the twenty-five Certified Public Dynamiters.

The nearer Mr. Babcock approached the earth, on whose surface he had not stood since the memorable day of his call upon the Comptroller, the higher did his ambition mount. Philetus Q. Babcock was really a man of very rare gifts. What had originally been in his mind merely a clever scheme for financing the revolution, had become in the workings of his brain during the weeks when he had paced the roof of the Aéro Building and beheld the earth at his feet, the expression of a world dominion. Principalities and powers expanded in the recesses of his opulent mind. Far-flung empire and the sovereignty of men took definite mental shape. In a commercial age the heroes of his little band were about to become lords of commerce, sovereigns of finance; and through commerce and finance they should rule the world.

"Two hundred millions ransom, and good introductions to Lombard Street," were the terms pronounced by Mr. Babcock to the assembled council in the Chamber of Commerce.

The two hundred millions seemed to be a mere bagatelle. One was amazed at the moderation of the Revolutionists. "Realizing," as the Mayor confessed, "that you really had us in a bad way."

To the letters of financial *accolade* there was some demur. "They've had enough of American finance over there," muttered the President of the Nightmare Bank. "It doesn't seem right to turn these men loose on them."

"Don't you worry," replied the versatile Senator Devoc. "They have made two hundred million dollars, they are successful, and they have kept out of jail. Ain't they entitled to the best of letters?"

So the letters were yielded, and in fact drafted then and there. They commended in the warmest terms the three captains of finance, "men of the highest standing," as they said, "in our financial world." "An' bedad, that was no lie neither," laughed Bill Slattery, "when you think of our headquarters on the forty-eighth flure!"

It was, indeed, an historic moment in the annals of New York. The thoughtful merchants and financiers gathered there in the dignified apartments of the Chamber of Commerce had as boys read in their histories how Manhattan Island had been taken after its Dutch occupation by the

English, then by the Dutch again, back to the English, held again by the English during the Revolution, and terrorized by rioters in the Civil War. But never before had its invasion come from an airy citadel of its own; never before had the Queen City of the Western World been ignominiously bombarded from a skyscraper. The more the magnates of the city looked upon the Revolutionists and the studious faces of the Certified Public Dynamiters who made up their retinue, the more their respect increased. Assuredly these men had lived up to the great law of success; they had made good. Indeed, there had been not a little curiosity on the part of the entire public to behold these men in the flesh, and many of the great merchants and financiers had hardly relaxed their not unadmiring gaze during the entire conference. The psychological moment was at hand, and the two heroes felt it instinctively, that made it quite meet and fitting that the warm-blooded and imaginative di Angostini should broach the plan that had been gradually forming in his brain—his plan for a studied and impressive public demonstration, wherein no spectacular detail should be omitted, that should bring home to all who should behold or hear or read thereof, that the three men that made up the Inner Circle of the Amalgamated Revolutionists were indeed Lords of the Earth!

Di Angostini arose. His Tuscan soul delighted in the picturesque. In his mind's eye he passed in review the pageantry of the Florentines, the mediæval splendor, the caparisoned horses, and the proud eagles of the Medici; and still farther in fancy's flight he seemed to behold the Roman Triumph, with the stately chariots and the fathers solemnly attendant, the lictors with the fasces, the captives and the princes and the white horses that had drawn Camillus triumphing. Lords of the Earth!

"There is one other thing, my lords," said the bronzed and heroic Tuscan, drawing himself to his full height, smiling proudly on the humbled financiers and magnates gathered before him. The "my lords" that rolled unctuously from his lips came only half unconsciously; for the rest, it was a bit of flaunting irony that pleased the speaker hardly less than it sounded strange, reminiscent, anachronistic, mocking, to his hearers.

"My lords, we have attacked, we have in effect taken, the greatest city of the Western World. Had we chosen, we might have levied tribute forever. We might have handed down our lordship to our successors. We might have instituted new governments. Let me not humiliate you by recounting what we might have done.

"But no. We abhor government. We would not stain our hands with it. We demand of money but a trifle—a sum so insignificant that I seemed to hear you titter when it was mentioned. Why, you can reimburse yourselves in twenty-four hours for that bauble, that trifle, by the mere rise in stocks when the bombardment has ceased. Yes, my lords, when we come down stocks will go up. We prize far more these letters of introduction which you have so courteously framed. With these in hand, our two hundred millions will indeed unlock the wealth of the world. There remains but one thing. We demand that you accord us a TRIUMPH, that you and the citizens greet us as conquerors and march before us, that men may know we are indeed Lords of the Earth!"

Grandiloquent as were di Angostini's words, proud and overbearing as was his manner, his demand was really in itself too moderate and reasonable to call for dissent. No opposing voice was heard when the question of a Triumph was put to vote.

"We sail on the *Gigantic* two weeks from to-day," announced Philetus Q. Babcock, "and we'll drive down to the steamer in triumphal procession—make it a public holiday."

And thus the memorable siege came to an end; for the terms were strictly carried out by both parties. The arms and munitions of war were purchased by the city at an agreed and reasonable price; a local syndicate took over the unexpired portion of the lease of the forty-sixth, forty-seventh, and forty-eighth floors of the Aéro Building, and reciprocal releases were duly exchanged. The two hundred million dollars, in the form of gold bars, were safely lodged in the hold of the *Gigantic*. With the letters of introduction carefully buttoned in their respective breast pockets, the three heroes proceeded with grace and dignity to seat themselves in the triumphal car that was to convey them between thunder-

ing lines of applauding citizens, down Fifth Avenue and across to the pier where the *Gigantic*, gayly decorated and attended by five military bands, awaited her imposing guests.

"Stick out your chests, men," whispered Bill Slattery, as the line began its triumphal march. "'Tis the heroes of history we are. Many's the lad on the sidewalks that'll tell his grandchildren of this day." The big Revolutionist beamed effulgently on the mob.

Down the avenue went the cavalcade, greeted everywhere with thunders of applause. The Common People, as per newspaper announcement, were out in full force. Somehow they felt that this was their day. The attack of the Revolutionists had seemed more than anything else an attack on Property, and attacks on Property had become as it were the breath of their nostrils.

Di Angostini had risen in the carriage, and was bowing right and left. "Hooray for the Amalgamated!" "What's the matter with Babcock?" "Slattery forever!" thundered down the line, while at intervals deafening cheers for di Angostini drowned all other sounds.

Nor was the procession itself lacking in distinction. In the lead rode the Mayor and Chief of Police. Forty-eight bank presidents, headed by the dapper and genial President of the Endless Chain Bank, followed. The Clergy of the City marched in close array. Civic Boards sent representatives to the number of two thousand, while the various divisions of the Industrial Workers, headed by the venerable Lemuel Bumpus, took twenty-five minutes in passing a given point. Twelve life insurance presidents, headed by the President of the Phantom Reserve Mutual, rode in carriages. The Stock Exchange marched in a body, followed by two and a half regiments of militia.

"Bravo! Hooray for Slattery! Hooray!" thundered forth again and again. "Di Angostini!" "Hooray for Babcock!"

Lords of the Earth indeed! It was di Angostini, we always thought, that most keenly appreciated the picturesque and dramatic element in that historic incident. Here indeed was the triumph of his fathers! Again the lictors and the proud eagles!

I think the dream of world dominion romped that day demonlike through the man's consciousness. He was rising in the carriage and bowing right and left. *Ave Cæsar!*

To the howling mob, these men represented the success at last of the doctrines long preached in their ears. These men had been the first successfully, efficiently, masterfully, to attack Property, and the mob knew it. And this time Property had yielded. Why, it was theirs, pressed down and running over! And in the process of its taking not one of the mob had felt the pinch. Truly this day was the apotheosis of the New Gospel!

And it was the apotheosis of Lawlessness. Something different, yet akin perhaps. These men had been above the law. They had defied it, and the laws had become silent amidst.

At Forty-second Street, a man with carrot hair and a sandy complexion, who ran an elevator on days other than holidays, casually smiled to himself and, almost in the same instant, laughed aloud.

"What yer laughin' at?" demanded his neighbors.

"What ails you?" echoed from the curb.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the elevator man, bending over in his merriment; "ho, ho! why, I never thought of it before!"

"What yer laughin' at? What's the joke?" The crowd was a little annoyed at being out of it.

"Why," chuckled the carrot man, "those guys there think they're the whole show because they got two hundred millions out of Wall Street. Bigger'n the law, that's what the newspapers call 'em. But say, who's bigger'n them?"

"Who's bigger, neighbor? Who is bigger'n them?" The crowd was a little infected by the man's laughter.

"Why, we are! THE PEEPUL! Hi yee! Where'd they and their two hundred millions be if we was to make a break for that steamer down there? Ho, ho! Higher'n the law!"

The joke spread; they were laughing at it in Fortieth Street. The joke ran down the avenue faster than the triumphal

column. "Higher'n the law!" At Thirty-ninth Street all the crowd was laughing uproariously. At Thirty-fourth Street men and women roared and screamed at the joke; children jumped up and down, shouting "Higher than the law!" merely because their elders were saying it. "Higher than the law! Here they come!"

Slowly, splendidly, flushed in their triumph, the Lords of the Earth swept down the laughing lines. Slattery's warm heart expanded at the roaring acclaim. Philetus Q. Babcock laughed back, and wondered what the joke might be. Higher than the law! Higher than the law! Di Angostini, bewildered before, suddenly turned a trifle pale. Some ancestral stirring perhaps, handed down in some trans-migratory reminiscence of Cæsar and the mob!

Then the mob, gaunt, terrible, laughing, and horribly leering, closed in on them. No one knew just how it happened, just how it began. Laughing everywhere, yelling for the sheer joy of it! Horses plunging madly; drivers cursing; officials shouting vainly! On came the sovereign mob, closing in terribly; with arms outstretched and a hundred thousand hands making for the Lords of the Earth!

It was the evening of the second day following that I first made the personal acquaintance of Philetus Q. Babcock. I met him and big Bill Slattery in the calm hour of twelve-thirty A.M., as I was walking down Broadway. Di Angostini, I knew, was no more. The trampling horses had done for him. But there were Babcock and the lordly Slattery; escaped somehow; they were in Fleischmann's bread line, and no one had recognized them. They begged me not to disclose their identity; and it was on that occasion that I became the creditor of Mr. Slattery to the extent of two dollars; for which he insisted on giving me his note of hand. I still hold that valued document, by whose terms Mr. Slattery agrees to pay to the bearer the sum of two dollars, at any National Bank in the United States, so soon as he, Mr. Slattery, gets a job.

# THE PRICE WOMEN PAY FOR LIBERTY

BY LUCY M. SAUNDERS



TALL, handsome girl, hatless, with bare, brown arms, swung up to the golf-club piazza, tossed her clubs to a caddie, and called out: "Grandma, swell with pride, please! I beat Billy Price two up without a handicap." A little old lady who looked as if she might have just stepped out from an eighteenth-century garden answered: "My dear, how can you brag about such an unladylike exhibition? When I was your age I gave up croquet because it roughened my hands. What an Indian you will look with those awful arms and that neck at my dinner to-morrow night! And I did so want you to look your nicest! Well, I don't know what all you girls are coming to!"

"Oh, don't worry, grandma dear. I'll whitewash myself or something before—" I heard no more, as my friend then appeared and we started for the first tee. But what I had heard set me thinking. What do we mean by ladylike? Is it unladylike for a girl to be strong enough and skillful enough to beat a man at golf? It does seem a bit inappropriate for one of the "weaker sex." Is it more ladylike to knit than to play golf? Golf is certainly more health giving. Was the granddaughter sacrificing ladylikeness for health and muscle? And is it, then, unladylike to be strong and healthy?

Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked that women's achievements in literature and art should be looked upon like the tricks of trained dogs: the wonder is not that they do it well, but that they can do it at all. Harriet Martineau used to hide her writing under her knitting when callers came. She

shrank from being discovered in such an unladylike occupation. At the close of our Civil War one of the young officers married and settled down in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He opened an office in Boston on Atlantic Avenue. After a time his wife expressed the then unusual desire to see her husband's place of business. After considerable discussion it was decided that she might go chaperoned by her mother and escorted by one of her brothers. Thus protected, she made the trip and satisfied her curiosity. About this time a woman was employed as a bookkeeper in another Boston office. A considerable number of people visited this office with no other purpose than the novel experience of seeing a woman at work in a man's place of business.

To-day the business offices in which no women are employed are rather the exception than the rule. There are, too, a considerable number of offices in which the employers are women. In New York City there are several firms of women lawyers, architects, and real-estate dealers where men are employed in minor capacities. There are, of course, numbers of artistic and semi-artistic callings, and many minor trades, in which the women greatly outnumber the men. The good old lady with the golf-playing granddaughter would undoubtedly say that all these breadwinning women were behaving in an unladylike manner. Or, very likely she would not allow that they were ladies at all. She would probably brand them as women who were allowing themselves to be unsexed. According to her views athletics are unladylike; bread winning is unwomanly.

A story which appeared about a year ago had somewhat this plot: A young wife discovers that her husband is taking more than



a strictly business interest in his pretty stenographer. The more interest he takes in the stenographer the less he takes in her. She has a talk with her rival and sizes her up. She finds her no prettier than herself and very much her inferior in other respects. She finds that her husband and this young woman are companions. They talk together freely about the business and enjoy each other's company in an unconventional way outside business hours. She decides that she can outdistance the stenographer if she has an equal chance. She, too, must be her husband's companion and not merely his wife. Accordingly she learns stenography, and, when she has become proficient, applies to him for a position as stenographer. At first he is, of course, greatly shocked and refuses. Finally, however, she breaks down his prejudice and gets the position. She then has little difficulty in eclipsing her rival. She learns her husband's business and that gives them a great deal in common. They have good times together in an unconventional way and become congenial companions. He finds that he doesn't have to treat her after any preconceived ideas of how a wife should be treated. He finds her superior education, culture, and refinement stimulating instead of embarrassing, as formerly.

Respect for women is one thing, gallantry quite another. The two are commonly thought to be one and the same. Respect is fundamental. It is biological. It is an instinctive reverence for motherhood, either actual or potential. Every true man respects a good woman. Not every true man is gallant to good women. Gallantry is based on consideration for women as "the weaker sex." Weak woman requires man's strong right arm to defend and protect her. Among the finest men this protection of woman as the "weaker vessel" is a noble trait. But there were hundreds of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilberts to every Sir Galahad. So there are to-day thousands of ordinary men to every true gentleman. Every one of these ordinary men, who is a real man, respects women, but gallantry he leaves to the gentleman.

The business man respects his stenographer if she deserves it, but he is too busy to treat her with gallantry. The young man who devotes much time to gallantry or compliment in playing tennis or golf

with the modern American girl is liable to get badly beaten for his pains. The writer saw a tennis match last summer between a young man who played "a gentleman's game" and a crack girl player. The young man started with a courteously patronizing manner. He served slow balls placed where his "fair opponent" could easily reach them. She slammed them back at him with amazing velocity and machinelike precision, taking equal pains to place them without his reach. He lost several games in succession. Then he took off his sweater, rolled up his sleeves, and slammed and placed as hard as she did. After a long and hotly contested series she won by a narrow margin. The few games he had lost while he was gallant gave her the victory. The next time they played together he was more respectful and less gallant, and he won.

The writer once knew a gentleman of the old school who had always on his tongue's end an elaborate compliment for every woman he met. It was somewhat of a shock to find that this same old gentleman had an astonishingly low opinion of women. He confided to another man that, with few exceptions, virtuous women were fools and the other kind rascals. He was, of course, an extremist. But in nine cases out of ten men's gallantry toward women is tinctured with contempt. On the other hand, from the day laborer to the gentleman born and bred, every man worthy of the name respects good women.

Men's gallantry to-day is the afterglow of mediæval chivalry. In mediæval days, when chivalry had its growth, the peasants and the people did the work, the knights fought and made love, the ladies made love and watched them fight. The strongest and the bravest knights won the fairest ladies. The law of might makes right held undisputed sway. This law, unpoetic in itself, was gilded with the glamour of chivalry. Respect for women was at a low ebb, while gallantry toward ladies reached its highest point. The common woman was treated as a beast of burden, the "fair lady" adored as a goddess. A disillusioned reading of the annals of the times shows that some of these goddesses left much to be desired morally. And this the "bold knights" were in a position to know, but it did not lessen their gallantry. The whole organization of mediæval society was

artificial. An artificial society naturally produces artificial virtues. When artificial virtues flourish the fundamental ones languish. Before the advancing army of women athletes, women students, and women bread-winners the artificial virtues—the heritage of chivalric times—are fast disappearing. For the old-fashioned lady who would rather be flattered than respected the times are indeed out of joint. Her more progressive sisters have robbed her of her birth-right of gallantry. She scorns to recompense herself with the fruits of their, to her, "unladylike" liberty.

Most people can remember when the women who went to college became thereby social outcasts. The pioneer college women jeopardized, if they did not indeed sacrifice, their chances for marriage. It was a cruel price they paid—a price which very few paid voluntarily. The normal woman does not lightly sacrifice her chance of wifehood and motherhood. The cartoonists and the jokesters made free use of these brave pioneers. Little did they realize—little did the laughing public realize—that many of these women were martyrs. Some of them were stern and unlovely. Martyrdom does not foster the light and airy feminine graces. Social outcasts are not apt to be entertaining socially. Women who are shunned by men are not apt to be skilled in feminine accomplishments. These stern pioneers have now given place to "the sweet girl graduate." "The sweet girl graduate," pays no price for her education beyond her term bill, which her father pays for her. The man who objects to a girl because she has had a college training is now as old fashioned as was the uncouth college woman of a generation ago. Even the society girl may now go to college without hurting her chances socially. The day may not be far distant when girls who come of families of a certain degree of wealth and position will go to college as a matter of course just as do the young men to-day. A few years ago a Harvard instructor, who was giving a course in Radcliffe, requested one of the young women in his class to close a window. The young woman complied with bad grace, and after the lecture complained that she considered it very ungentelemanly in him to ask a lady to do him a service. He replied that he was there as an instructor and not as a gen-

tleman, and that she was there as a student and not as a lady.

Women who earn their own living still pay, in some degree, the price which was once exacted of the college woman. The occupations in which women have longest been found are those in which the penalty is least. Take, for instance, the arts—writing, painting, and acting. To-day there is no social stigma attached to the woman who writes or the woman who paints, or, indeed, to the woman who acts, provided she is successful. In these occupations she limits her chances of marriage in so far only as her work shuts her off from social life. Society is, in the last analysis, a meeting together of the sexes with the purpose of matrimony. Hence, the woman who is too busy for society reduces her chances of marriage. This is, however, offset in two ways. First, success in an artistic calling is coming more and more to be a social asset instead of a stigma. Note the contrast between Harriet Martineau hiding her writing under her knitting and the social ovations which Mrs. Humphry Ward has been receiving in this country. Harriet Martineau was a pioneer. When she wrote, authorship was not recognized as within woman's sphere. She and other pioneers widened woman's sphere to include authorship. Now authorship is looked upon as no more unwomanly than embroidery. And the woman who succeeds as an author raises her social prestige, whereas the woman who succeeds in embroidery does not thereby improve her position. And so it is with every other occupation which women have entered. The pioneers are penalized, their successors rewarded. The pioneers widen the circle of woman's recognized field of activity and then any woman may enter it without penalty. Could Dr. Johnson know what proportion of the world's great books to-day have been written by women he would certainly have to alter his figure about trained dogs.

Women in business are still paying a price for their independence. Business is regarded as more sordid than the arts. It is more mercenary and hence more unwomanly. A woman may write for money without social stigma, but she may not sell merchandise or stocks and bonds for the same purpose. The more usual forms of business have not been annexed to woman's widened

sphere. Hence many of the women who succeed in business do so at the cost of a husband, children, and a home. A man of social standing marries a stenographer or a bookkeeper with apologies and the condolences of his friends. Should the same young woman inherit a fortune and go into society he would marry her, if he could, with conscious pride and amid the acclamations of family and friends. The higher you go in the social scale the stronger are the prejudices against feminine activity outside woman's original sphere. Among the poorest of the poor such prejudices are naturally excluded by stern necessity. There is, however, a tenacious conservatism among the comfortable poor which frowns upon women working except at their own housework. The writer recalls a stableman who used to sing from morning till night a song the first lines of which ran:

I have a little girl in Tarrifville,  
She never worked, she never will.

Obviously "the little girl in Tarrifville" was peculiarly desirable because of her unwavering idleness. In spite of women's now large share in the world's work, graceful and appropriate idleness is still considered a desirable feminine accomplishment. Each year, however, the woman in business pays less heavily for her independence. And, with some exceptions, she may reasonably look forward before long to the same immunity as have her sisters in the arts.

It seems reasonable to assume that woman's sphere will continue to broaden until it includes all occupations for which she is neither physically nor physiologically unfitted. Women can never be stokers, policemen, or soldiers. It is improbable that they will ever clamor for these occupations. Neither are they fitted for some of the most arduous forms of executive and intellectual effort. There is probably not a woman in this country who has the physical strength to perform the duties of President of the United States. Nor is there probably one woman in England physically capable of being prime minister. Hence the question whether any women have the necessary mental equipment to fill such offices is purely academic.

Women have not yet come into their full

heritage. Their sphere has not yet reached its full dimensions. It will continue to annex occupation after occupation until stopped by natural laws. It will in the end be bounded by the limits only of physical and physiological possibility. The pioneers in each forward step must pay the price. They must pay the piper that their successors may dance. The line between woman's recognized field of action and man's will eventually be strictly a sex line, and not a line of convention arbitrarily established by man.

The slow but gradual substitution of law for war in the settlement of international disputes is giving women a chance for a voice in world politics such as was before necessarily denied them. The most civilized nations have advanced to the point where war is the final instead of the only appeal. That means, of course, that international law is of great and increasing importance in world affairs. Women are entering the law in large numbers. They are as free to perfect themselves in international law as are men. Their influence in this new and great field is already being felt.

The ultraconservatives of both sexes cry out against each broadening of woman's sphere as tending to subvert marriage and the family. They rightly argue that anything which threatens the family threatens the state. As was said before, society is fundamentally a meeting together of the sexes with the purpose, more or less remote, of matrimony. It is a meeting ground for the well-to-do—a pale, modern prototype of chivalry. The men have polo and football instead of mortal combats in the lists. Compliments for the "fair sex" are still sparingly used. Gentlemen are still, theoretically at least, the defenders and protectors of ladies. This, according to conservatives, is the only safe and decorous meeting ground for the sexes. The gentleman of the old school is becoming more and more a *rara avis*. The few specimens that remain are carefully nursed, and lauded for their courtly manners. Every age has its characteristic social faults. The gentlemen of to-day treat women with candor marred by rudeness. The gentlemen of yesterday treated them with elaborate courtesy marred by insincerity. Adoration of man for woman is giving place to comradeship between men and women. The saints and

goddesses, with their pedestals removed, are just women and nothing more. This naturally is deeply deplored by the romanticists. What is to become of romance? What is to become of marriage and the family? How can men be induced to marry when they find there are no more saints and goddesses left? It seems pertinent to ask how long, under the old régime, it took married men to find out that they had not married saints and goddesses? Did it make for marital happiness and stability for men to marry impossible ideals and find them only women after all? If disillusionment after marriage is better than disillusionment before marriage, then the old order was better than the new.

To-day the young man of fashion marries the girl with whom he has ridden, rowed, climbed, fished, hunted, played tennis and golf. He knows she's a good sport and the finest girl in the world, but if he ever thought her a saint that idea is knocked out of his head long before the wedding day. He doesn't boost her by the elbow over every little rock, because he knows she can climb better than he can. He doesn't gallantly give her points in games, because he knows that if he does she'll beat him.

And so it is with the women in the professions, in the arts, and in business. There they meet men as fellow workers, just as the more idle women meet them as fellow athletes. They are drawn together by common interests, and in the cases where love and marriage result, the common interests remain and form a serviceable and stable background for the romantic foreground. But the man who works in the same office with a woman can't bob up and offer her his chair every time she comes into the room. He wouldn't have time to do anything else. He can't stop smoking when she is

in the room. If he did he might as well give up smoking altogether. If he happens to keep his hat on in the office it doesn't show any disrespect toward the women. It's simply a habit that is bad for his hair. This wholesome comradeship in work and play insures a mutual knowledge before marriage which is certainly a more secure basis for permanent happiness than are romantic dreams. There is slight danger that lovers will thus become too practical.

The flowers of chivalry are fading. The old-fashioned lady of ruffs and feathers and perfumes has indeed fallen upon evil days. Elaborate compliments are few and far between. The courtly gallantry of the dominant male for "the fair and the weaker sex" no longer flourishes. The frail parlor girl is no match for the vigorous golf girl. The old dowager of forty is no match for the sprightly middle-aged woman of sixty. The "new woman" is not as new as she was. With each few years she becomes less uncouth and better understood. She is fast learning that she hampers rather than promotes the interests of her sex by aping men. She is coming to realize that feminine charm is just as potent a force in the twentieth century as ever it was in the days of chivalry. She is beginning to understand that the sacrifice of her womanliness is far too heavy a price to pay for independence, and that by no such sacrifice will she ever receive from men the justice she seeks. The old-fashioned woman, on the other hand, like her pug dog, is fast passing. She will be, in no very distant future, a memory of the past, like the mastodon of bygone geologic ages. She cannot survive in an age in which justice and independence are supplanting flattery and gallantry.



# ELIZABETH'S DIAMONDS

BY OWEN OLIVER



WHEN I was introduced to Elizabeth I didn't know who she was; and we talked for two hours—at least she did—and decided to be friends. When I found out that she was the daughter of old Smith, the diamond millionaire, I didn't think that it mattered. Afterwards I found that it did. So I settled to go away before I made a fool of myself. She wasn't the sort of girl to give herself away, and I wasn't the sort of fellow to ask her to.

I thought I might as well have a good time till I went. So I met her as often as I could. I didn't tell her that I was going till the last night, for fear she might ask questions. Then I mentioned it casually when we were sitting out a dance. She was wearing some pink roses that I had sent her, and she looked—how I thought I should remember. I thought I should remember the valse that the band was playing too.

"By the way, Miss Elizabeth," I said, "I'm going abroad to-morrow."

She raised her eyebrows ever so little.

"By the way," she mocked, "when are you coming back?"

"I'm not coming back," I told her.

"Why?" she asked. She spoke as if she only inquired because she was obliged to. I felt a bit sore that she didn't say that she was sorry, because we'd been pretty chummy.

"I gather that my doings don't interest you," I said shortly.

She brushed her hair back with one hand, and gave me one of her sharp looks. She and her father always made me feel as if they could see through a brick wall.

"And I gather that mine interest *you*," she retorted. She shut her mouth with a

snap—just like old Smith does—and fixed me with her eyes; and I knew that we'd got to have it out. So I didn't beat about the bush.

"Yes," I owned. "That's it."

She looked across the conservatory and moved her lips in and out—it's another trick of her father's. Then she turned to me and flushed a little. I'd never seen her do that before.

"You needn't go," she told me.

I caught my breath and felt as if the world were turning too fast for me.

"You don't mean that you—that you care for—for a fellow like me, Elizabeth?" I said.

She made a funny little sound in her throat.

"I mean that," she declared. "I don't suppose I would, if I could help it; but I can't—" She touched my arm quickly. "I can't!"

"When I go," I said, "and it isn't because I don't care a lot, dear girl, but because I do, you'll be able to help it."

"You're not going," she said in her positive way—like old man Smith. "I want you."

"Don't tempt a fellow beyond endurance," I begged. "I—I oughtn't to have told you, but—I'm not clever like you are, dear girl, and I thought you didn't care, and—it's good-by, and—and God bless you, Elizabeth!"

I rose; but she rose too, and put her arm through mine; and I lost my senses for a few moments. Then I held her at arm's length.

"You're not so sensible as I thought, Elizabeth," I said.

"I'm sensible enough to know what I want," she assured me. "I generally get it. You ask father if I don't!"



I groaned at the mention of her father. "There'll be an awful row, if I ask him!" I said.

"There'll be a worse row, if you don't!" she declared, with a toss of her head. "Come along to the telephone. I'm going to hear you cancel your passage!"

So I told him; and there was a row. He called me everything under the sun, and refused his consent flatly and finally. When I told Elizabeth she marched me back to him, and informed him that we could do without his consent; and he informed her that in that case we could do without his money, for he wouldn't give her a penny. He repeated the statement several times, in a very forcible manner.

"I've said it," he concluded, banging his fist on the table, "and you've never known me to break my word, Elizabeth."

"And I've said that I will marry him," Elizabeth replied, "and you've never known me to break mine."

They stared at each other for a full minute. The curious thing was that they looked just alike, though one was a plain old man, and the other a good-looking young girl.

"Well," said Elizabeth at last, "we needn't be bad friends about it. Don't give your unbreakable word to do anything else that you'll be sorry for, dad."

The old man grinned at her with a kind of grudging admiration.

"No," he agreed. "No. We won't be bad friends, Elizabeth. I've given you your choice between him and my money. It's a fair offer, and neither of us can complain."

"It's a fair offer," Elizabeth agreed, "and I shan't complain."

"The money's good money," the old man remarked, "and I made it for you. The man's a fool, or a— No, I'll give him his due. He's a fool!"

"Ah!" said Elizabeth. "But I'm not, dad! I'll have the—good man! I'll have the good money too, if you don't mind! Come along, George." We went.

"Look here, dear girl," I said, when we were out of the room. "Your father's right. I mustn't let you marry me."

Elizabeth faced me squarely. Her obstinate little chin stuck out, just like her father's.

"If you don't," she said, "I will go away and never touch his money. That's

my unbreakable word. And, what's more, I'll—"

"Elizabeth," I interrupted, "don't give your unbreakable word to do anything more that you'll be sorry for! You shan't be sorer than I can help, dear girl. We shall be poor, but—"

"Indeed we shan't!" she declared; "we're going to have that money. It's mine really, and he'd rather me have it; and I like money."

"He'll never give it to you," I warned her.

"Of course not. I shall have to get it out of him in a square business deal."

"What sort of a deal?" I asked.

"Diamonds, of course! He doesn't deal in anything else."

"Diamonds!" I laughed. "You're pretty clever, Elizabeth; but you aren't clever enough to get the best of your father in that line. There isn't much that he doesn't know about diamonds."

"Exactly!" She nodded. "That's our chance. He thinks there isn't anything that he doesn't know about them. So, if we can find out one little thing that he doesn't we shall catch him. I've been thinking. Wasn't Professor Knowles your teacher? The man who tried to manufacture diamonds?"

"He did it," I explained; "but they were only tiny little scraps of things. They weren't worth as much as it cost to make them."

"But they would be if he could make bigger ones."

"Yes, but he can't."

"He might if he tried."

"He says it's impossible because— I'm hanged if I remember the reason. I don't think I ever understood the business really; but he was positive about it; and he's always right."

"What a horrible man! You must introduce me to him."

"He doesn't care about women," I objected. "He'll make a fuss if I propose it."

Elizabeth laughed at me.

"Nothing to the fuss I shall make if you don't," she said.

She isn't so terrible as she makes out; but I wanted to please her, and I thought I'd like him to see what a nice wife I was going to have. So I called on old Knowles

the next day, and he was very pleased to see me. I don't know why he liked me, because he said I was the worst pupil he ever had; but he did. He grumbled at first, and muttered about "chattering women" and "waste of time"; but when I told him that Elizabeth was going to marry me he said he should be interested to see her. He had a theory about the attraction of opposites. So I suppose he thought that she ought to be very clever! She is of course.

They made friends directly and talked and talked about diamonds till I was sick of it, and went out to smoke a cigarette. When I came back they had gone from the study to the laboratory and were inspecting the diamond-making machine. Elizabeth was quite excited, and he was chuckling.

"Miss Smith has made a very curious suggestion to me, George," he said; "a very curious suggestion. She thinks we could increase the size of the diamonds; and upon my word, I believe we could!" He rubbed his hands furiously. "I've been using the wrong apparatus it seems. Well, well!"

"We can flood the world with them and ruin every diamond merchant," she declared.

"What's the good of that?" I protested. "It won't make us any better off to ruin other people."

"True," the professor agreed. "True! But if diamond merchants in general, and Mr. Smith in particular, wish to avoid ruin, they must make certain other people better off—you two young people in fact. Now do you understand?"

"Ye—es," I said; "but I don't know if it's quite—quite the straight thing, you know."

"Nonsense!" Elizabeth cried. "The professor and I have a perfect right to make diamonds, if we please. If father chooses to buy us off it's his affair; and his money is mine by rights, and I warned him. I'll speak to him about it, professor."

"Very well, my dear," the professor agreed. "Very well. If you do your part I'll do mine. I suppose—" He looked doubtfully at me. "I suppose you haven't told George about the—the process?"

"Certainly not," Elizabeth said. "George is not a business man. He's—George!" She patted my arm. "I'm going to be the business partner."

"Exactly," the professor agreed. "Exactly; and a very good partner too." He evidently liked Elizabeth. He is a sensible old chap!

She spoke to old Smith about it that evening, when I was there. He hadn't warned me off his premises as I expected. He snapped his fingers at her and laughed.

"I don't care *that* for your diamonds," he told her. "Go and make them, and don't talk nonsense. If you could do it you could make more out of them than I could pay, as you ought to know."

"I do know," she told him coolly, "and, if it rested with me, I would do it; but the professor has scruples about ruining the diamond trade, and only wants to make enough to give George and me a start, since you won't. Well, I've given you the first offer, though you don't deserve it. Since you won't take it, I'll go to Hulder. He'll make us an offer."

Hulder was the old man's great rival, and he hated him like poison, as Elizabeth knew. He tried to put her off going to him, but she wouldn't be put off; and finally he agreed to witness the experiments. He came to the professor's laboratory one afternoon, and brought a couple of his experts. They were very supercilious at first; but they changed their tone when the professor set his apparatus to work, and produced some tiny little diamonds like pins' heads.

"They're diamonds right enough," one of them owned; "but they're no use for anything but setting in cheap rings. We wouldn't give you two dollars apiece for them; and it costs more than that to produce them, I take it."

"They won't interfere with my business," the old man added. "I don't deal in toy jewelry! They're very interesting, professor; but there's no money in them."

"But suppose he can make them bigger?" Elizabeth asked.

"I'll tell you when I've seen him make them," the old man answered coolly.

"You shall!" said Elizabeth; and she helped the professor connect up some fresh apparatus and retorts. They looked the same as those he had shown me years before that didn't make real diamonds, but crystals that seemed like them for a few minutes and then melted away. They were so cold that they burned you—at least that's

how it felt—and you had to hold them in a special sort of wadding.

We sat and watched the apparatus for a quarter of an hour. The professor kept turning taps and things and Elizabeth helped him. She had learned more about it in a couple of days than I had learned in a couple of years, and she looked very scientific in a big apron thing with a lot of pockets filled with rods and tweezers and chemicals. Presently they squeezed out a glassy lump about as big as a pigeon's egg; and Elizabeth wrapped it in woolly stuff, and held it while it cooled—or uncooled.

"It's a rose diamond in the rough," she stated.

"Until it evaporates," the second expert suggested, with a superior smile.

"It won't evaporate," Elizabeth predicted.

After a few minutes she peeped into the wool, and touched the thing with a gloved finger. Then she touched it with her bare hand and said it was all right.

"Now you can inspect it," she suggested, and handed it to her father and he handed it to the experts.

They waved it about in the air and looked at it. Then they examined it carefully through lenses and with a microscope. Then they tested it with chemicals and grunted. Then they trimmed it up with a little wheel and some paste stuff. Elizabeth told me that this was made of small diamonds, because nothing else was hard enough to work them. At last they put it down and nodded at each other, and muttered to old Smith.

"Well," he pronounced, "it's a rose diamond. It may be worth five hundred dollars or it may not. It depends on how it cuts. It's not big enough to matter to me."

"I can make larger ones," the professor declared, rubbing his hands. "Much larger ones. And any quantity of them. Thousands and thousands!"

"Then," said old Smith, "you can corner the market in rose diamonds. Make a few and you'll do very well. Make too many and you'll ruin the market. It doesn't matter to me. I deal in brilliants."

"I can make brilliants," said the professor, with a tremendous chuckle.

"Make them," said old Smith curtly. "It's no use talking."

Elizabeth and the professor set the apparatus going again, and we waited another quarter of an hour, while the professor tried to explain his formula to old Smith, and old Smith tried to explain the diamond market to the professor. I don't know if they made each other understand. They didn't make me! I nearly went to sleep; and the experts went and looked out of the window and yawned; and Elizabeth ran about turning taps and stirring things up with little rods. At last she called the professor, and they pulled a lot of levers and squeezed out another glassy lump. Elizabeth declared that it was a brilliant and smuggled it up in wool, and wouldn't let anyone peep at it.

"This is mine," she said, "isn't it, professor?"

"Yes, my dear," he agreed. "Yes."

"Give it to me," old Smith growled. "I'll hold it;" and she handed him the little bundle of wool.

"You mustn't open it for three minutes," she told him, "or it will be spoiled."

He gave it three minutes by his watch. Then he unwrapped it, and they examined it as before. They pronounced it a brilliant of the first order, and probably worth two thousand dollars.

"Umph!" said old Smith. "You've done me. How long are you going to give me to sell out the stuff that I've got on hand?"

"Not a day, dad," said Elizabeth. "It will be in all the papers to-morrow, so you can prepare for a slump—unless we do business."

"Look here, Elizabeth," I remonstrated, "it's a bit rough on your father."

The old man turned on me savagely.

"Business is rough," he said, "and you're a fool. Shut up!"

So I shut up, and he turned to the professor.

"What are your terms?" he asked.

The professor waved his hand at Elizabeth.

"Miss Smith is the business manager of the firm," he stated, and the old man turned to her.

"Well, Elizabeth?" he asked; and she considered, touching her lip with her finger.

"Well, dad," she said, "the professor isn't a business man. He doesn't care about flooding the market and ruining trade."

That's why he hasn't done it before. You can square him if you can square me."

"What do you want?"

"I want just what I should have had if I hadn't insisted on marrying George. It's my own money really, because I'm your daughter; and you ought to want me to have it; and I expect you do—you needn't grunt! You can do it without going back on your word, because it isn't giving, but paying. It's a matter of business."

The old man nodded slowly; and half grinned and half frowned.

"That's right," he assented. "I'll buy the thing on those terms."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Elizabeth. "There's no buying. The professor isn't going to have you flood the market. If you agree the 'thing' won't be used, that's all."

"Umph! Am I to take your word for that? And the professor's?"

"We'll take yours," said Elizabeth.

"Very well." He waved his hand at the experts, and they went. They laughed as they closed the door.

"Thank you, dad," Elizabeth said, and kissed him. "Now be nice!" She jerked her head toward me. She always wanted us to be friends.

The old man nodded and took my arm and walked out with me, and marched me away from the others.

"Now look here, young man," he said. "I'm fairly beat, and I bear no malice. In fact I like you; and of course I like that pig-headed girl of mine. What I'm going to say to you is for her good. Just bear that in mind."

"She's a clever girl, and she's a good girl; and in her way she's an affectionate girl. But I don't mind if a girl is all the angels rolled into one—and my girl isn't all angel, as you'll find out—it isn't her place to rule the universe. It isn't good for the universe—which I don't care about—and it isn't good for her—which I do! You're going to be her husband, and you've got to boss her. She'll be a discontented, unhappy woman if you don't. Never mind if she's right and you're wrong. You boss her! It's what women like."

"Ye-es," I said. "I think—upon my word I think you're right—but it won't be easy to boss Elizabeth; and I don't know that I'm fit to, either. She's so frightfully clever——"

"Clever!" cried the old man scornfully. "Why she's a perfect fool where you're concerned! If you tell her that a thing's wrong and she's not to do it, she'll bounce and fume and swear that she will; but she won't!"

"Oh!" I said. "If it were wrong—why, of course she wouldn't want to do it——"

"Would you let her if she did?" the old man persisted.

"Of course not," I said. "Unless she persuaded me that it wasn't wrong."

Old Smith laid his hand on my arm.

"Then you're all right," he said. "That's just the one point she can't manage you on!"

Elizabeth and I were married a few months later. Old Smith set us up very handsomely, and we got on very well with him. We got on capitally with each other, and I thought that living with Elizabeth sharpened me up a bit.

We had been married six months when we had the professor to dinner. When Elizabeth and he were talking and laughing about the diamond machine he let something slip. I didn't say anything before him, and they thought I didn't take it in; but I did.

When he had gone I took Elizabeth by the arm and led her into the drawing room.

"Elizabeth," I said, "you cheated your father about those diamonds."

She turned a bit pale, though she tossed her head.

"It was—business," she said. "You see——"

"No," I said, "I don't see; and I won't see. So it's no use arguing."

She stared at me, and opened her mouth to speak, but didn't.

"The crystals that the professor made," I went on, "weren't diamonds. They evaporated in the wool. You put the real diamonds in beforehand. It was cheating."

"If you'll listen to me——" she began.

"I won't," I asserted. "It was cheating."

"It was only father," she protested; "and it was my money by rights; and I don't care."

"I do," I told her.

She looked at me for a long time.

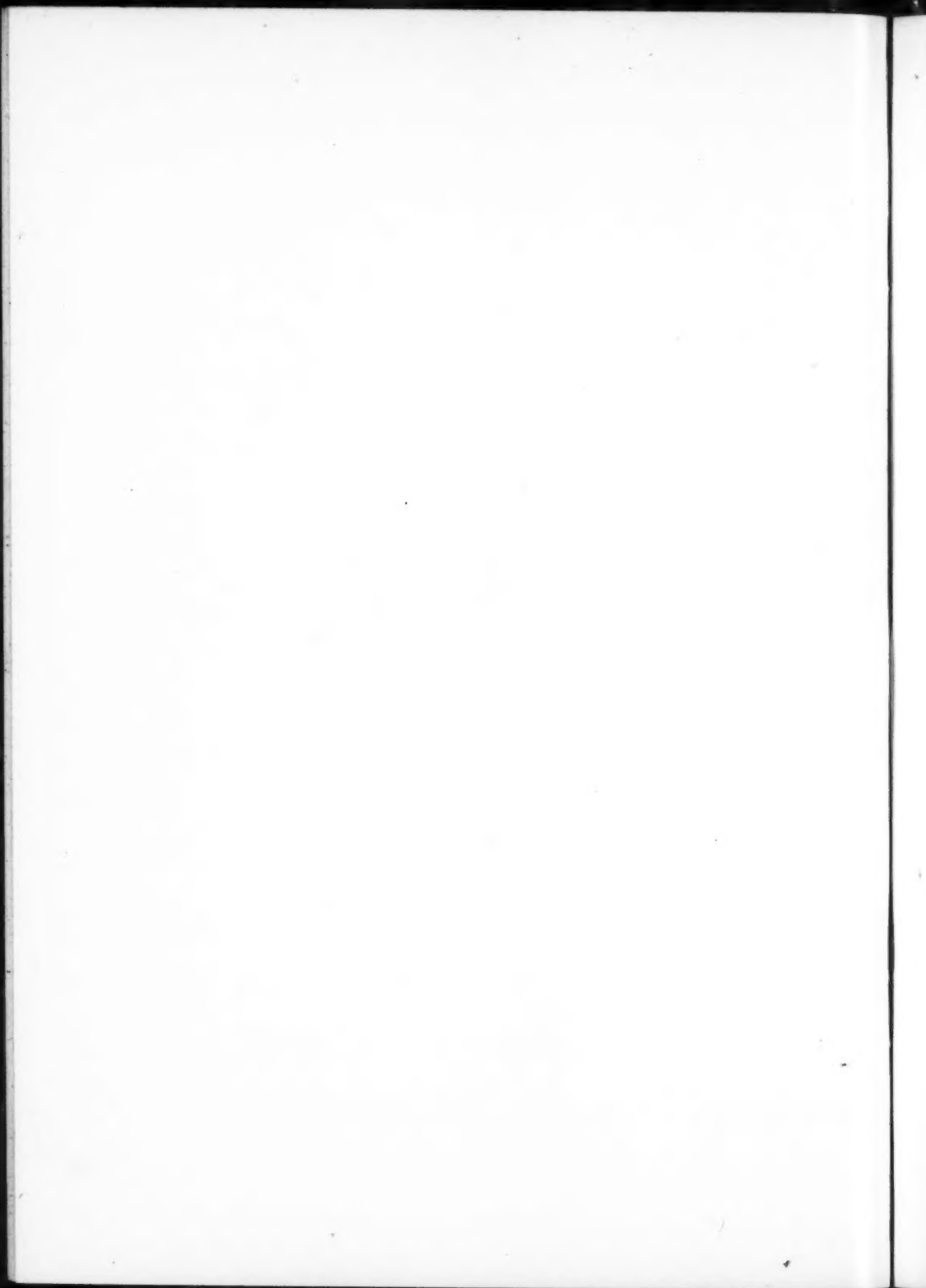
"What are you going to do?" she asked.



*Drawn by G. C. Wilmshurst.*

*"She was the daughter of old Smith, the Diamond Millionaire."*





"Tell your father and give up the money," I said. "That's all."

Elizabeth gave a little laughing scream, and caught hold of me.

"You're going to keep me?" she cried.

"Why," I said. "Of course!"

"Then I don't care," she asserted, "except for father. He will be so sorry that—that—" She blinked a little.

"That you did it," I suggested; and she wiped her eyes and stamped her foot.

"You are stupid!" she said. "He'll be sorry that I've been found out; and that he can't give me his money. If you understood it properly——"

"Now, look here, Elizabeth," I said, "I understand it my own way; and I never shall understand it any other way. You won't get round me by any of your cleverness; and you may as well give it up."

"George," she said calmly, "I give it up. You may kiss me!"

And I kissed her, and she didn't argue another word!

Women are curious creatures, and I believe old Smith was right about them.

I went around to her father's office, and burst my way through the clerks into his private office. He said he had no time to talk to me, but I sat down and told him I'd wait till he had. That seemed to please him, and he laid down his pen and chuckled.

"What's it about?" he asked.

"Diamonds," I said.

"What diamonds?"

"Those the professor made," I said.

"He didn't make them really."

"Of course he didn't," he said. "Your hussy of a wife—my hussy of a daughter—changed them in the wool."

"And—you—knew!" I gasped.

He nodded slowly.

"And I knew you didn't," he said. "So you needn't worry about that."

"I don't," I said. "It is Elizabeth's doing it that—that I worry about."

The old man moved his lips in and out—like Elizabeth—and played with a ruler.

"Of course," I apologized, "she thought it was only—only business."

"No," said old Smith. "No. She didn't. She knew she oughtn't to have done it; but women have curious ideas about such things. I didn't want to see them grow on her. That's why I spoke to you as I did afterwards. Still she wouldn't do business like that with anyone else, if I know my girl. She cheated me because she knew I'd be glad to be cheated—anything—to be able to give her my money. Go home and tell her that you understand. She—she'll have a nasty little ache, if she fancies that you think badly of her, and—and—" He turned and poked the fire furiously—"I'm growing an old man."

"She'll be all right with me, sir," I said; "and I'll make her understand about you too; and she'll be jolly pleased with you!"

She was; and when I had finished telling her, she put on her hat and went straight round to hug him. She brought him back to lunch, and caught us one by each arm.

"Elizabeth's diamonds!" she announced.

## TWILIGHT

By ADELE LIPPENCOTT

CRESTED waves and a long gray beach,  
Far and far as the eyes may reach;  
Twilight falling on tide and foam,  
And silvery seagull winding home;  
On a little pool left by the spendthrift sea  
Pale stars gladden the heart of me;  
Down in the west are the far ships gone,  
Leaving the night to me alone;  
The deeps of the night and the sound and sea,  
And oh! but my soul has need of thee.

# MY FAITH

BY HOWARD A. KELLY

*ENTIRELY* aside from its intrinsic merit, the association of subject and author makes the following article of uncommon and noteworthy interest. Dr. Howard Atwood Kelly, of Baltimore, holds a position almost unique in his profession. With academic, professional, and honorary degrees from the Universities of Pennsylvania, Washington and Lee, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, his rank as a scholar is clearly recognized. For some twenty years professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Johns Hopkins University, his place as a worker and teacher in the applied science of his profession has been beyond question the highest in America and Europe. At least a dozen learned societies in England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Germany, Austria, France, and the United States have welcomed him to membership as a master in his specialty in surgery. Finally, his published works have caused him to be reckoned the most eminent of all authorities in his own field. Equally energetic and effective in another direction, Dr. Kelly has been a leader in church and Sunday-school work. In this day, when we are accustomed to the impression that workers in physical science are seldom also workers in religion, such an expression as the following becomes of genuine significance.—THE EDITOR.



IT is curious, puzzling, and almost unaccountable to note that men and women who have advanced beyond middle life are loath to discuss the questions of faith. Is there a God? A future life for human beings? Is such a life conditional, depending on our conduct or attitude toward God in this world? Is there anywhere reliable revelation from God to man? Is it possible God Himself has visited this earth and walked among men?

All these questions, of supreme interest, which belong to the domain of what is called "religion" are rarely discussed in Christian countries, and this anomalous condition of so-called Christian lands becomes yet more puzzling when I come to study conditions elsewhere. In Japan, in China, in India those who profess Shintoism, Taoism, Buddhism, or Mahometism are what they profess to be, genuine Shintoists, Taoists, Buddhists, and Mahometans, and the more earnest they are in their faith the more they are esteemed, and great

merit is attached to a thorough acquaintance with their scriptures.

But there is something about Christianity and the Christian's Bible which makes this faith utterly different and diametrically opposite to all others in the world. The English-speaking countries profess to be Christian, but on investigation I find that the number of those who are heartily committed to, and can give coherent reason for, such faith is comparatively few, and that there is no really Christian country and never has been. As human nature goes, and as history rolls on in its present channels, it does not look as if there ever would be a wholly Christian land—certainly not under the existing order of things.

A few years ago I interested myself in gathering some notes on the subject, endeavoring to ascertain what the common idea of "being a Christian" meant. I asked anybody and everybody in all classes, from the friend at my dinner table to the barber who shaved me, and most of my queries were put when traveling, as I had then more leisure to achieve a twofold object—to find out what percentage could give a

correct answer, and to have a little earnest conversation on the true character and claims of the Christian life with those whose answer was incorrect.

A stack of answers on cards filed away in my room would make it appear, with rare exceptions, that man's salvation depends on his own good works, generally summarized by the speakers in an echo of the Golden Rule: "Treat others as you would have them treat you."

I recollect one of my hazy-minded friends being rather startled by the query, and eagerly asking: "Why, you don't think I'm a Jew, do you?"

This plan of interrogating many entire strangers may appear to some bold and aggressive, but I do not remember receiving a single rebuff.

Now, many people are willing week after week to flock to church and hear a sermon some fifteen to forty-five minutes long; but no sooner is the threshold of the church recrossed than the subject is forgotten or dismissed with a brief comment or criticism. Anything like real earnest talk between men and women on this vital subject is rare, and rarer still is any real quest for the truth.

Young people who are idealists are sometimes willing to talk about man's relation to God, and often take a definite stand for some form of religion, but, growing older, they are one by one swallowed up by the interests and activities of the world; early impressions fade and often only a habit of church-going is retained, with some conventional form of faith. Further impressions are gained from the daily papers, the latest magazine article, or casual conversation rather than from any continuous earnest consideration of the subject. From this there arises that notable lukewarmness in the churches to-day and a manner of life in the world's week day ill according with the Sunday profession, and bringing a charge of hypocrisy on the Church.

But earnest consideration is often checked by an equally curious dislike men show to open Bible study. I may ride about in the cars reading the Koran or Confucius, and men will regard me with interest and perhaps whisper it about that I am of rather a scholarly turn of mind; but should I take out my Bible and study

it openly I am looked at askance, and few men, I note, want to go over and sit beside a man so engaged, still less to hear from him what he there finds in the way of spiritual truth and refreshment.

Yet the faith of every man ought to be a matter of sympathetic interest to his fellows. I think a partial explanation is that the Bible is the one book which probes deeply into the secrets of the heart and leaves the best man no ground to stand on, but commands him to confess sin and repent: "For there is none righteous, no, not one."

This slight circumspection of a wide field of inquiry leads me on to consider three subjects which ought to touch the secret springs of a man's life:

What I believe.

Why I believe.

What my faith means to me.

It is not an easy task to step aside from an excessively busy and practical life and adequately state just what is one's faith and the reasons for it, and almost impossible to analyze coolly and critically that which lies within the realm of the emotions. At best any categorical statements must seem, as the author reviews them, woefully cold and inefficient, and though I shrink from the danger of inadequate fulfillment of so responsible an undertaking yet for the sake of others to be won for Christ I do not refrain, but commit such efforts to the Author of my faith.

I have, within the past twenty years of my life, come out of uncertainty and doubt into a faith which is an absolute dominating conviction of the truth and about which I have not a shadow of doubt. I have been intimately associated with eminent scientific workers; have heard them discuss the profoundest questions; have myself engaged in scientific work and so know the value of such opinions. I was once profoundly disturbed in the traditional faith in which I had been brought up—that of a Protestant Episcopalian—by inroads which were made upon the book of Genesis by the higher critics. I could not then gainsay them, not knowing Hebrew nor archaeology well, and to me, as to many, to pull out one great prop was to make the whole foundation uncertain.

So I floundered on for some years trying, as some of my higher critical friends

are trying to-day, to continue to use the Bible as the word of God and at the same time holding it of composite authorship, a curious and disastrous piece of mental gymnastics—a bridge over the chasm separating an older Bible-loving generation from a newer Bible-emancipated race. I saw in the book a great light and glow of heat, yet shivered out in the cold.

One day it occurred to me to see what the book had to say about itself. As a short, but perhaps not the best method, I took a concordance and looked out "Word," when I found that the Bible claimed from one end to the other to be the authoritative Word of God to man. I then tried the natural plan of taking it as my text-book of religion, as I would use a text-book in any science, testing it by submitting to its conditions. I found that Christ Himself invites men (John vii. 17) to do this.

I now believe the Bible to be the inspired Word of God, inspired in a sense utterly different from that of any merely human book.

I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, without human father, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary. That all men without exception are by nature sinners, alienated from God, and when thus utterly lost in sin the Son of God Himself came down to earth, and by shedding His blood upon the cross paid the infinite penalty of the guilt of the whole world. I believe he who thus receives Jesus Christ as his Saviour is born again spiritually as definitely as in his first birth, and, so born spiritually, has new privileges, appetites, and affections; that he is one body with Christ the Head and will live with Him forever. I believe no man can save himself by good works, or what is commonly known as a "moral life," such works being but the necessary fruits and evidence of the faith within.

Satan I believe to be the cause of man's fall and sin, and his rebellion against God as rightful governor. Satan is the Prince of all the kingdoms of this world, yet will in the end be cast into the pit and made harmless. Christ will come again in glory to earth to reign even as He went away from the earth, and I look for His return day by day.

I believe the Bible to be God's word,

because as I use it day by day as spiritual food, I discover in my own life as well as in the lives of those who likewise use it a transformation correcting evil tendencies, purifying affections, giving pure desires, and teaching that concerning the righteousness of God which those who do not so use it can know nothing of. It is as really food for the spirit as bread is for the body.

Perhaps one of my strongest reasons for believing the Bible is that it reveals to me, as no other book in the world could do, that which appeals to me as a physician, a diagnosis of my spiritual condition. It shows me clearly what I am by nature—one lost in sin and alienated from the life that is in God. I find in it a consistent and wonderful revelation, from Genesis to Revelation, of the character of God, a God far removed from any of my natural imaginings.

It also reveals a tenderness and nearness of God in Christ which satisfies the heart's longings, and shows me that the infinite God, Creator of the world, took our very nature upon Him that He might in infinite love be one with His people to redeem them. I believe in it because it reveals a religion adapted to all classes and races, and it is intellectual suicide knowing it not to believe it.

What it means to me is as intimate and difficult a question to answer as to be required to give reasons for love of father and mother, wife and children. But this reasonable faith gives me a different relation to family and friends; greater tenderness to these and deeper interest in all men. It takes away the fear of death and creates a bond with those gone before. It shows me God as a Father who perfectly understands, who can give control of appetites and affections, and rouse one to fight with self instead of being self-contented.

And if faith so reveals God to me I go without question wherever He may lead me. I can put His assertions and commands above every seeming probability in life, dismissing cherished convictions and looking upon the wisdom and ratiocinations of men as folly if opposed to Him. I place no limits to faith when once vested in God, the sum of all wisdom and knowledge, and can trust Him though I should have to stand alone before the world declaring Him to be true.



## DOUBLETS AND HOSE

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF RAOUL, GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE

BY H. C. BAILEY



RAOUL condemned the wine of the *Ewe Lamb*. The *Ewe Lamb* would give him only Rhenish when he wanted "the good blood of Burgundy." (Raoul talks so much of wine that I think he must have been a very temperate little man.) Observe him, then, taking his ease in the wainscoted guest room of the *Ewe Lamb* and condemning his liquor. He had probably a leg on the table.

The landlord ushered in with respect two lean men dressed in a dull gray frieze. Their faces also were gray, their hair lank. They were absurdly alike and joyless. Raoul cocked his head on one side. "Judas Iscariot and son."

One of them signed the landlord out, and the two stalked stiffly to Raoul. "Your name is Raoul?" one asked.

Raoul, head on one side, looked them up and down. "God help your wives," said he: and began to sing to them.

"Fellow—fellow—I would have you to know I am Alderman Peter van Hessels, fellow. And this is my son the Councilor Peter van Hessels."

"Peter Minor—kill Peter Major for bringing you into the world: Peter Major—kill Peter Minor for coming into the world. Thus joy regains her sway."

"You are drunk, fellow."

Raoul shuddered, dramatically. "God forbid! If I were, I might see four of you. I could not, *pardieu*, survive it."

The two looked at each other. "I desire to know, fellow, if you are one Raoul, who took letters from the Prince of Orange into Leyden."

"I am that Raoul—and many other Raouls."

The two Peters nodded at each other and sat down. They leaned over the table mysteriously. "I have a matter to propound," said the alderman, and Raoul yawned. "My son the councilor has an affianced bride——"

"Oh, earth and heaven! She can never have seen him."

"She has not yet seen me in fact," said the councilor. "That is our trouble."

"Your good fortune. Peter Minor, marry her in a mask."

"This maiden," the alderman continued, "this maiden is the daughter of my cousin Oswald Fruytiers, who is dead, and the ward of my brother——"

"*Corbleu*, are there more of your family?"

"—my brother Jan van Hessels, the goldsmith in Bergen op Zoom. Bergen, you know, is within the Spanish bounds, and my brother writes that there is no way to send Catarina safely. Look you now, I believe that my brother does not wish to send Catarina. He has all her father's money, and he would not want to give it up."

"He is, faith, your own brother, Peter Major." Raoul turned: "Peter Minor, do you love your Catarina?"

The councilor was puzzled. "But she is my affianced bride," he cried.

"The maiden and the dowry were promised. I have the bond," cried the alderman.

"Do you know what hell is for? It is to burn bonds. And bondholders."

The alderman grew angry. "Sir—look you, sir, this is not a thing to jest with. I

come to you and I ask what do you advise, for you——"

"Advise? I advise, *corbleu*, that Peter Minor content himself with the life of virginity. So shall it be best for some woman and the world."

The alderman feigned, not very skillfully, tolerant good temper. "Pish, pish!" said he. "Now you, sir, as they say, are a man of skill and of daring. You have undertaken dangerous deeds and——"

"And achieved them, *mordieu*. But I never undertook to find a wife for Peter Minor."

"My son the councilor dare not go to Bergen himself. But you, you do not fear the Spaniards——"

"I fear nothing but God and bad wine."

"Well, sir, very well. Now look you, I give you commission to go to Bergen and seek out this maiden privily and learn of her if my brother be ready to pay her dowry. If he will, it is very well, and you shall bring her openly. But if he will not, look you, you shall take her away unknown to him and she must bring with her some of his jewels to be her dowry. He is the goldsmith of Bergen, and there must be rich goods easy for her to take. And you shall get her out of the town and bring her to me here in Rotterdam."

Raoul looked him between the eyes. "You—alderman!" said Raoul. "And how if the maiden will bring herself for love of—of that," he jerked a nod at the councilor, "but will not steal her dowry?"

"You shall tell her that the dowry is in the bond, and she is shamed to be a wife without it."

"Fifty gold florins now—a hundred more if I do your work." Raoul's prices had risen.

The two Peters recoiled, and began to higgle.

At last they consented, and Raoul howled for the landlord and ink and paper.

Raoul, left alone, looked at his bond and laughed. "If I kept the dowry and left Peter Minor the bride!" he suggested to himself. "That would be amusing."

So in the springtime the *Eel and Cradle* at Bergen op Zoom welcomed a little guest. He announced for all men to hear that he was a poor Spanish gentleman on his way to join Don Julian Romero. Whereat

other guests, two lusty French merchants and a square-faced Englishman, looked upon him askance. He treated them with full Spanish arrogance.

"Lie first" (it is a maxim of Raoul's) —"Lie first. There will always be room for the truth. Truth first—then no room for the lie when you need it."

Raoul fed full and drank, and went out from the *Eel and Cradle* in the twilight. He learned that Master Jan van Hessels, goldsmith, was an alderman, that he lived at the sign of the *Brazen Serpent*, in the Street of St. Anthony, in the new town. The street was something rural and houses few in it. Jan van Hessels's *Brazen Serpent* was big, and back from it ran a walled garden where the scent of the limes hung fragrant.

Raoul, hat on one side, nonchalant, swaggered along to the garden gate. Five rascals with cudgels sprang out upon him. But Raoul, for all his airs, was wholly alert. Sideways he sprang, six feet at a bound. Out leaped sword and dagger. "What! What! How, knaves? Is there man-killing toward?" he thundered in Spanish. "Then, by good Sant' Iago——" He lunged on the invocation.

The cudgelers did not await him. "A Spaniard," they muttered, "a Spaniard!" and turning, fled together—fled into the *Brazen Serpent* and slammed its door behind them.

Then behold Raoul, most truculent, stalking up to that door and battering upon it with the hilt of his bare sword. At last a little wicket opened and some one asked his business.

"Business? That word to a gentleman? Rascal! Open your door, rogue, and produce me the man of the house."

The wicket was shut again, and after a while the door was opened and a serving man quavered out a question as to Raoul's name. Raoul took him by the ear and jerked him. "Bring forth your knave master, knave."

The servant shuffled on and brought him to an inner room, and hurriedly withdrew. Raoul had no need to ask whom he beheld. Master Alderman Jan van Hessels, gray-faced, goggle-eyed, was true brother of Peter. Raoul, hat cocked over one ear, sword twirling in finger and thumb, looked him up and down.



*"He announced for all men to hear that he was a poor Spanish gentleman."*

"Well, sir, well?" cried the alderman, nervously, "what is your errand?"

"Errand?" Raoul thundered an oath. "Do I look a man to run errands?"

"Then, sir, your wish, sir, your purpose," the alderman stammered hastily.

"Mark me now, burgess. I am Juan Perez, a poor gentleman of Spain. I take my evening walk, and I am set upon by five cursed rogues. May the devil and—" he checked the imprecation and bowed low. Framed in the doorway a girl

stood, flushed, bright-eyed: the hair beneath her coif gleamed golden. Raoul swung away from her. "By five cursed rogues, burgess. And they are fled into your house. Now, sirrah, how come you to set your curs upon a gentleman? Ex-pound me quickly."

The alderman signed the girl out of the room. But she came farther in, and dropped a courtesy to Raoul.

"Hark ye, sirrah," Raoul made his sword quiver, a ripple of light, under the alderman's eyes, "this poor carcass shall not be vilely entreated while my soul is in it. Why are your varlets turned upon me?"

And while the alderman bit his finger: "By Sant' Iago!" Raoul thundered: "do you palter with me, burgess? I come peaceably by your house, and your foot-boys take cudgels to me, and you have no word of excuse!" He rapped out a large oath. "Mark me, sirrah! I am no man to jest with. I can thrust through a needle's eye. I can snuff a candle with my point. So—sa ha! sa ha!" he lunged, stamping his foot, at the two candles.

Over they went, and out. The room was dark, and out of the darkness Raoul roared on: "What is your business with me, burgess? Had I come here by midnight" (his left hand was groping toward Catarina), "had I sought to rob you, to force your strong box, had I" (he found Catarina's hand and pressed it) "had I stolen into your garden and lurked there—then, faith, your rogues had had reason."

The alderman had found his tinder box and struck light again. Raoul had dropped Catarina's hand, and she was looking at him curiously.

"Did you take me, burgess, for a rogue like yourself?"

"I profess, sir, it was a blunder. It was all a blunder. My lads are fools. I protest I humbly ask your pardon. I had word of a thief, and——"

"Thief? That word to me! Now by all good saints this surpasses! Thief!" Raoul walked upon the alderman sword out, and the alderman ran away from him round the table. "Thief! I will show you a thrust for that, sirrah." His sword shot out like a striking snake, and one of the alderman's buttons went rattling to the

floor. The alderman with a yell sprang out of the door; Raoul lunged after him again, and he fell on the stairs.

"The garden—midnight—love's envoy comes": it was whispered soft and low in the girl's ear while the alderman picked himself up. Then, aloud: "That will teach you, burgess, to respect a gentleman who does you the honor to pass your house," said Raoul, and put up his sword. "Lady, I commit you to Heaven," he bowed, and as she courtesied before him caught the faint sign of her head. Her eyes were shining. "Burgess, I commit you—elsewhere," and slammed the door.

The thin, white May moon was over the town, sharp gable and feathery tree silvered in her light, and the shadows gloomed blue black. Raoul lounged against the wall of the garden. The midnight chimes died away. Raoul waited a while, went up and over the wall like a cat. A form came to him swiftly, rustling. Raoul took her hands and kissed them both. "Lady, well met. Keep close," said he, and drew her against him into the gloom beneath the limes. "May a man speak to you of love?"

"Indeed, sir, many men have."

"Nay, who can wonder?" Raoul sighed.

"And I, lady, am come to plead for one fool more."

"'Tis a compliment to me."

Raoul took her hand. "Ah, what is life without you?"

"I have not tried, indeed."

"Lady, you are a woman——"

"Sir, my mother determined it so."

"—and what is a woman without love?"

"Even as a man without wit, sir."

"I come from one who loves you as never man loved yet—from one who would go through fire and water——"

"But not, it seems, over a wall!"

"Lady, he would not peril you by his presence. Peter van Hessels——"

Catarina started back. "Peter van Hessels? You come from him?"

"Behold me Dan Cupid in breeches—hot envoy of Peter's love."

"He—he loves me?"

"With a love wholly amazing."

"And what does he ask of me?"

Raoul snatched her hand and pressed it. "Lady, he asks of you—you! That body



*"A ring with three sapphires passed to Raoul's finger."*

of grace, those sea-dark, sea-bright eyes, that——"

"Oh, I thank you. I have my own mirror. Sir, does Master van Hessels want no more than myself?"

Raoul coughed. "You—ah—you reduce me to say, lady, that he spoke also of a dowry."

"I knew!" she cried. "And you, I doubt, were to share in it."

"In fact," said Raoul, slowly, "I am hired at a price."

"Love's envoy!" she said, and again: "Love's envoy!" and laughed. Then swiftly: "Oh, indeed it grieves me to spoil your bargain! God be with you!" And she whirled away.

But Raoul held her, gripping her wrists. "If you had made my bargain you had broken my heart. The light in your eyes must glow for a man—and it shall. And yet I thank God I have come. I have had your hands in mine, I have tasted the breath of your hair. I—" he snatched her to his breast, and kissed her.

She tore herself away, she stood in the moonlight white, fierce-eyed, her bosom storm-tossed. "You—you—" she gasped.

"I," said Raoul, "am a man." And went over the wall.

Slowly he walked to his inn. His head was thrown back, his eyes studied the dark blue void and its mingled stars.

When he came to the *Eel and Cradle* he demanded wine of a sleepy servant, and dropped himself down in a leathern elbow chair, and flung his hat and his feet on the table. Then he observed that the square-faced Englishman was fronting him.

"A word in your ear," says he. Raoul disdainfully inclined his head. "You are no Spaniard."

"*Madre Dios*, rascal——"

"You do not swear enough," said the Englishman, calmly. Raoul at once produced him several oaths more, but he continued, unheeding: "I am glad you are not a Spaniard. I do not like Spaniards. And I have to ask you to serve me." He hesitated. "I owe you something already.



Those fellows who set upon you were looking for me. Then you went into the house. I want to know if you will go there again. I want you to take a letter from me to——"

Raoul brought his feet down to the floor with a bang. "Oh, the devil! Peter the third!" says he.

"I do not understand."

"You were not meant to. Go on."

"I want you to take a letter from me to Mistress Catarina Fruytiers secretly. No one else must know of it." He hesitated and flushed. "I—you—there may be expense——"

"I promise you there will be," said Raoul. "Also, I carry no letter without knowing what is inside of it."

The Englishman looked him between the eyes. "I ask for your honor."

"I sell that, faith, every day."

"I ask you for your honor," said the Englishman again.

"At your service." Raoul shrugged his shoulders lightly. But the Englishman held out his hand. Raoul waited a while before he took it.

"I shall tell her that I love her with all my heart—that I shall love her always." Raoul yawned. "I shall pray her be ready to fly with me——"

"Bringing, it is understood, her dowry."

"God's wounds!" The English oath roared out. "You—you—do you think that I know or care if she have a penny?"

"It seems," said Raoul, "I shall have to ask your pardon." The Englishman bowed, stiffly. "Nevertheless, if I were you I should bear my own love letters."

"If I do I am caught, perhaps hanged."

Raoul flopped back in his chair. "Oh, Peter," says he, with a sneer, "Peter after all. In fact, my Englishman, you are not very brave."

"It serves neither my lady nor me," said the Englishman, "that I should be hanged."

"You are vain. Now—you spoke of her flying with you. How, my friend, do you fly?"

"I do not know."

"I was sure of it!"

"I must tell you—I met my lady two years ago when I came here a venturer in a bark of Gresham's. Now I am come in my own ship, the *Bonny Kate*. I went to her guardian, that rascal Jan van Hes-

sels, to ask her for my wife. He turned me out of his house. He told the Spanish commandant here that I was a rogue, a spy for the Prince of Orange and Boisot. So I am ordered to sail with my ship by sun-down to-morrow if I would not be hanged. And I have not even seen her. I was stealing there in the twilight when those rogues tried to beat you. He has a guard of them, I suppose. Well! My ship will drop down the river on the afternoon tide. But I shall stay. I do not know more than that."

"But I do. And you will not look well on a gallows. I am sure you would wriggle clumsily. My Englishman, be wise and sail away."

The square face hardened. "I do not go without my lady."

Raoul looked at him a while, curiously. Then: "I suppose you know that you are infinitely unworthy?"

The Englishman laughed. "I am not a fool." Then the laugh died. "I shall merit her never."

Raoul lay back, a queer little smile on his lips. "Yes. You would hang badly," he murmured. He sat up with a jerk. "Go aboard your ship in the morning. Sail away in the afternoon."

"But then—but I—but——"

"All the buts are my affair."

The Englishman stared. "What do you mean? What will you do?"

"I will tell you when I have done it."

The Englishman asked much more and learned little—is it strange? At last a letter was written, and went into Raoul's breast. A ring with three sapphires passed to Raoul's finger. Then the Englishman stuttered, and: "As touching the matter of expense——" he began.

Raoul flushed. "Go to the devil," said he, and went out.

On that he went to bed. It seems that he arose betimes, and did certain small matters of tailoring and correspondence. Then he went down to the sailors' taverns on the quay. He wanted some worthy soul to occupy the alderman's attention. "For an honest knave take a sailor" ('tis a maxim of his). "For your dishonest knave the soldier is nonpareil." He was, you remember, a soldier himself. From the sailors' taverns he came back to break-

fast, and in due season to the Street of St. Anthony and Master Alderman Jan van Hessels.

Fellows lounging under the eaves regarded him nervously and slunk away, not

Señor Don Juan Perez," he cried. "You understand? The Señor—Don—Juan—Perez." It was, in fact, clear enough for all the household and half the street to understand. The guard gaped upon him.



*"While the armed guard within bent his ear to the wicket."*

minded to mistake him twice. Raoul swaggered up to the house door, and rapped with power, while the armed guard within bent his ear to the wicket. When he finally opened the door Raoul stalked in, and in the loudest of voices: "Announce the

"The Señor Don Juan Perez!" Raoul thundered, and the man backed, bowing, and hurried off.

Raoul sauntered through the hall. There was a swift rustle of skirts on the stair, and Catarina came down upon him,

her cheeks aflame. "You? You dare?" she said.

Raoul said nothing. He held out his left hand with the fingers wide apart. On one of them gleamed the ring of three sapphires. She paled, she started back, her hand to her breast. Raoul put his hands behind him. "Trust. Follow." Raoul's lips framed the words, but made scarce a sound. The serving lad was coming toward them.

Again Raoul came to the presence of Master Alderman Jan van Hessels. He took off his hat and saluted elaborately. Catarina watched in amaze.

"Pray, sir, what obtains me this honor?" says the alderman, nervously.

"Burgess, I shall expound. First, I discover that I was something harsh with you last night. I learn that you have good cause to suspect danger (though, by Sant' Iago, to take me for a hired bravo was diabolic insolence. But pass—pass). I say you may well suspect danger. How do I know it? Mark me now! I betake me to the *Duke of Alva* tavern. I drink a measure of Xeres wine. (Xeres quotha! Bah! But pass.) There be two seafaring rogues chattering. I catch your name. I incline my ear. Have a care, burgess! There is villainy toward. They speak of you—of your ward—of your wealth, too, burgess. They say that both rightly pertain to one Peter van Hessels. Now who a plague is Peter van Hessels, burgess?"

"I know, sir, I know," cried the alderman. "Go on, sir."

"But you—" cried Catarina. Raoul waved his hand carelessly, and the sapphires flashed. Catarina gulped and was silent.

"Go on? Faith, I have done. They said that there is one in the town minded to seize ward and wealth for this Peter."

"I am most grateful. I— Pray you, what like were these two fellows?"

Raoul began an elaborate and pictorial description, in the midst of which came a journeyman to say there was a sailor in the shop with a letter which he would give to none but the alderman. The alderman, rising, begged Raoul to await him.

"If you are long I must needs depart; but," said Raoul, politely, "I will surely come again."

The alderman was hardly gone before

Raoul sprang to Catarina and caught her hands. "Your own chamber! Quick!"

"Sir!" the girl gasped—"you—I—"

"If you love your love!" The sapphires blazed in her sapphire eyes.

"Yes—yes."

Raoul let her go and signed to the door. She looked long in his eyes, and turned and led the way. Out in the hall: "Lady, I give you good day," said Raoul aloud, and stalked noisily to the door of the street. He opened it, he slammed it again and stayed inside. Then swift, noiseless, he stole back to her, and "Quick!" he whispered, and they fled upstairs together. A moment, and they were together in her little low room, she pale and panting. Raoul swept one glance round, and got into the wardrobe. "Lock me in," he whispered. "Go down then and tell the good man I am gone."

"But—but—"

"There is never a but in love."

The door was locked upon him. Raoul protests that it was long hours ere there came a rustle without and the click of a key—it was opened.

Raoul came out with a gasp: "Phew! I shall never love lavender again"; and he sat down on her bed and fanned himself, and smiled at Catarina.

Catarina was pale still, and her bosom quick, but her blue eyes shone. "I pray you—" she began in a whisper. Raoul sprang to her. Her hand was in his, his arm about her before she knew it. He drew the lithe, gracious form against him, he bent to the blood in her cheek—she turned and the blue eyes met his. She did not struggle nor cry. "By your honor, by your faith," she said quickly, "have you nothing from him who gave you the ring?"

"He!" Raoul laughed. "Another without the wit to win you himself—another proxy lover who—"

"Who trusted me to you," said Catarina.

Raoul let her go. His swarthy face paled, and he said something behind his teeth. He plucked the letter out of his bosom and gave it her. Catarina had not moved at all, and stood still close to his heart. In a moment: "Yes. He says I am to trust you altogether," she said, and looked up to him, smiling.



*"He drew the lithe, gracious form against him."*

Raoul flung away, and the word on his lips was an oath.

It was a moment before he came to take her hand. Then his face was placid. "Lady, last night I told you that I came from Peter van Hessels. It is remarkable; but I said the truth. I found, lady, you were worthy a man. And after, by a chance, I found the man of whom you are worthy."

Smile and blush came with darkening eyes. "Indeed I am not," she said.

Raoul laughed. "You and he will agree marvelously." She looked in his eyes a moment. "On my honor, lady, I mean you faithfully." She bowed. "Last night I gave you a woman's due. I did not know that I took another man's right. And now—well, one is man after all. But what you cannot give I do not care to take. You love him. You trust me. That is to be enough." Her eyes thanked him. "Aye, *pardieu*. He has all of your heart. But is the poor man never to have the rest?"

Her bosom rose, her eyes glowed, gloriously. Then she flung her arms wide.

"But I am in prison—I am chained here!" she cried. "Ah, if I were free——!"

Raoul smiled. "Behold the way to freedom," said he, and began to take off his breeches.

In a moment they lay on the floor, and he stood up still in breeches. He dragged his cloak from the wardrobe, and behold it was two cloaks and a doublet to boot. He brought a hat out of his breast. "And I pray Heaven they fit," said he.

"You mean——" Catarina gasped.

"I think they explain themselves."

Catarina looked down at the clothes and blushed at them, and then smiled. "But even if I did——"

"Then behold the Señor Don Juan Perez provided with a charming page."

"But how—how is the Señor Don Juan Perez to come out of my chamber?"

"Doubtless, my fair page, your servants eat dinner. While they eat, we flee."

"Oh—oh, dare we?"

"Dare we anything else?"

She turned away. "The alderman and I—we dine before the servants."

"Admirable! You will have a dinner

inside you to give you heart for this heroic enterprise."

Catarina took up the hat and tried it on, and put it away. Catarina held up the doublet and put it down again. "I am sure they will be much too big," she murmured. Raoul stared upon the wall.

The clocks began striking noon. "Oh! this is our dinner hour," Catarina cried.

Raoul flung his clothes to the wardrobe and went in after them. Again the door was locked. It was, he avers, hours before he was let out.

"They are all at dinner" (Catarina was breathless); "the alderman is out."

"Oh, amiable old man!" said Raoul, and laid out the clothes on the bed in the manner of a valet.

Catarina drew back. "But he told me again I was not to go outside the house. And I am sure—I am sure the men in the street are ordered to stop me."

"In skirts only," said Raoul, and went back to the wardrobe. "Quick! quick! Love waits." And he pulled the door to upon him.

Sooner than he had thought there was a timid "You may come out," and he came out to see a very little person in the corner trying to shroud herself in the cloak. "Oh, please do not look. But is it—is it—?"

Raoul slouched the hat down over her golden hair, took the cloak away, and flung it about her in new fashion. He stepped back two paces to examine her. She was all trembling, with scarlet cheeks.

Raoul swung away, opened the door, listened, stole out, listened again, and beckoned. Swift, light-footed, they crept downstairs and out.

Down the street they went, and the men under the eaves looked at them curiously. Raoul began to talk loud in Spanish. He abused his page with fluency, and the page flushed and stared at the ground.

Then out of a house came Alderman Jan van Hessels.

"Look, look!" the page gasped, and started back. Raoul's hand closed like a vise on her arm.

Then he slid before her, and: "Ha, burgess, well met!" says he, and he struck an attitude, hand on left hip, right leg forward. "Shall we finish our talk?"

The alderman bustled up. "At your very good pleasure, sir. I was hoping to

see you speedily, sir. Now I am anxious—much anxious—"

"Walk your anxieties my way." Raoul whirled round upon his page, and struck her across the cheek with his glove. "What, rogue! Must you be eavesdropping? Walk ten good paces behind, or your sides shall taste my whip." So they went on. "Never heed him," says Raoul, carelessly. "'Tis but a fool. And what was in the letter, burgess?"

"Sir, it was brazen. It was an infamy. It demanded my ward in marriage for my nephew Peter van Hessels. And it bade me post my answer on the market cross. And it said that if I would not give her she would be taken," the alderman spluttered. "Consider it, sir."

"I do, I do. And from whom came this letter, burgess?"

"It was signed Raoul de Tout le Monde. Raoul de Tout le Monde! Bah!"

"Bah! Bah!" said Raoul with enthusiasm. "And what will you do, burgess?"

"Do, sir? I go, sir, to my friend the burgomaster and my very good friend the commandant, to pray them have search made through the town for this fellow, this Raoul de Tout le Monde!"

"By Sant' Iago!" cried Raoul, "I hope you may find him!"

"I thank you, sir. I thank you. I am your debtor." They walked on a little more, the alderman expending himself in wrath. "My way lies here, sir," says he at last, at a cross street.

"And mine there," said Raoul. "But one word, burgess. What ails your nephew, that he must not wed the girl? A nephew of yours, faith, must needs be an honest gentleman!"

The alderman coughed. "You are to know, sir, that my ward inherits certain small moneys, and—"

"And till she is wed you keep them. Oh, you are a warm man, a wily soul. No Raoul of any world will ever come over you, eh, burgess?" Raoul nudged his ribs.

The alderman looked austere a moment. Then he grinned. With two knowing nods they parted.

Raoul turned down a lane to the quay, and beckoned to his page. She came, and he took her arm, but she would not look at him. Raoul peeped under the slouched hat.



"Tears? *Mordieu*, remember you are a man!"

"I—I—oh, forgive me! I thought—I thought you were going to give me up—and indeed I never felt so much a woman."

"There is one who will not complain," said Raoul. To which she had nothing at all to say.

At the first stairs they took boat and rowed out to the *Bonny Kate*. Curious faces looked over the bulwarks: a rope ladder was thrown to them. "Oh, but I never can," cried Catarina, and nearly fell into the sea.

Raoul flung her over his shoulder and climbed up. Over the bulwarks he came full upon his Englishman, who recoiled, staring at the page, and cried: "Why, who is this, sir?"

"A man of no account. Go to your own shoulders," says Raoul, and put Catarina into his arms.

The man gave a smothered, wordless cry.

Then she was crushed to his breast, and his kiss bore back her head. Down fell the hat, and her golden hair, her maiden coif, showed clear to the sunshine.

A moment only he held her on his heart. Then he sprang to the mizzen rigging. "Hands to the capstan! With a will now, lads, with a will!" The ship throbbed with life.

Bergen shore was dull on the horizon when they passed the word for the parson. Raoul admired then the foresight of his Englishman.

So they hove to, and were married. Raoul, as was wholly fitting, gave her away. And when she was Mistress Arthur Stukely (of Yealm in Devonshire) she turned to Raoul, and smiling and blushing said: "Sir—the woman's due is your right." And Raoul bowed and kissed her a last time.

From the quay of Rotterdam he watched a white sail, and sighed.

"Poor lass," said he.

## ASPIRATION

By FREDERICK TRUESDELL

YOU are so fair, you do not seem  
Of flesh and blood, but of the mist  
Along some river moonlight kissed  
Which flows between the Isles of Dream.

You are so cold, so still, so far,  
That when across the breathing night  
I reach out blindly for your light,  
I dream that I have clutched a star.

You are so dear, so much a part  
Of all I do, and feel and think,  
I stand upon the awful brink  
Of Space between—and break my heart.

# SENTIMENT AND THE SENIOR

BY HUGH PENDEXTER



HE had traversed the fields and pastures instead of the honest highway that he might gain the farmhouse unobserved. His motive was a sense of shame, as evidenced by his lagging steps and uneasy face. He had hoped to assemble his miserable thoughts on some definite line of action before being discovered. But even as he reached the lane bars and rested his arms on the top rail his first, desperate survey of the quiet, homely premises included the bent figure of his father, working about the barn. Involuntarily and in self-derision he contrasted the old man's shabby presentment with his own spruce attire. He had crawled home by unfrequented ways to confess his moral insolvency; he had nothing with which to offset the many sacrifices so cheerfully made in his behalf. And as if his mental ken had not sufficiently exhausted the perspective, this visual reminder was now added to intensify his tardy repentance.

Unable to longer endure anticipation he picked up his bag and vaulted the bars, just as his father straightened in joyous surprise. All that life had to offer would be a cheap price now, if it could but buy back the old order of content.

"Jameson!" cried the old man, advancing stiffly, with both gnarled hands outstretched. "Ye've come home to see us."

The son could only seize the hands, clutching so eagerly at his, and wring them in silence.

"Mother!" bellowed the father, snatching up the bag and eying it in genial amazement. "The boy's here. Left all his highfaulting doings and larning to run down and see us."

Almost at the first words the porch door

slammed and a white-haired woman hurried to meet them. "The dear boy," she cooed, appropriating him entirely.

His unworthiness caused him to groan inwardly as he realized how he had been the focal point of their very existence.

"Come in! come in!" she cried softly. "To think you should come at the busiest time of your last year."

"We kinder looked for ye in the Easter vacation," said the old man apologetically; "yet we weren't so unreasonable as to expect ye to let a little thing interfere with yer books. Lawd! but it's good to see ye."

"I had to come," cried the boy, as they entered the old-fashioned sitting room.

"It does me a world of good to hear you say so," murmured the mother. "We ain't seen you since Christmas."

It was impossible to tell them just now. He must wait at least until the first fervor of their joy had quieted; then, perhaps, he could distort, belittle, or prevaricate—or do something to soften the blow.

"There! set down under that class flag yer mother pinned up last fall," his father was saying. "Now let's have a good squint at ye. I snum, Jameson! but ye do look peaked. Why, mother, he looks all tuckered out. Why in sin didn't ye write me to meet ye instead of toting that durned handsome carpet-bag three miles?"

"I didn't know I could come till the last minute," was the weary explanation.

"Be you ill, Jameson?" anxiously queried his mother.

"Yes, yes," he mumbled brokenly. "That is, I'm tired. No; really, nothing ails me beyond that."

"Dang it! What d'ye want to kill yer-self for over yer books?" remonstrated the old man, pushing back his spectacles and gazing at the youth in mild disapproval.



*Drawn by Gordon M. McCouch.*

*"The President remembers us," murmured his mother."*



"Why didn't ye steal out and play a few of them golf games and git perked up a bit? I was looking over about a ton of yer truck this morning and stole one of yer clubs to drive nails with. The game must be quite broadening to the mind. See what I did to my finger." And he chuckled as he exhibited a swollen digit. "And I didn't say a single cuss word, neither."

"And to think of the money I've spent in buying that stuff," muttered the son.

"No such a thing," defended his mother. "In climbing up a ladder that reaches to a diploma you must have some easy rungs. It's all a part of your education and we've gloried in it. Whenever you've fetched home a new music instrument, or any other fixing, your father has always been pleased and vowed you should go through college in a pleasant way."

"That's the idea," affirmed the father. "The farm can send you through flying—and has. From the very start we planned ye should have all yer mind for yer books and a decent amount of play. No slave-driving game for Jameson, says I; and we're satisfied with the way it's worked out. All we asked was that ye bring us a rip-bang diploma at the end."

"You've done too much for me."

"No, siree!" denied the father brusquely. "We jest suited ourselves. To be honest, we was selfish through it all. We wanted a scholar in the family, and by the Old Harry we've got him!" And he smote his palms exultingly.

"And your father didn't use any disagreeable language when he pounded his finger, dear, because it was your club," smiled the mother, brushing back his hair in the old, fond way.

"I cussed like a trooper when I got out to the barn," growled the father.

"And you've been so anxious to do well at graduation that you've hurt your health," continued the mother, oblivious of her husband's defiant gaze. "Why, you don't even talk."

"I shall be all right soon," he muttered, almost desperate enough to take advantage of their fears and give way to the physical strain. "To see you two has done me good already," he added.

"Bless his heart," whimpered the mother, not attempting to conceal her tears.

The father, made of sterner stuff, yet

envying her in all her little affectionate prerogatives, winked owlishly and rose and drank deeply from the long-handled dipper. Then he declared: "Wal, young man; seeing as how ye've almost ruined yer health by too much study we shall expect something pretty pert from ye at commencement."

"You know, dear, we're going to be there to hear you," confided his mother. "We'd planned it as a surprise; but as you've been so good and thoughtful to come to us when commencement is only a few days off, I guess I'll let the cat out of the bag." And she smiled in happy expectancy of his delectation.

"It's—it's too good of you!" he cried passionately. Then he closed his eyes to conceal their misery. He had not counted on this exigency. They must be spared for the moment at any cost. He should have remained in town and by written communications broken the blow by degrees. Now that course was too late.

"Ye'll be going back on the night train, I s'pose," the old man regretted.

This gave him a hint of one last thin possibility, and he hastened to return: "Yes; I could steal away for only a few hours. I must go back this afternoon."

"But the baggage ye fetched?" mildly reminded his father, scrutinizing the bag.

"Only some odds and ends I wanted to leave," he explained, heartsick at falsehood. "And don't, please don't," he begged, "expect me to do anything at graduation. There's lots of chaps brighter and better than I in the class."

"Why, Jameson Ridly!" gasped his mother, highly indignant at such heresy.

"Tut! tut!" scoffed his father. "Modesty is a good thing; but, dod rot it, boy! what have yer mother and me been waiting for, and scrimping and saving for, all these years? Neither of us are fools, and we pride ourselves on having started our only son square. I swan! ye've simply got to beat 'em all, or ye'll be playing ag'in us. Why, ye can't help beating 'em. Look at yer mother! Wa'n't she the brightest gal in the whole neighborhood? Wa'n't she run after by every younker? Huh! talk to me about yer being several rods behind in the homestretch and I'll larrup ye." And he chuckled in much good humor. Then with a mischievous twinkle:



"Jest because of yer mother alone ye must come out ahead. D'ye know why she was so sot on ye going to college?"

"Henry Ridly, stop!" she commanded.

"Because," persisted the old man in high glee, "once a young school teacher in this neighborhood, who is now a college professor somewhere, got sweet on her." Her smiling confusion, spiced with a touch of indignation, added zest to his enjoyment.

"Henry, I'm ashamed of you talking such nonsense," she protested, yet not successful in attempting to smother the inception of a complacent smile. "The idea! I'll never tell you anything again as long as I live. A young man may be foolish without being told on. You was foolisher." But with a toss of her head she confessed: "Not that I didn't have my share of good looks in my younger days."

"God help a poor, weak fool," groaned the youth, as he stumbled up the narrow stairs leading to his low-roofed room.

"Well, Ridly, what is it?"

The youth turned eagerly from the window where he had been dully waiting, but his heart sank as he noted the stern jaw and strong face of the tall, thin, white-haired president. Instinctively he knew all was won or lost in the first few words, but he could only blurt out: "Have mercy on a fool."

"Now, now, Ridly," protested the president in icy disapproval. "How many times have you young gentlemen been told that the way of the transgressor is hard? How many times have you been informed it is useless to appeal to me and seek to take advantage of my sympathies once the faculty has joined with me in taking a certain course of action? What I may personally feel toward any misguided student must not deter me from being just. And certainly do I owe it to those young gentlemen who have always conducted themselves uprightly, to carry out my decision in your case—or in any case where repeated infraction of our rules is the offense. I am very sorry, very sorry indeed, Ridly, that you should embarrass me by calling here to-night. It's—ah—it's almost unjust of you, inconsiderate, to say the least. Go home and strive to start anew. With new and purer purposes seek—"

"I'm not pleading for myself," broke

in Ridly despairingly, his mouth filling with passionate, unfaltering speech. "I'm pleading for an old man and woman, my parents—the best in the world—who have centered every attention and loving thought on giving me a chance. It will ruin the last years of their simple, honest lives if they learn my disgrace. I went home yesterday to tell them all. To have told them anything would have broken their hearts. My God! isn't there such a thing as a reprieve? Even a felon sometimes enjoys a commutation of sentence. Must their souls' peace be damned because of my folly? Have I committed so unpardonable an offense that lasting sorrow must come to them? Grant me one more boon."

"Now, now, Ridly," deplored the president wearily, "I have heard all this before—many times. The evil we do always rests the most severe on the innocent."

"But the price is too great in this instance," pleaded the youth. "See! I have been a woeful fool—admitted. I have wasted my father's hard-earned money. I have lived uselessly—and yet, if your object is to punish me, to correct me, I've learned my lesson thoroughly. There is nothing you can say in censure, there is no moral you can point, there is no phase of mental suffering you may wish to inflict, beyond what I have said to myself and taken home to myself and writhed beneath. Yesterday, when I looked into their honest old faces and shivered under the gaze of their blindly proud eyes, I ran the whole gamut of abasement. I am pleading, I tell you, for the peace of two pure lives—I plead for the aged, the self-sacrificing"—and his hands were thrown wide in boyish eloquence—"I plead for a good man and a noble woman. Grant me one slim bit of leniency and I'll pay any price. Let me but remove this from them and I'll submit to anything. But God help them both if you will not!"

The president's face lost something of its *ennui* as he followed the youth's vehemence and unconsciously approved of his fiery technic. It was sophomoric, of course, and yet interesting from its sincerity. Finally he inquired: "And your request is?"

"That I be permitted to stand on the stage with the other chaps. That I be allowed to deliver my class part. That I be allowed to receive—a blank diploma."

"You ask too much, even on the plea of mercy," said the president coldly.

"They are coming here. They will sit well front. They will proudly wait for their poor devil of a son to deliver the address they know he has prepared. And I regret to say, they will expect much of him," continued the youth wildly. "What difference does it make to you and your sentence if I am allowed to take a mummer's place and file on and receive a worthless roll of paper? What odds if I give my part? If I do not do the last their hearts are broken. If I am indulged in all I ask my punishment is none the less severe—nay, it is increased. The iron has grilled me through and through. And after all, your sentence will have been carried out; for I shall not have graduated."

"Impossible!" muttered the president, frowning.

"Don't say that," groaned the other. "Remember, I came here a raw country boy. I was ignorant of consequences. I have ended as I began—a fool. But by the memory of some overpowering, all soul-filling want of your own at some time—grant me this."

The appeal did not impress the president as being magniloquent. Instead, he sank his chin into his neck and stared at the petitioner dreamily for a few seconds, and then said gravely: "My great desire, when I was a youth, was denied me. But there! God forbid I should not temper justice with mercy to the innocent—your parents. Go to your room, Ridly. Appear with the others, deliver your part—and receive an unsigned diploma. But remember, I am permitting this deceit for the sake of an old father and mother, who in the fondness of their love cannot imagine you guilty of any undesirable thing, and whose great love has not deserved the pitiable return you have made it." Then more sternly: "Go to your room, sir, and remember that where you have received a reprieve—after doing evil—there are men who have been denied the heart's dearest wish, although they were actuated only by purity. Good night. No; don't thank me. Thank your God for such a father and mother."

Of all the fond parents who gathered in the small college town to witness the final achievements of their sons perhaps young

Ridly's father and mother evidenced as much complacent joy as any. To this old couple the occasion was purely a personal one. The college buildings were erected expressly for their boy; the campus life breathed but for him. In fact, they did not suspicion that any interest could attach to the spot except because of his four years of activity there.

From his early childhood they had worked and prayed for this day, had sacrificed for it—and, behold! it was now upon them. Other triumphs would be his as a matter of course; but the present, near to overwhelming in completeness, belonged in part to them and resulted in part from their endeavors. And thus the great joy radiating from their faces was not that of onlookers, but of participants.

In his turn he lavished every attention upon them, feeling the fervor of one reprieved. He took them to his rooms—most students enjoyed but one—and waited humbly while they idolized them. He took them to dinners, and, to top all extravagances, insisted they revel in the dissipation of the town's one theater. In this round of undreamed-of delectations they could see only the loving handiwork of their boy. The theater had been created solely for them, because of his forethought; for them was had the nerve-tingling "rush"; for them and them alone was the medley of three days' doings celebrated. As the ultimate pleasure of all the artful preliminary festivities came his graduation.

When he mounted the platform and encountered their confident, complacent gaze, all timidity left him; and whereas he had neglected them for four years he now poured out his whole soul to them alone. Uplifted by the awakening of his better nature and inspired by a mighty realization of all their goodness he leaped clear of the cut-and-dried mannerisms of the average declamatory effort, and in delivery his entire address was but an embroidered *replica* of his passionate appeal to the president.

The people said young Ridly was an orator; the faculty sighed and whispered he might have made a gallant figure in the law; the president pursed his lips and sought to crystallize into definiteness the film of a day dream, the substance of which was ever hinted at by the boy's impassioned demeanor! But the old father and

mother, unashamed of streaming tears, murmured to each other in an ecstasy of pride. And the climax was capped when he received his valueless diploma.

As their satisfaction reached its zenith, so, inversely, did the fear of an awakening sink into his soul; and he groaned inwardly in lamenting he should so tardily impersonate his better self.

"We must see yer president and shake him by the hand," whispered the old man, as the aisles filled with rustling silks. "We must see him and thank him for *you*—as ye now be," he continued, as they reached the open air. "Lawd! but I bet he hates to lose ye. Gee whittaker! but I wish Tibbetts' store could have heard ye. Ye did it grand. But let's find the president."

"Henry," reminded his wife timidly, yet giving a satisfied switch to her skirts, "maybe the president is too busy. I'm—I'm almost too happy to see anyone."

"Better go to my rooms," urged the youth. "Maybe—later. Plenty of time."

"No; I'll be danged!" cried the old man stubbornly. "I'm going to see him while I'm in fettle to thank him as I should. I'm going alone if ye two pull back."

The son, praying the president would be engaged, led the way in stupid silence across the campus. Contrary to his hopes they were admitted; and once they entered the dreaded chambers he begged with his eyes that he might not be exposed.

"My father and mother," he mumbled, and then fled in soul-sick apprehension to an anteroom.

To his surprise the interview was protracted much beyond the time allowed casual callers, and when he was summoned he was glad, for the sake of his telltale cheeks, that it was dusk.

"The president remembers us," murmured his mother, while his father stood very straight in pride.

"Remember you," laughed the president softly, as they moved to the door. "As if any of us youngsters could forget Patty

Manlin! Yes, I have remembered it all. And to think our young Ridly is the son of the happy man!"

"And to think you should remember so far back," wondered the old lady, smoothing her skirts carefully. "To think, after being a college president, you should remember when you taught a country school in our district."

"I am still a bachelor," reminded the president gallantly, and bowing low as they crossed the threshold. Then, as if in an afterthought, he called after them: "But, Ridly—I now mean the young Ridly—will you stop a bit for a private word?"

The youth returned, with all the old dread alive. "Don't spoil it," he beseeched. "Don't spoil—"

"It was all spoiled a long time ago," murmured the president, only half aloud. "A long time ago. Hark! What are the boys singing?"

Ridly cocked his ear to catch the farewell song of the old glee club, and half apologetically informed: "Only a bit of foolish sentiment, sir. Something about 'an old sweetheart of mine.'"

"Yes?" said the president, softly opening the window and bowing his white head to listen. Then he cried tenderly: "God bless the boys and all their foolish sentiment."

But as he stood erect he was his old grave, stern self, and, facing the boy, he demanded: "Your diploma, Ridly."

"Here, sir," sighed the youth, slowly producing the roll from beneath his arm. "I knew it must come to this—but it's hard—hard."

The president took the roll almost roughly and tossed it on his desk and studied the abject figure before him with the old scrutiny for a few seconds. Then bending quickly he seized a pen and scratched sharply. As he straightened he returned the paper and informed coldly: "You are now duly graduated from this college. I have signed your diploma, Ridly."

# THE NEW WINNING OF THE WEST

BY GEORGE C. LAWRENCE



UT in the rolling country of Wyoming there stands one of the few American pyramids. Built of huge blocks of stone it bears near the top a bust, in relief, of the man to whom it was erected—Oakes Ames. But it is something more than a monument to a man; rather it is a monument to that spirit which Ames embodied, the spirit which through hardship and danger achieved the early winning of the West in the construction of the first Pacific railroad. Known to many, it is now a memory of times and methods gone forever—the early methods of western railroading.

Fame is indeed a curious thing. The name of Ames is carved in enduring granite. Breese, who in 1846 presented to Congress the first report on the construction of a railroad to the Pacific; Asa Whitney, who before 1835, while in China, dreamed of a transcontinental road; Palmer, the consummate general of the greatest and bloodiest railroad war the country has ever known—these and a host of other names are firmly enshrined in the history of early railroad development, and, strangely enough, they are for the most part regarded as the pioneers of the Pacific roads—the exponents of the old rough and ready methods now gone forever.

But if they were the pioneers of this first winning of the West, they were not the prophets of it. Others coming before them, literally voices crying in the wilderness, had sensed it, if unconsciously.

More than four hundred years ago Cabeza de Vaca, stumbling in his flight across the plains of Texas, followed what is to-day approximately the line of the Southern Pacific. After Cabeza de Vaca

came many others. The long line struggling toward the loadstone of the Orient contains many names—yet none more curiously interesting than that of the all but unknown and forgotten Beckwourth.

James P. Beckwourth was born in Virginia in 1798. He was the first American, so far as can be discovered, to appreciate the value of opening up the West, and to apprehend the way in which it would finally be done. He embodied, as it were, the spirit of the new winning of the West, which he was destined never to see. More than half a century ago, before even the first of the Pacifics was struggling westward, Beckwourth discovered the lowest pass through the mountains west of the Great Salt Lake. Not only did he discover it; he realized its importance. It was there after years of service as scout, pioneer, hunter, Indian fighter, and government employee that he established the "hotel" in which he passed his last years making a living from the emigrant trains, which naturally chose this easiest pass, 1,900 feet lower than any other, over the backbone of the country.

Then came the railroads. Beckwourth's pass, or Beckwith's, as it is now called, was overlooked or disregarded. Though affording the best opening, it offered too direct a route for builders, to whom increased mileage meant greater returns from enormous government subsidies awarded on the basis of so many acres and dollars for each mile of road. Longer but less desirable ways were selected, and the trade through the pass dwindled and disappeared. So did old Beckwourth in the natural course of events. But he has left behind him an enduring monument to his part in the winning of the West. Like that to Ames, it is made of stone, but instead of being a pyramid it is a more utilitarian structure—a house

standing by the pass he discovered. Thus in this utilitarianism is symbolized Beckwourth's sense of the new winning of the West, in his day far distant. And in the very near future travelers over the new Western Pacific road will be made acquainted with this monument. After half a century of waiting, since the construction of the early Pacific roads, Beckwourth's judgment is justified by the construction of this Western Pacific—the latest of all these lines. In many ways it is the most remarkable road in the country—and in its construction it is also the first of its class—the pioneer of the new winning of the West.

When in the sixties transcontinental railroads—lines to the Pacific—began to assume tangible form, public enthusiasm was fanned to flame. What these roads were going to do, what territory they might best serve, seemed inconsequential. To pick out a starting point, with the Pacific coast for the terminus, and then to fill in the gap—that was the one idea. "Get there—somehow—anyhow," was the slogan, as compared to the new rule of "Get there with commercial wisdom."

Much of the first support of the early lines came from the belief, of which President Lincoln was an adherent, that they were military necessities. Those who considered them as commercial possibilities did so in the hope of an increased oriental trade. No one gave a thought to local traffic, perhaps naturally enough. And yet to-day this local traffic furnishes ninety-five per cent of the total, and through traffic only five per cent. It was a costly mistake, this early theory, and it resulted in subsequent expense to roads and stockholders of hundreds of millions of dollars. In many cases it meant bankruptcy.

Even to-day there is still being spent annually an enormous sum to overcome the result of this great "get-there-anyway" policy that marked the old winning of the West. The millions upon millions which Harriman used in remodeling his Pacific lines to bring them up to the requirements of the new methods are still fresh in mind. It has been estimated that these early mistakes constitute a continual tax on the pocketbooks of the stockholders exceeding \$100,000,000 annually. Few persons realize nowadays that when these early roads were constructed, engineers preferred

running the track around a boulder to blasting it out. The largest trees were actually left standing while the road curved around them. Grades were—well, what they were. Two and even three per-cent grades are even to-day nothing uncommon. What might have been done is instanced by the fact that the new Western Pacific, stretching out across the richest section of the West from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, in no case exceeds one per cent, that is a climb of only 52.8 feet to the mile. For eighty per cent of its length, or roughly 725 miles, the grade on the main line does not exceed four tenths of one per cent, or a fraction over 21 feet to the mile. As a result, this gives to the locomotives on this western road in the most mountainous part of the country a hauling power equal to that obtained on such a road in the East as the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. It is a wonderful achievement, even more wonderful when it is known that the maximum grade, west bound, is only eight tenths of one per cent. On this new line more than two thirds of the mileage is graded and ready for track, and on more than one third the track is already laid with 85-pound steel rails.

Now a few more feet to the mile or a few more degrees in curves may seem insignificant to the lay mind. But they are far from it. They mean greater wear on roadbeds, rails, and rolling stock, greater fuel consumption, and smaller train loads per unit of power. Just so much more money which on the flatter, straighter line might be devoted to improvements, interest, and dividends, must be used instead for operating the road. The old method, of course, did not consider these things. Dividends were rather an incident than an end in the mind of the general public, and as for the great financiers, whose methods were simpler then than now, it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could be brought to put up money. When the famous and infamous Credit Mobilier paid a dividend it was as unexpected as a thunderbolt from a blue sky.

To-day the dividend is the great factor. Railroading has been reduced to a science, and to float a new company its success is commensurate with its commercial possibilities. "What can it earn?" is the query, and if answered favorably, the public bene-



fits by new lines, extensions, and better service.

As a result of this substitution of the commercial for the pioneering spirit that marked the early Pacific construction many changes have occurred. When the line of the new Western Pacific was run, the mandate to the engineers was not merely to run it from Salt Lake City to San Francisco. It was much more complicated than that! First and foremost, a route was to be selected on which the maximum grade should never exceed one per cent, that is about one half the grade on any other similar road. Old Jim Beckwourth's pass was selected because it was absolutely the lowest gap through the mountains.

But even after these rigorous primary mandates as to grades and similar ones as to curves, the engineers were not free to go ahead. Statistics covering thousands of pages showing the freight now produced and the possibilities for new freight in all parts of the territory through which the road might run had been collected. To those makers of the dividend the engineer had to bow in a manner which would have caused his predecessors to weep.

Now a road of this sort is not built, much less conceived, in a day. The realization of the Western Pacific is the result of more than fifteen years' planning and foresight on the part of E. T. Jeffery, who became president of the Denver and Rio Grande in 1891 and is still its president. From the day of his coming to this office, after the failure of that road, Mr. Jeffery foresaw the need of such a road as the Western Pacific and began planning for it. Not months but years were spent by men under his orders making reconnaissance surveys, and in his brain was born, as under his foresight was developed, the present Western Pacific. For half a generation this man, himself fifty years in the railroad business, has been laboring toward a fixed goal with a fixed purpose. And as a result this remarkable road, while a part of the Gould system, is not primarily a Gould project. The Goulds have been interested in the Rio Grande only six years and the project of the Western Pacific numbers seventeen. It is in reality a Rio Grande work, the product of that man, E. T. Jeffery, who took the Rio Grande after its bankruptcy, changed it from narrow to

standard gauge, and increased its mileage by lease and construction from 1,500 to more than 2,600 miles. And it is interesting to note, in view of American railroad development, that the Western Pacific, the only road of its kind in the West, was built, not by government subsidies, but by the Rio Grande backing.

"Build straight, build to get the most freight, and build to handle it most economically." That was the bidding to the Western Pacific engineers. What they have done, how they have carried out the spirit of this new winning of the West is, in its detail, a technical matter. But in the larger sense they have forever eliminated the old idea of Pacific railroads. They have set a new standard, to equal which will take years of work and millions of dollars on the part of already existing lines. In a large part, indeed, they never can achieve it. New and improved methods to guard against the deadly mountain washout have been employed, and snow sheds, those horrors of the transcontinental tourists and sources of great expense to the railroad, have been practically eliminated. Even tunnels have been done away with to an extent heretofore undreamed of. It is, in short, a permanent road which will never have to be altered. It is the spirit of the new winning of the West. There may be those, of course, who will sigh at the dominance of the dividend, thinking the while that the old romance of railroad building has gone forever. In a way this is true, but in a larger way it is not.

Probably there will never again take place such a tremendous railroad battle as that which occurred during the late seventies between the Denver and Rio Grande under General Palmer, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. That was a war typical of the early western methods—a battle royal for the State of Colorado. Force and subterfuge counted for more than the mandates of the court. At that time an engineer of one line on going to occupy a pass through the mountains found it already held by a representative of the rival line, backed by one hundred men armed with Winchesters.

"By what authority do you occupy this pass?" was the question.

"By the authority of these rifles and the Supreme Court," was the reply, significant

in that the rifles came first. And it was typical of the times. The tale of the struggle for the now famous Royal Gorge between these two lines, which later spread into a fight throughout the State, is in itself a most amazing story. Then it was that General Palmer, fighting fire with fire, looped the telegraph lines into his house and sat all night listening to his enemy's plans. Then it was, too, that a since famous Westerner in the employ of the Santa Fé held a fort against the Rio Grande claims. But though famous as a killer, the "bad man" was also anxious for money, and eventually the Rio Grande crowd, who could not dislodge him by force, accomplished this end by gold.

Romance of this sort is indeed gone and happily so. But a new romance has succeeded the old. Railroads still differ, but their battles are battles of brains, not of force. The fight is fought with the skill, cunning, and science of the engineer and traffic expert, shown in the wise selection of the right route at the very start, and securing advantages in construction and strategic position which shall be abiding for all time.

The West, because of the new and difficult problems it has offered to constructors, has been productive of astounding engineering feats, and in this field at least there has been no diminution of romance. A railroad pioneer in Mexico is quoted as saying that a line could be constructed with red ants for workmen, provided one had enough of them. As compared with the forces employed to-day, the efforts of the early builders savored of ants. But because we now employ giants instead, the story is none the less interesting. Were this not true indeed, Job might well be more popular than Hercules to the youthful mind.

Things have changed, that is all. Problems are solved in a different way. Nowadays the boulder around which the early engineer ran his line is whisked out of the road in a moment by a wonderful giant. Nowadays another giant, known as a steam shovel, bites out in a day the tons of earth which a hundred men with their antlike efforts could not move in the same time when railroading was new in the West. They won the West once in the ant way; now they are winning it in the giant way.

In the light of these latter-day achieve-

ments under the goad of the dividend, achievements which have given Harriman with his Pacific and other lines a route from San Francisco to Savannah, and to Gould, his greatest opponent, with his Western Pacific, a road of such wonderful construction and carefully calculated possibilities, the first winning of the West, the early features of the Pacific railroads, seem almost primitive.

In the early days no Pacific road was deemed possible without tremendous subsidies; to-day the newest member of this Pacific group receives no subsidy at all. In the old days subscriptions to the securities of the Pacific were made possible only by enormous bonuses. To-day the securities of the newest Pacific have been snapped up instantly.

At the close of the Civil War the West was practically without settlers, and was known chiefly through its mineral output. Since then nearly twenty-five million people have made it their home. They and the railroads have won the West. As Sidney Dillon pointed out in 1891, this latter agency has proved something more than a mere means of physical transportation. It has changed the western climate and the character of the soil. Irrigation has made the desert to bloom. The farmer has planted trees, which, checking the bitter winds, have also caused increased rainfall. In short, as a result of the advent of the western railroads, the climate has become milder, the rainfall greater, and the cold less severe.

The West as it was first won was comparatively unproductive of freight. Of the present vast local traffic there was practically nothing. The West as it is being won anew to-day is a storehouse for freight, and this new condition, together with the realization of the commercial possibilities of the West have brought about this new winning of it with the Western Pacific.

To understand this, consider the construction of such a road as this latest of the Pacific group. Compare, for instance, the 18,000 tons of freight which represented the movement from the Missouri River in the year 1860 to the Santa Fé district (and there was no eastward movement then) with the millions of carloads of freight which originate in or are shipped to the single State of California. And one must

consider not only the actualities, enormous as they are, but also the even greater possibilities.

Much that was hidden beyond the mountains has been found by the men who have gone to seek it. Far more remains hidden still, to be found in this new winning of the land beyond the mountains. What has been found may, in a sense, indicate that which is still hidden.

The trade of the West, particularly of California, has become so great that it has been impossible for the railroads to handle it adequately. In six months during a single year more than 100,000 colonists and settlers have come into the State which the early railroad pioneers regarded as only a transfer point for oriental trade.

Some of the pioneers of the old winning of the West are still alive to see what they won—so unforeseen—and to foresee the boundless possibilities of the new winning by the new pioneers.

Thirty-nine years ago, almost to a day, the last spikes were driven on the line connecting Omaha with San Francisco, the combination of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific, and in that time what has occurred? How have the toils of the pioneers—the children of the rail—borne fruit?

Forty years ago Oakland, for example, was hardly known—a mere depot on the bay. To-day it is the key to San Francisco, the door to the East. On one system alone more than 400 trains a day arrive and depart, and that same system transports monthly more than 16,000 cars across the bay from Oakland to San Francisco, enough to handle, ten times over, a year's traffic before the coming of the children of the rail. And this is only for one system and one city.

Stockton, the "Gateway City," so called because of its situation at the entrance to California's two great valleys, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin; Sacramento, the greatest fresh-fruit shipping point in the State; these and scores of other flourishing cities bear testimony not only in the present but their future to the certainties and possibilities of the tremendous traffic awaiting the Western Pacific. Fresh-fruit shipments alone approximate 10,000 cars a year, and this figure is held down, not by

lack of fruit, but by lack of cars to transport it in. Along the line of the new railway there are estimated to be more than 10,000,000 carloads of timber. Everywhere the potentiality of the country is of a vastness almost inconceivable. It is this now recognized potentiality which is within little more than a generation developing a new type of railroad pioneer.

The situation in that section is in a way analogous to the eastern agricultural condition. As in the latter case, intensive farming, far more remunerative, has taken the place of the earlier idea of cultivating only the choicest spots and disregarding the rest, so this dawn of the new winning of the West marks the beginning of intensive railroading. Intensive railroading will eventually develop and make productive every possible part. And since from that development will come a certain reward in earnings for traffic, the task of the present-day pioneer is more clearly defined and less hazardous than that of his earlier brother.

The children of the rail are wiser in this generation than they were in the sixties. As a result, one regrettable feature of the old winning of the West through the first Pacific lines should be entirely lacking. The new winning will happily be without such features as the Credit Mobilier—without the long list of names of those whom the driving of the last spikes in '69 saw wrecked in name and fortune. Nor will the Indians, the scourge of the plains in the sixties, take their tremendous toll of life. The only manner in which the constructor of the new Pacific lines will consider Poor Lo is in his capacity as a wielder of the pick and shovel. And it is because of facts of this sort that the construction of the Western Pacific marks not merely an addition of so many miles of track to the quarter of a million we already have, but also, and far more important, the beginning of a new era of railroading in the West. It means development and productiveness for thousands and thousands of square miles of new territory; it means the creation of new traffic and so greater earnings for road and territory. And, finally, it means in the completion of this most remarkable Pacific road an acceptance for the West of all those standards of railroad building which the experience of the East has shown to be best.

# AN AMPLE ATONEMENT

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE



AUGUSTUS VAN DUZEN cast a critically commendatory eye over the large, well-lighted room and, tilting his chair back comfortably, placed his feet upon the shining surface of the great mahogany table, and sighed with much satisfaction.

"Now this is something like," he observed, nonchalantly flipping the ashes from his cigarette upon a four-hundred-dollar Daghestan rug. "Uncle's taste in offices is 'way to the good. There's just one thing he's forgotten; and that is to put a buffet in that corner over there. Business before pleasure is a good enough motto, but business beside pleasure is better yet."

For a long moment he sat gazing out through a square of immaculate plate glass to the gray-blue shores of Staten Island.

"I wonder if there's any work connected with this job?" he mused at length. "I've been here now two—no—le' me see—three days, and all I've had to do is to sign my name five times; and four of those I got it on the wrong line. By Jove, these captains of industry are queer old birds! I can see where the captain business comes in; but where the industry is, is too many for me. They didn't put any of it near me, and that's no lie. Hi hum ho! I guess it must be most lunch time! It feels as though I had been here a year since morning."

There followed another silence, broken suddenly by the ringing of the telephone bell. J. Augustus took the receiver from the hook and placed it to his ear.

"Hello! Who? Send 'em right in, by all means!" And in another minute there entered Waterbury James and Hampton Smythe, of the old Boston Smiths.

"By Jove!" exclaimed J. Augustus, gripping a hand of each. "This is luck! I was beginning to be afraid that I'd have to pay for my own lunch."

Hampton Smythe cast a critical eye over the room with its massive furniture.

"Well, Pierpont," he queried, deferentially, "how's call money to-day?"

"Deaf as a haddock," returned J. Augustus. And then: "Geewhillikins, though, but I'm glad to see you chaps. I never met such a lonesome place as Wall Street in all my born days."

"I've heard it called many things," commented Waterbury James, "but never before, in my hearing, has it been accused of being lonesome. Maybe you haven't been taken in yet."

"I haven't," returned J. Augustus, "nor do I intend to be."

"No one ever does," asserted Waterbury James, sapiently, "but they get there just the same."

"But what are you doing here, and when did you blow in?"

"Some time yesterday," replied Hampton Smythe, "and it's taken us since then to locate this rabbit warren of yours. Why, I haven't been below Fourteenth Street since I was pushed there in a baby carriage. Why in the world did your uncle ever put his offices 'way down in this God-forsaken end of the island, anyway?"

"When you go fishing," returned J. Augustus, didactically, "you must hang out where the suckers will bite. Personally I don't like this part of the island any better than you do; but I must admit that uncle has seined in a bunch of 'em here."

"By the way," said Hampton Smythe, "I saw a friend of yours the other day—Muriel Huntingdon," and he winked.

J. Augustus's crest fell perceptibly.

"Did you?" he said, gloomily. "I never told you chaps about that affair, did I?"

"Oh, that's all right," assured Hampton Smythe, largely. "I'm not trying to butt in—"

"But I want you to know," J. Augustus interrupted. "I want to set myself right, in case some one else tries to put me in wrong. Well, you know for years my uncle, Stuyvesant VanDorn, and old Huntingdon have been doing a Montagu and Capulet specialty that would make the original skit look like a reunion of the Pine Tree State Club. They've been cutting each other's financial throats for the past decade. Well, when I was over in Boston visiting you, Watty, uncle sent me a telegram saying that I must get at the old gentleman by making love to his daughter—you know how he idolizes her, and will do anything she wants him to—or, failing in that, try to find some way to keep him away from some directors' meeting or other.

"Now I forgot all about it. But it was just my dog-goned, or'nary luck to take them out motoring and stall them 'way out in the woods somewhere; and by the time he got back to civilization, the meeting was all over and uncle had chucked old Huntingdon out of the presidency of his pet company.

"Of course I knew it would be useless to try to explain; so I said nothing. And uncle gave me this job on the strength of the brilliant *coup* I had made; and I took it because I thought it might give me an opportunity to do Huntingdon some favor that would square me with him, and with his daughter; for I really think she liked me a little before it all happened, and I know I—" He stopped abruptly.

"You poor goat," murmured Waterbury James, sympathetically.

"Tough," opined Hampton Smythe. "And haven't you found a way yet?"

J. Augustus shook his head.

"But what's your uncle up to?" queried Waterbury James. "Surely when a chap's right in the office with one of the biggest figures, both financially and physiologically, in modern business, he ought to get on to any quantity of doings that would be calculated to solidify inchoate personal relations and cement the fractured bonds of

friendship. Where is the old boy, anyway?"

J. Augustus shook his head, helplessly.

"I give it up," he said. "Six subpoena servers came in yesterday to ask the same question. He may be in Senegambia, or he may be in the safe, for all I know."

Hampton Smythe sniffed, scornfully.

"Now there's an open confession of incompetence for you," he observed. He scowled at J. Augustus, severely. "The trouble with you is," he went on, dogmatically, "that you don't go into things logically. You are as cursory and incomplete as a blind mosquito. Now let's get down to cases right. In the first place what is there that you could do to square yourself with old Huntingdon?"

J. Augustus shook his head again.

"I give it up, friend," he said. "I don't know anything except that I don't know anything."

"Well," mused Hampton Smythe, "there's really only one way that I can see, and that is to tip him off on some stock move or other. Your uncle knows the market. He's a speculator, isn't he?"

J. Augustus snorted, scornfully.

"Speculator!" he repeated, ironically. "Why, my dear boy, he's a manipulator."

"Well, don't get peevish," retorted the other. "What's the difference, anyhow?"

"All the difference," returned J. Augustus, "between the man who buys gold bricks and the man who sells 'em."

"Well, that's all beside the question," interrupted Waterbury James. "What Hammy is trying, in his crude and unformed way, to remark is that your uncle is wise to all that's going on in the stock market. You don't see *him* trailing along behind the hearse with the mourners."

"No, indeed!" agreed J. Augustus, warmly. "He's out in the alley with a stuffed club, furnishing the raw materials for more funerals."

"The point is," broke in Hampton Smythe, impatiently, "that the only real way you have in which to reach Huntingdon is to give him a tip on the market by which he can make as much as, or more than, he lost on that prior cold deal you gave him. Then he'll see that your apology is sincere—for in this world there's nothing so sincere as that which is backed up by money."



"All very fine," agreed J. Augustus, impatiently. "But how? That's the question. How? You chaps talk what is known in the fog-enshrouded circles of the motherland as piffle. You might as well furnish a starving man with diagrams of the alimentary canal. Don't tell him how to eat. Give him something to eat."

"Why, dad burn it all!" cried Hampton Smythe, petulantly, "that is just what I'm——"

There was a knock on the door; and in response to J. Augustus's "Come in" there entered a messenger boy, bearing a telegram.

J. Augustus exchanged the telegram for a quarter, to the alarming surprise of the boy, who retired in a state of helpless amazement and apologized to the door jamb on his way out; for he was accustomed to dealing with men of millions who seldom carried as much as a quarter with them.

Coincidentally with his departure, J. Augustus stripped an end from the yellow envelope and, taking therefrom a folded sheet, laid it flat, face up, upon the table.

"Now what the——" he began. "For the love of mud, what in——"

"What's the matter?" queried Hampton Smythe. "Somebody dead?"

J. Augustus heeded him not.

"If this is Uncle Stivvy's idea of a joke," he opined, still glaring at the telegram, "his sense of humor needs a vacuum cleaner applied to it. Of all the dad-blamed ravings that ever I heard!" He shook his head helplessly and taking up the yellow sheet, held it to the waiting duo.

"Look at that," he requested, "and then tell me whether it's uncle or I that's due for the psychopathic ward."

The duo turned interested eyes upon the paper extended to them.

"Hard nouns beat seven multiples," read Hampton Smythe, laboredly. "Soup times nine from twenty-seven onward. Ragged unity strictly prevails. S. V. D."

There was a moment of helpless silence. Then, of a sudden, Waterbury James smote a tweeded thigh with a gloved hand.

"By Jove!" he cried. "I have it! It's a cipher!"

Upon him J. Augustus and Hampton Smythe cast pitying eyes.

"Why, you big mollicoddle," exclaimed

the latter, peevishly, "there isn't a cipher in it. It's all letters."

"Your ignorance is unbelievable," returned Waterbury James, impatiently. "Don't you know what a cipher is—a code?"

"Oh! A code!" said J. Augustus. "So that's what it is, eh? By Jove, uncle has a secret code; and there's a pony here somewhere. I'll dig it up and we'll see what he's talking about."

The two visitors waited more or less patiently while J. Augustus unearthed from a mass of papers and books and cigar and cigarette boxes a little volume. And then they bent their eyes and energies to the translation of the mystic words. And it took them only an hour or so to ascertain their import.

And it was only ten minutes after that that Hampton Smythe brought his hand down upon the shoulder of J. Augustus with a great thwack and exclaimed, in huge delight and great excitement:

"The very thing, by jiminy!"

And so indeed it proved to be.

## II

As Mr. W. H. Huntingdon, more commonly known as "Old" Huntingdon, was standing beside the ticker in his private office, trying to smell out what might be in the wind, there entered a clerk who handed to his august employer a card.

The financier eyed the name that it bore between anger and surprise.

"Now what the devil does he want?" he demanded.

"I don't know, sir," apologetically. "He merely said that he wanted to see you, sir, on a matter of business."

The director of many banks and corporations dropped the card into the tape basket.

"Tell him to take his business and go to the deuce," he said, curtly. "And if he has anything to say——"

He was interrupted by a voice.

"I thought that was probably where I'd get off; so I took the liberty of coming right in."

The elder man gazed at him with cold and forbidding eye.

"Young man," he said, at length, in

tones of such frigidity that the pallid clerk vanished from the room like a wraith in a pantomime. "Young man, I have seen before some shining examples of consummate nerve; but this is——"

"If you will pardon me for interrupting," broke in J. Augustus, "there's something I want to say to you. I want to apologize for that apparently low-down trick I played on you a week or so ago. It was entirely an accident, you know, and——"

"If you expect me to believe that that contemptible trick was unintentional, you ask me to believe you a bigger fool than even I am capable of assuming you to be."

"Go as far as you like," returned J. Augustus, contritely, "and then you won't be within yelling distance of where I am. But it's so, nevertheless. I was all you can believe me, and then some. I was the giddiest idiot that ever ran over a chicken; and I know it did you a lot of harm and cost you a lot of money. So I waited until I could face you with a practical apology. And it's here. It may not restore you all you lost, but it will help some; and it will, too, show you that I am sincere."

He had spoken hastily; for he wanted to say his all before dread disaster, as represented by the negro porter, overtook him. Now that it did not, he breathed easier, and talked more slowly.

"You see," he went on, "I have learned that my uncle is going after Southern Central. He's issued orders to buy, with the roof for the limit; and so if you'll trail along behind him, you can make as much as you want to."

The elder man had lost all traces of anger. There were in his eyes now only much amazement, more interest, and a trace of suspicion.

"How do I know you're not lying?" he asked, bluntly.

"The ticker will tell you soon enough," returned J. Augustus. "His brokers right now are gum-shoeing around as busy as boys hunting snakes. I ordered 'em to buy myself," he added, complacently, "and to get hold of all they could before the gang found out what they were up to."

"You see," he continued, "letting you in on the inside can't do uncle any harm; and it can do you a lot of good. So there you are. And I can only add that I'm

almighty sorry for the unintentional harm I did you on that other occasion, and that I hope you'll forgive me and shake hands. Will yo?"

The elder man studied him for a long interval. J. Augustus met his scrutiny fairly and unflinchingly. And at length the financier took the extended hand in his own.

"It's preposterous," he said, musingly, half to himself. "It's absolutely, unbelievably ridiculous. But against my judgment—against all my common sense—my intuition tells me that you are no worse than a fool."

"Thank you," acknowledged J. Augustus, humbly. "It's mighty good of you to say so. Eh—by the way, I trust your daughter's well? Eh—she asked me once to call, some time—and I'm not very busy now—at least, I won't be this evening. Eh—if it isn't asking too much, might I drop around to the house some day soon—say to-night?"

A little smile curled the thin lips of the elder man. He eyed J. Augustus long and steadily.

"You may call at my house," he said, at length, slowly. "But if you value your life, keep away from my office."

### III

SCARCELY had J. Augustus reached his office on the following morning when there dashed into the room a very excited Hampton Smythe and an equally excited Waterbury James.

"Get your cover, Susan," cried Hampton Smythe, "and come along with us! Watty's got a tip on the market by which we can go down and clean up twenty thousand apiece between now and the time the Exchange closes!"

"What is it?" queried J. Augustus, with no lack of interest. "I could use twenty thousand about now with much *éclat*. What's the game?"

"Well," said Waterbury James, importantly, "I met Mr. Huntingdon at the club last night—he's an old friend of the family, you know, and always seemed to be fond of me—and he took me into a corner and told me, in the strictest secrecy, that if I wanted to clean up a little bundle

all I need do would be to sell a few hundred shares of Southern Central."

J. Augustus eyed him, contemptuously.

"Sell a few shares," he repeated, pityingly. "Why, my child, how can you sell 'em when you haven't got 'em? You'd have to buy 'em first."

Waterbury James grunted, peevishly.

"You talk like a flounder," he said. "You don't have to have stock to sell it. You just make a bluff that you have it and no one knows the difference."

"Are you sure about that?" queried J. Augustus, anxiously.

The look that his *confrère* vouchsafed him was in itself sufficient answer. Then said J. Augustus:

"But uncle's buying that same stock, you know. And how can there be profit in selling it if he's buying it? You can bet that if it weren't worth more than he's paying for it, he wouldn't be parting with his soft-earned wealth the way he is."

Waterbury James shook his head.

"You can search me," he returned. "This stock-market business is over my head. However, Old Huntingdon's tip's good enough for me; and I'm off to sell a goodly bunch of shares on a margin."

"The same for me, and many of 'em," asserted Hampton Smythe, enthusiastically. "Old Huntingdon has knocked out ten or fifteen millions at the game and if he says it's good, that's all I want."

J. Augustus sighed, helplessly.

"But I myself just gave him the tip to buy," he protested. "And he seemed grateful for my advice. I wonder what it all means?"

"Well," said Hampton Smythe, thoughtfully, "I've heard of chaps making money selling a stock, and I've heard of 'em making money buying a stock. So I suppose this is one of those cases; it's a poor rule that won't work both ways, you know. Your uncle and Old Huntingdon are two wise old boys. They're both on to this stock-market game from oysters to cheese; so I suppose they're both making money out of this deal, each in his own way."

"If that's the case," expostulated J. Augustus, "it wouldn't make any difference that I can see whether we bought or sold."

"Only this," explained Waterbury James; "that it's a lot easier to sell some-

thing that you haven't got than to buy something that you don't want. Ergo, I'm a bear."

"Me, too," chimed in Hampton Smythe. "Beside me the tallest grizzly that ever shinned a peak will look like one of the seventy-five-cent variety of Teddy, or garden, bears."

"Well," said J. Augustus, at length, "I suppose I might as well get in on the bear end of the game, too. If it's six of one to half a dozen of the other, I'd better be growling with you two than bellowing alone. Where shall we go?"

#### IV

ON reaching home that evening, Mr. William H. Huntingdon found that once again J. Augustus had preceded him. And noting the assiduity with which, as on the night before, he remained unnoticed, he smiled to himself and slowly crossed to where sat his daughter and J. Augustus.

"Good evening," he said, solemnly.

The two looked up. "Why, is that you, daddy, dear?" cried the girl.

"I have every reason to believe it is," he returned, gravely; and then, to J. Augustus, he said:

"VanDuzen, yesterday morning you gave me a very fortunate bit of information. I do not wish to seem ungrateful; so I will return the favor. And the friendly, and altogether disinterested advice that I would extend to you is: Get out of town before your uncle returns."

J. Augustus sat up in much surprise.

"Why," he exclaimed, amazedly, "what in the world have I— Why should I— What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied the elder man, "that I would be in no way responsible for your premature demise. I understand," he went on, "that you made a considerable amount of money to-day."

"Why, yes," assented J. Augustus, modestly. "Forty or fifty thousand, I suppose. How did you know?"

The other waved the question aside.

"I would attempt to explain all to which the last forty-eight hours have given birth," he said, "but I despair of the success of my endeavors. Suffice to say that your uncle made an attempt to get control

of Southern Central. I said, you notice, 'an attempt.' Do you understand?"

J. Augustus shook his head, insouciantly.

"Not exactly," he returned. "What do you suppose uncle got out of it?"

"Apoplexy," returned Mr. Huntingdon, succinctly; "which is infinitely preferable to what you'll get when he returns. There's a steamer sailing late to-night. I'd advise you to take it."

"Well," said J. Augustus, largely, "I'm sorry if uncle's peevish. But I'm too busy to bother with business now." And he diverted his eyes and his mind from all issues save the dark-haired, dark-eyed, red-lipped girl who sat in the great chair across from his own.

The financier stood for a moment gazing at them, a little, knowing, whimsical, gentle smile softening the hard lines of his Wall Street mouth; and then, quietly, he made an exit that was distinguished by the lack of attention that it drew.

## V

WHEN Mr. Huntingdon arrived home from his club, still later on that same evening, the butler handed him two notes.

"Hi was hinstucted to say as 'ow they was werry himportant, sir," he said.

His employer surrendered hat, stick, and coat, and uninterestedly opened the first of the two notes. But with the perusal of the first few words, all lack of concentration vanished with alarming celerity.

"Dear Mr. Huntingdon," he read, "I have taken your advice and your daughter. Pray commend me for the former and forgive me for the latter. We tried to find you so that you could be at the wedding; but we had only an hour and a half in which to be married and get to the pier; so——"

The letter, all the rest unread, fluttered to the floor; and the other was torn open by feverish fingers and devoured wildly by feverish eyes.

DADDY DEAR (it read): I just can't help doing this. I know it's undutiful and wrong and that it will hurt you (here three tear blots), but I love him so much, and he loves me and

he's such a good business man and can be so sweet and tender and— I just couldn't help going with him if I wanted to. And I don't want to. I love you, daddy dear, and I'm so sorry, and so glad, and we won't be gone long—only a month or two—probably in the south of France—I'll send your our address and cable you from the other side and write every day on the boat and I know you'll forgive me when you have a chance to see for yourself how dear he is and, daddy, I'm sorry again, and happy, too, and I don't know whether to laugh or cry. So I think I'll do both and——

That letter, too, joined its fellow on the floor. And the butler straightway followed; for he had been inadvertently standing between his employer and the door.

## VI

HALF an hour later, on that same pregnant evening, two taximeter cabs arrived at the head of the Trans-Oceanic sailing pier at precisely the same time. And the slowness of their traffic-imposed pace seemed so to gall their respective occupants that they both coincidentally leaped from their respective vehicles and charged down to the stringpiece; where, since the boat had left some hours before, they danced up and down and waved their fists in the air, the while expressing themselves as their respective occasions seemed to demand.

At length their respective gazes happened to fall upon one another; whereat upon each, with startling suddenness, there fell a cloak of rigid dignity.

"Stuyvesant VanDorn!" exclaimed the first figure, to itself; and then it smiled.

"Bill Huntingdon!" exclaimed the second figure, to itself; and it, too, would have smiled, had it known all that the other figure knew.

And then, each haughtily ignoring the presence of the other, they sought, with much dignity, their respective taximeters, within the seclusion of which, they spent respectively turgid half hours mutually anathematizing J. Augustus VanDuzen.

But J. Augustus, bound heavenward on an Eden & Paradise liner, wouldn't have cared had he known it; nor would he have known it had he cared.

# THE FIRST TWENTIETH CENTURY REVOLUTION

BY KERCHEVAL WOLFF



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT is reputed to have said: "The Public be Damned!" It is doubtful if in the entire world's history four more expensive words were ever uttered or ascribed to an individual. The conversation between the German Emperor and the French Ambassador that brought on the Franco-Prussian War with all its attendant costs of defeat, the maintenance of great armies, and the whole chain of events that has wasted the substance of the nations of Europe was probably not responsible for so large a cost as these four words to American corporations and American public. Mr. Vanderbilt probably did not say it, because the Vanderbilts of his day were shrewd, far-seeing, effective men and, if their investments be taken as criteria, realized absolutely the mutual identity of their corporation interests with those of the public. They had enough of common sense to see that what injured the public injured their corporations and that when their corporations suffered the public suffered. But this is aside from the mark, for the public believes that a Vanderbilt said these four words.

In those days the word Vanderbilt stood for corporation life. It epitomized corporation success, it symbolized all that the great corporation stood for. Hence when the public believed that a Vanderbilt had "damned" them it became accepted that this was the mental if not the avowed attitude of all corporation men. Warfare ensued and while the public hunted and pounded the corporation, the corporation, in turn, fought back until there actually

grew up a large school of corporation managers who regarded the public as hopeless to deal with and who resorted to various ruthless methods.

Even to-day the average man still believes that the average corporation, particularly if it be one that directly serves the public or is a particularly large aggregation of capital, is animated by a spirit of enmity to the public which it fiercely pursues, seeking every possible advantage, whether legitimate or undue.

Sometimes people who participate in revolutions do not realize what is going on. Macaulay believed that the vast majority of the people of England during the trying days of the Tudors, when first one and then the other side burned official disbelievers, did not realize what was going on. Yet the Reformation was under way. Be this as it may, a well-known fact is that one of the greatest revolutions of the nineteenth century was a change in the form of government in England which left it virtually a democracy. Yet the men who participated in this movement, even the leaders, were in their graves before historians recognized that a revolution had taken place.

It is possible that the average American feels the same way in regard to the revolution in corporate sentiment and ideals which has taken place within the last decade, and which is so momentous and far-reaching in its effects that it is rightly to be called the first revolution of the twentieth century. Through the length and breadth of the land corporations, large and small, are doing, and indeed have been doing, all that President Roosevelt has urged that corporations should do. This



is a startling statement to be made in the face of the fact that probably the majority of Americans believe that President Roosevelt is fighting the fight of his life against the might of the corporations.

Take the question of publicity as enforced by the Cullom Act of 1887, which created the Interstate Commerce Commission, at present limited to railroads. The largest industrial corporation in the world, an aggregation of capital comparable only to that under control of the Pennsylvania, New York Central, and Union Pacific systems, is the United States Steel Corporation, which every quarter sets forth in the most minute detail its entire financial operations. It has also applied the principle of physical valuation, another point over which there is much fighting.

The International Harvester Company, hounded out of Arkansas by the first citizen of that state, United States Senator Jeffries Davis, and preached at as the tyrant of the farmers, has not merely reduced the cost of its machinery in the face of increased cost of materials, not merely made free to the world its financial statements—it has gone beyond this. Back in the fall of 1905 it voluntarily checked all action on the part of loyal and zealous employees to follow the ordinary course of business by making agreements with competitors. At the same time it invited the fullest inspection of the United States Government.

The late President Alexander J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and President Charles S. Mellen, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, are known to have stood by the President and to have supported him in his fight for railroad regulation while the Hepburn bill was pending in Congress. But these men were not alone. The Elkins bill outlawing the rebates prohibited by the Cullom law is the law under which successful prosecutions have been made, and it is the law which was passed at the unanimous desire and by the unanimous consent of the American railroads.

All railroad men have opposed rebating, and it is because of a confusion in the public mind that they have been credited with absolutely opposing the President. This confusion has been taken advantage of by politicians and made an issue which has raised many a leader to national eminence.

It was in the trying days of 1898, even before Colonel Roosevelt had been elected Governor of the State of New York and while the railroads were fighting fiercely for traffic and yielding to the temptations of the big shippers, that B. F. Yoakum, now chairman of the Executive Committee of the Rock Island System, then as to-day one of the leaders of the "new school" of railroading, took a stand that enables him to say:

"Whatever motive might be charged against me in pleading for the future of Texas, I can say that I am on record as far back as 1898 as strongly favoring a system for control of railroads under such rules and regulations as would properly protect the public from abuses, injustice, and extortion, and equally as strong in favor of the abolition of all special privileges or discriminations against any class of shippers in favor of another; but when through agitation unjust laws that go to the extent of obstructing the proper and natural development of a country like ours are passed, my whole nature rebels and is against such restrictive measures. They are unjust, not only to the railroads, but to the people whom the railroads serve."

Mr. Yoakum goes further in his vigorous views regarding unwise railroad managers and that part of the public which is called "unthinking." He says:

"The political theory that the public service corporations and the public that they serve must continue a feeling of antagonism instead of close coöperation is a false one, and the great masses of thinking people are beginning to realize it, and they will soon coöperate through methods that are fair to both, and our public officers will be men who realize the importance of closer coöperation with these institutions, and the people and the railroad managers will do all in their power to bring around that friendly feeling that should exist, rather than to pursue the course that a great many have pursued for the last few years, which to-day is costing the country and the public untold benefits. The pendulum that marks the center of fairness has been gradually pulled to one side, until to-day it departs so far from the standard that it is at an angle of about forty-five degrees, but it is going to gradually swing to its proper position, denoting a fair and

equitable deal to all, not only in Texas, but throughout the United States, as the merchant realizes that his business is slipping away from him, as the land owner appreciates the fact that values are being discredited, as the wage-earner realizes that, while the politicians are condemning all institutions of the country, he and his family are going without proper necessities of life. They are already beginning to ask in what way they are being benefited by the unjust attacks being made upon our transportation and manufacturing industries."

Previously, after panics, heads of great corporations have ignored the public's natural interest in future possibilities and have refused information. Not so to-day. Judge E. H. Gary, the president of the United States Steel Corporation, has recently shown admirable frankness on the questions of the business outlook and the relations of his company to the so-called "new dispensation" or "Rooseveltian policy." Judge Gary said:

"I am an optimist; forced to be one by the conditions of the country as I see them. We have been traveling in the clouds of uncertainty and distrust. Sometimes it has been difficult to distinguish the way; but soon the clouds will begin to disappear and we shall see that we are on the mountain top of opportunity. This country produces from the ground annually not less than ten billion dollars in value, and a large portion of this consists of necessities which the people of this country and other countries need and will pay for, while a large portion of our expenditures for importations consists of luxuries. A little economy for the next twelve months will result in the retention in this country of the proceeds of the balance of trade, and we shall have ample funds for our business necessities. In spite of the demagogue or the anarchist—and one is about as bad as the other—this country is certain to be successful and prosperous."

On the second point Judge Gary said:

"Frequently remarks of a personal character are made in jest which are supposed to be made in earnest. I do not deal in personalities. I do not believe in vituperation nor in fulsome praise. There are questions under consideration at this time of the greatest importance. They relate to the effect of the utterances and action of

the President upon business conditions. I do not hesitate to state in public that the policy of the present administration, criticised by some and praised by others, has had a great personal influence upon your president [Judge Gary himself] who occupies a position of responsibility. The declarations of the President have increased the feeling of responsibility of many of us toward the stockholders we represent, toward our competitors, our customers, our employees, and the public generally. In my opinion business is done on a better basis and on a higher plane because of the conduct and example of the President; and it is due him that acknowledgment of this fact be made by those who are affected."

This point of view may be explained in the words of Mr. Mellen, who said to the writer, explaining his attitude toward the public, which has been notable for its friendliness and consideration: "Do not misunderstand me—I have no right to consider the public. My duty is to my stockholders, but I believe that my duty to my stockholders requires that I should always consider the interests of the public." There is the spirit of the new revolution in a few words.

Theodore N. Vail was trained in the government service. He built up the Railway Mail Service and was considered to have sacrificed a promising career when he left it to become general manager of the first Bell company exploiting the "Scientific toy," as the telephone was called. Thirty years later he was called back into the telephone field as president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with assets of half a billion dollars, exclusively devoted to a public utility, with 3,800,000 subscribers' stations, so that it comes into contact with over 15,000,000 of the people of these United States. Mr. Vail has signalized his return by taking a bold stand. He says:

"The result of these conditions has been to create in the minds of the public, and of public bodies, misleading and mistaken ideas of the telephone business. . . . In controversies as to rates, the policy of our associated companies has been to make a complete and absolute showing of the condition, cost and value of plant, cost and value of service, cost and necessity of proper maintenance, and the broad posi-

tion is taken that neither our company nor the associated companies have anything to conceal or anything to apologize for, that the capitalization of all the companies is conservative, far within justifiable limits, and in the relation between the replacement value of the properties and the capitalization of the companies, unique. Fair rates, therefore, should be authorized or acquiesced in, for it is only by fair rates that good service to the public and permanent, healthy conditions can be created or maintained. With a full knowledge of all surrounding circumstances and conditions, it is believed that this would be fully acquiesced in by the public.

"It does not seem possible that there can be any question of the justice of this position. That being granted, the facts to be settled are:

"Is the management honest and competent?

"What is the investment?

"Is the property represented by that investment maintained at a high standard?

"What percentage of return does it show?

"Is that a fair return?

"Is it obtained by a reasonable distribution of gross charges?

"If these questions are answered satisfactorily, there can be no basis for conflict between the company and the public, and the less the working conditions are made inflexible by legislative proscription, the better will be the solution of the constantly changing problems incident to a growing business."

In regard to governmental regulation he says:

"It is contended that if there is to be no competition, there should be public control. It is not believed that there is any serious objection to such control, provided it is independent, intelligent, considerate, thorough and just, recognizing, as does the Interstate Commerce Commission in its report recently issued, that capital is entitled to its fair return, and good management or enterprise to its reward."

But this was not all, for Mr. Vail applied the Rooseveltian doctrine of physical valuation, and proved, as has the Pennsylvania and the New Haven, that it works to the advantage of company, public, and investors alike.

In closing there is no better illustration of the spirit of the new revolution than the letter of President Cyrus H. McCormick, of the so-called "Harvester Trust," transmitting the resolutions of the Board of Directors forbidding minor employees to transgress in the slightest degree the laws against fixing prices. In that letter, he wrote:

"While I am aware that the policy of this company, as herein outlined, has not been the policy of all large corporations, and appreciate the too prevalent impression that such regulations are frequently made only to be broken, it must be clearly understood that this company will maintain a policy of absolute obedience to the law, and that no plea of profit or expediency will excuse any evasion of the letter or intent of these instructions."

## THE OPEN

By ADELE LIPPENCOTT

A RAW rough evening over the moor,  
The wind clouds scurry across the sky,  
The birds are hurrying headlong home,  
The boatman's call is an urgent cry;  
And the beach is white with spume and foam.

A true dear heart is a resting place,  
And a resting place is a home;  
But my fetterless soul wants breathing space,  
And I am content to roam.

# AN ISLAND CORNER

BY JOHN OXENHAM

## CHAPTER IX (Continued)



VANDENBYL remained inside to discuss the next meal with Miss Katie, and the others turned out for their after-breakfast smoke. Mr. Hawke sat still buried deep in his mournful meditations.

"Come along, old man," said Dansie, taking him by the arm. "Come for a walk. It'll cheer you up."

"Fifteen pounds!" murmured Hawke. But Dansie insisted in his jovial way, and led him off along the golf links.

"See here, Hawke, have you got any money about you?"

"More money? What is it you want, Mr. Dansie? I ain't got no money, not here."

"That's a pity," said Dansie. "If you had, we could knock Vandenbyl into a cocked hat—Trust and all. But all my cash was on the yacht, and we haven't got five pounds among us. I've been trying to work it on our rings and things. But actual cash would clinch the matter at once."

"What you want it for? What's your scheme?" asked Mr. Hawke, pricking up his ears.

"Well, it's no good giving it away if you can't finance it. I'd an idea you might have some cash on you."

"Vell—maybe I find a bit if it is a good scheme. What is it?"

"Can you find fifty pounds?"

"Vell—maybe I find fifty pounds if the scheme is a good scheme."

"Well, I'll tell you," and they laid their heads together and paced to and fro on one

of Vandenbyl's putting greens, which was still very lumpy in spite of all his and the Duke's hard work. They had only one hole to finish, and were looking forward impatiently to playing a complete round that very day.

It was wonderful what a change that little confidential chat made in Mr. Hawke. When he returned to Chase and Ravenor, and told Chase that Dansie wanted him up at the lighthouse, he was almost cheerful. When Vandenbyl came out and sat down complacently for his smoke, Mr. Hawke showed no more resentment than if his breakfast had cost him only one shilling and sixpence.

"What is going to be the end of these big trusts in America, Mr. Vandenbyl?" he inquired.

"Dear knows; I don't. So we may as well enjoy ourselves while we're young. I'll trouble you for that I. O. U. for breakfast, if you don't mind, Mr. Hawke, and while you're at it you may as well make one out for dinner as well. The Trust requires payment in advance."

"Certainly," said Mr. Hawke, and scribbled his promises to pay, without a moment's hesitation, on two slips of paper which Vandenbyl had thoughtfully provided for the purpose.

"Where's everybody?" asked Vandenbyl, lazily suffering his pipe of black twist.

"On the links, I guess," said Ravenor.

"The Duke's been practicing No. 4 ever since breakfast, but he can't manage it. When are you going to be in working order, Van? Play you for ten pounds, and give you two holes start."

"Make it three and I'll play you for Mr. Hawke's breakfast I. O. U. against fifteen Askandagas."

"Tchutt! You'll cut yourself some day, my boy. Askandagas at 1½ you were saying. Fifteen pounds"—and he figured it out on a piece of stone with a bit of shell; "let's see—h'm, h'm, h'm—that's just about eight and a half Askandagas at 1½. I don't mind doing it at that, though I doubt if I'd ever have the cheek to ask Mr. Hawke to redeem his paper."

"That's all right. Got to win it first, my boy. As soon as I've had rest from my labors I'll tackle the links. We've only one more hole. You might give us a hand, Ravenor."

"I'd be sorry to spoil your credit for it," said Ravenor, lazily. "You and the Duke have done it first rate between you. If either of you get stone broke you could almost earn a living at road mending, I should say."

When Dansie and Chase came sauntering round the edge of the cottage at last, it looked as though their inspection of the golf links had given them much gratification. Dansie winked at Mr. Hawke, whose interest in golf links was less than nothing, and Mr. Hawke's face glowed with equal satisfaction.

"Mr. Vandenbyl," said Chase, "if you'll get that links finished I don't mind showing you how to play."

"Mr. Ravenor has just booked me for the first round," said Vandenbyl. "I guess I'll just go along and see how the Duke's getting on. He doesn't do much unless I'm standing over him, and not a great deal then," and he got up and went off to look after his partner, while the four conspirators sat in the sun with their backs against the cottage wall and discussed the future with complacent expectation.

Vandenbyl and the Duke toiled laboriously, but it was sunset before the last hole was finished, and when they came in to supper Ravenor advised them both to walk bodily into the sea, and wash themselves and their clothes at one operation before sitting down to meat.

They all ate without reference to expense. The Duke was ravenous. Mr. Hawke's murmurs were stilled, and even his bad cold showed signs of improvement. In fact, things ran so very smoothly that Vandenbyl was inclined to be suspicious of them, and even while he mentally reckoned up his gains there was that wrinkle in his

brow. He took a quiet stroll all by himself in the dark, and in the course of it climbed the lighthouse ladder and had a chat with Mr. MacNeil and something of an argument with him. But he got little for his pains, for the old man would do little but shake his head, and slap his leg with his big brown hand, and chuckle amusedly. And as to letting himself be drawn into any more Trust deals on the strength of Mr. Hawke's I. O. U.'s or his own, which were all the inducements Vandenbyl had left to offer him, he simply refused to look at them. And Vandenbyl returned homeward with that thoughtful wrinkle a little deeper still in his brow.

## CHAPTER X

THE Duke did not feel by any means unduly elated by his pedestrian victory over the McTavish. It was not exactly, from some points of view, the kind of feat one would be inclined to boast about, even in one's most elevated moments and among one's most intimate acquaintances.

His resentment at any reference to it by the other members of the party showed itself in a frigidity of manner which made them think of a little red apple trying its best to look sour.

In Mr. Hawke alone was there found sufficient fellow-feeling to keep him from word of banter. He too had endured the McTavish, and understood the full weight of the infliction.

The others, however, recalled the Anglo-Scottish Stakes from time to time with constantly recurring enjoyment. There was so little passing on the island that they would have welcomed the sight of Hector's sail in the offing again with delight.

"Duke," said Vandenbyl, "you're a born athlete. I never was so surprised at anything in my life as the way you went up that ladder. I doubt if any man on the yacht could have done it better."

"If the wild man comes again we'll arrange a steeplechase round the island," said Ravenor. "I bet you could give him twenty yards and beat him in the first lap. I laid my money on you the other day, but Dansie cried off when you jibbed off the course."



"You hit the wild man with a stick and I'll bet on you," said the Duke. "He's not the kind of man one wants to walk over one, don't you know. His feet are like sledge hammers."

"Never you mind them, Duke. The man that fights and makes a dexterous retreat when the enemy is too strong for him is the man that lives to face the music next time," said Dansie, soothingly.

"I don't want ever to set eyes on him again," said the Duke. "He's not the kind of man I care to associate with, don't you know."

"That's quite the idea you gave us the other day, my boy," laughed Ravenor, "and I'm bound to say you acted well up to your principles."

Miss Katie, however, in spite of her quick dissociation from the Duke on Big Hector's advent, was sympathy itself.

"He iss a ferry fierce man at times, iss Hector McTavish," she said, in that soft intonation which played like a master hand on the strings of the Duke's heart.

The Duke was stirring the pot rather frostily. He would not go the extreme length of cutting Miss Katie and the whole business, but it was impossible quite to forget how ruthlessly he had been flung aside the moment the big stranger appeared.

"He's a bear," he said, gruffly, "with the manners of a bull. I'm surprised you can put up with him."

"Oh, he iss a ferry good man iss Hector McTavish, unless somepody angers him and then he iss a ferry fierce man. But he hass a good heart and he does play the pipes better than any man in the islands."

"I'd be sorry to hear the next man," said the Duke. "People like that ought not to be allowed to go about loose."

"He would be a ferry big man who woult stop Hector McTavish," said Miss Katie. "And he iss a good man when he iss not angry. You will be spoiling the porridge if you think angrily while you stir it."

"Well, then, don't talk any more about that great hulking brute. Let's try to forget him."

"He iss not a brute, but I will not speak of him any more," and the peace which the arrival of Big Hector had so seriously disturbed reigned once again and the porridge did not suffer.

## CHAPTER XI

WHEN Vandenbyl turned out next morning, his eye sprang instantly to a notice affixed to the cottage door underneath his own. It ran as follows:

### NOTICE

The Skor Vhean Land Company having leased the island of Skor Vhean, visitors are hereby warned that their presence will only be permitted on payment of the following charges:

Americans—Entrance Fee, 1,500 Askan-dagas, and a daily subscription of 300 Askan-dagas.

Members of the London Stock Exchange, and of the S. V. Land Co.—FREE, subject to the regulations of the Company.

Dukes, Captains, Sailors, and original inhabitants, FREE.

NOTE.—Sheep and other trespassers will be dealt with as the Company may decide.

These terms and conditions are subject to variation.

By order,

THE SKOR VHEAN LAND CO.,

President, CHARLES H. DANSIE, ESQ.

Vice-President, I. HAWKE, ESQ.

Secretary, G. CHASE, ESQ.

Treasurer, J. RAVENOR, ESQ.

Vandenbyl stared at this effusion with compressed lips for some time. Then he turned on his heel and went for a moment into the cottage. He came out with a small box in his hand and went down to the rocks to think it out. As he went he murmured, "Darn the old fox, I wonder how they managed to get around him."

When he saw Miss Katie descend the lighthouse ladder he went toward her.

"Father up, Miss Katie?"

"Yes, sir, he iss in the light. What iss it that I will get ready this morning?" And she looked at the box in his hand.

"Porridge at present. I'll let you know the rest later," and he climbed up into the lighthouse.

"Why, where's the president?" asked

Dansie, when Miss Katie roused the rest of the party at the cottage.

"He iss gone up to the light," she said, with a smile.

"I see! And what has he ordered for breakfast, Miss Katie?"

"Porritch, sir, and the rest he will tell me later. But——"

"And is there anything else down here that we can eat?"

"There iss some whiskey, and some sugar, and a few tins of corned beef. But——"

"And you could make us some oatcakes, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yess, I have the girdle here. But Mr. Vandenbyl, he hass taken away the salt with him."

"Oh, never mind the salt, we'll do famously. What about killing another sheep? It's about due, isn't it?"

"Yess. My father did talk of killing one, but you all wanted the tinned meats."

"Well, now I think we're about ready to turn on to fresh mutton."

"But they are Mr. Vandenbyl's sheep."

"They were. They're mine now. You see they're trespassing on my land and so I can deal with them."

"I see. I am ferry glad."

Here Mr. MacNeil came rolling up with his fishing lines in his hand.

"Ah-ha! Trespassing, Mr. MacNeil!" cried Dansie.

"A-weel!" grinned the old man.

"What's the condections of the Comp'ny?"

"That you bring all your fish here and leave us what we need."

"A' richt! He's that mad I wantit oot the hoose. He tell't me to catch them sheep and kill one. What 'll I do?"

"The sheep are confiscated as trespassers. You can kill one and we will divide it with you."

"Richt!" and the old man went on his way, smiling like Neptune at sight of an unusually pretty mermaid.

The early morning air was crisp and cold, and the other men paced the links at speed to get warm. The Duke was inside the cottage as usual making up to Miss Katie under cover of the porridge spoon. Mr. Hawke looked out and sniffed the sharp air, and then picked his way casually along the rocky shore till he came on Mr. MacNeil busy with his fishing.

The old man glanced darkly at him from

under his big blue Tam, and grunted a welcome which would have sent any but a pachyderm to the right about at once. But Mr. Hawke was not thin-skinned. He had made his own way in a tough world.

"Good morning, Mr. MacNeil," he said pleasantly.

"'Morn'," growled the old man, and Hawke plunged into business.

"Tell me, Mr. MacNeil, is there anything left on the island that you haven't sold or let yet?" He perceived the old man's disinclination for any dealings with him, and added hastily: "I have the money all right, good English notes and gold. I do not believe in dealing in I. O. U.'s when you are so far out of the world as this——"

"Aye-ee!" said Mr. MacNeil. "An' what about your I. O. U.'s for the eating? I wass offered some of them yestertay by the American Shentleman."

"That's all right! Don't you have anything to do with them. I am not at all sure they would hold good. They are extorted under compulsion, and if I chose I think I could legally dispute them. They are good enough to play against that Yankee shark, but for honest men I have the good English notes and gold."

"Let's see ut!" said Mr. MacNeil, and Mr. Hawke produced some gold pieces and let him handle them.

"Ay—weel!" said Mr. MacNeil, shaking the gold in his hand as if reluctant to part with it. "An' what iss it you would like to puy?"

"What have you got to sell?"

The old man scratched his head and thought hard. Here was a golden harvest which must not be allowed to go unreaped. What had he left that the man could be induced to buy? He ran over his personal possessions and family relics and superfluous stores of clothing, but he doubted if they would appeal to this man of gold.

"There iss some old things up in the light," he said at last tentatively.

"What kind of old things?"

"Well, there iss some olt pishtols and a sword. They're maype a pit rusty, but——"

"I don't want them."

"An' there is a big Biple that kem off a ship that wass wrecked——"

"I don't want a Bible."

"Gosh! I hef it! I hef a goot siller

watch and some old siller coins and ornymints—at I hef fount one tay on the reef in the poat”—and he grabbed Mr. Hawke's arm in great excitement—"an' there iss more town there. Oh, yes, there iss more town there," he said in an eager whisper—"plenty more town there."

"How d'you know there are more down there?"

"Gosh, man! I hef seen them in the watter. And there iss bits of glass in one of the ornymints, oh, yes!"

"Oh, bits of glass!" said Mr. Hawke, disparagingly. "Well, I'll look at them. Silver is right, but bits of glass—! And have you sold the boat?"

"I hef not. What would I sell the poat for?"

"I will give you two pounds for the sole right to use it for the next fourteen days."

"Two pounds? That iss a goot poat, let me tell you. It iss worth much more as two pounds. Oh, much more! You shall hef it for ten pounds."

"I give you three, and you show me where you found the things in the water and give me what more we find."

"Ah there! That iss worth much more as three pounds. I could not to it unter nine pounds, and it iss cheap at nine pounds, let me tell you."

"I give you three-ten, and you throw in the things you have in the light," said Mr. Hawke.

"No, nine pounds."

"There is nothing in it, my friend, at that price," and Mr. Hawke reached out his hand for the gold, which clung to Mr. MacNeil's sodden palm as the coins to Cassim's wife's measure.

"Aweel, I'll mek it eight pounds—to you."

"There is nothing in it at that price, my friend," and Mr. Hawke got up to go. Mr. MacNeil hesitated and then surrendered the coins as if they were drops of his life's blood.

"Say seven!" he said appealingly.

"I give you four," and Mr. Hawke turned, "and not another penny—not if you was to starve—"

He moved away. In his own mind Mr. MacNeil valued the boat at possibly a pound, and the things he had up in the light, they might be worth perhaps another. But he hated to be beaten. His

natural pride withheld him from making any further concession of his own accord, and he would probably have let Mr. Hawke and the golden opportunity go sooner than make any further reduction.

Mr. Hawke was only following out his natural instincts, and as the old man turned again to his fishing he stopped and looked at him. Mr. MacNeil hauled in a fish with quite unnecessary violence.

"Well! See! I give you four pound ten," said Hawke.

"I'll—tek—five—pounds, and be tamed t'ye," said Mr. MacNeil savagely.

"Well, I give you five pound, but you will show me first the things in the light, and if they are not good it is off. Silver ornaments with bits of glass are not the fashion now. And you will show me where you found them, and you will row me in the boat, and if we find more they are mine. Is it not? Now you have got fish enough and we go and see the things in the light."

"What's Hawke up to with old Tammy now?" said Ravenor, as they saw the two pass at a businesslike pace toward the lighthouse, after delivering a supply of fish at the cottage.

"I've an idea the old chap can take care of himself pretty well," said Chase, and he laughed quietly at the recollection he had of some of his and Dansie's attempted dealings with Mr. MacNeil.

"You bet he can," laughed Dansie.

## CHAPTER XII

VANDENBYL, on the balcony of the light, saw old Tam and Mr. Hawke approaching, and came down to the front door to meet them. He had been busily revolving new schemes and combinations from the moment he quitted the cottage. He still held the stock of provisions and the salt. His ideas ran naturally to a grand combine of the two companies. He thought possibly Mr. Hawke might be plenipotentiary with terms. But he was speedily undeceived.

"Well, Mr. MacNeil," he said, "you let those other fellows get round you after all."

"Ay?—did I?" said the old man with a grin.

"You bet you did. I'd have given you

your own terms, and my promises to pay are as good as theirs."

"Mebbe, mebbe! I woul't not say no. But golt is better as paper any tay, Mr. Van-den-byl. Oh, yes, I take one pount in golt any tay for five pounts in paper."

"And they paid you in gold? Where in thunder—? I see—" as he considered Mr. Hawke. "You had gold all the time and you fobbed me off with the paper."

"It was you proposed it, Mr. Vandenbyl. 'Give me your I. O. U.'s,' said you, and I give them. I sooner give my I. O. U.'s any day than give my gold, especially when a man is trying to swindle me in the eye. But Isidor Hawke is not a good man to swindle," and the long horse face nodded sapiently.

Vandenbyl looked out over the door-sill to the ground fifty feet below.

"I wonder if you'd break your neck if I threw you out?" he said, with a meaning look, and he advanced to Hawke and made as though he would carry out his threat.

But old MacNeil interfered with a quiet, "Hoots, man! Leave him alone. I hef some pishness with him, and we cannot do our pishness iff you preak his neck."

"He'll get ahead of you, Mr. MacNeil," began Vandenbyl, and then looked at them both and said: "Nay, I'm not at all sure that he will. You're a pair. I'll stop and see fair play."

"Not a bit of it! We don't want——"

"Fair play?" said Vandenbyl.

"No—you! We can do our business quite well without you, Mr. Vandenbyl," said Mr. Hawke, emphatically. And old MacNeil led the way up the staircase to the sitting-room kitchen, which, since the arrival of so many visitors, the two girls were also using as a bedroom. Vandenbyl followed, half inclined to stop with them from sheer contrariness and because they so evidently wanted him away. Then he thought better of it and went on up into the light where the younger girl was busily polishing the reflectors.

"Here iss the coins," said Mr. MacNeil, opening a big seaman's chest and taking out a small leather bag, "and here iss the ornyments," and he unwrapped a small paper parcel.

Mr. Hawke looked at the pieces of silver, dull with age and the incrustations of long immersion in the salt water. He

picked up the silver ornaments, but did not seem to think highly of them, for after a glance he put them down, and took up the money again.

"They are old," he said discouragingly, "and I don't know how much of them is silver. They look like lead to me. But I am not a man to go off a bargain. You'll throw in the pistols and the sword and the Bible? And you'll row the boat and show me where these things came from. If we could find some more it might be worth while." He looked doubtful about it, but after weighing the matter carefully in his mind he said again, "But I am not the man to go off a bargain, and I draw up the agreement of sale and hire."

"Aweel! I thoct ye didna want the pishtols and the Biple and——"

"I give the Bible to Mr. Vandenbyl. You give it him with my compliments, Mr. MacNeil. It may do him good. The pistols I will keep as a curiosity. It is not much of a bargain unless we can find some more of these things."

So he drew up the agreement, and paid over the money, and went thoughtfully down the ladder, with the pistols in his pockets and the sword slung round his neck, and so back to the cottage for breakfast.

There the others did their best to pump him as to his business at the light and the meaning of his armament, but got little for their pains.

"See old Van up there, Mr. Hawke?" asked Ravenor.

"Oh, yes. I saw him."

"How's he feeling about things now?"

"He is feeling not good."

"That's all right. Glad he appreciates the situation. Had he any suggestions to make?"

"He suggested throwing me down the ladder."

"Ah! Looks on you as head and front of the offense, I suppose."

"No, I called him a swindler for his tricky business mid the eatables."

"Gad! That was plucky of you, Mr. Hawke," said the Duke, with a look of great admiration on his face. "I don't know that I'd have ventured to go that far myself, don't you know, though I've felt like it more than once."

"And I give him a Bible to do him good."

"You gave Vandenbyl a Bible?" laughed Dansie. "Why, where did you get it? You don't carry 'em about with you, do you?"

"I had bought it from Mr. MacNeil with some other old curious, and I had no use for it, so I gave it to Mr. Vandenbyl."

"And he offered to throw you downstairs."

"He did, but I was not on. I bought these old pistols and that sword also. Whad do you make of them, Mr. Chase?"

Chase had been examining them already with some curiosity.

"Where did the old chap get them?" he asked.

"Out of the sea, he says."

"They're old flint wheel-locks. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they were genuine Armada relics."

"That is what I supposed," said Mr. Hawke, and went on with his breakfast full of thought.

After a smoke the four went off for a round of the links, and enjoyed their game the more at sight of Vandenbyl glowering down at them enviously from the balcony of the light.

Mr. Hawke, however, remained at the cottage, and when old MacNeil had come down and had killed and cut up one of the sheep, they two went off together to the ramshackle boat, and the old man rowed him, as per contract, to the place where he said he had fished up the relics, while Hawke kept down the water in the boat with an old tin dipper.

"It wass after a big storm I found them," said Mr. MacNeil, foresightedly, "and there was a neap tide too and the reef wass almost bare."

"And have you been oudt since the last storm to look for more?"

"I hef not had the time. I wass thinking I woult go, but I hef not had the time. Mebbe we will find some more to-day. You had petter go to throwing the watter out the poat."

"I hope so," said Mr. Hawke thoughtfully, and went on bailing.

"It wass shust apout here, mebbe," said Mr. MacNeil, taking his bearings and peering down over the side of the boat. "You can see the rocks plainly, and we will see iff we can fish up anything more whateffer. You had petter go on throwing the watter

out the poat," and he thrust down a very small net with a round metal ring round its mouth set on to the end of a long slender handle. With this he scooped and poked and dredged among the bowlders down below for a long time without success, and Mr. Hawke's eyes watched hungrily in the intervals of his bailing.

The old man went on poking and dredging, hauling up and thrusting down again with phlegmatic equanimity. It was all in the day's work. He had already received his pay for it, and the results were matter of perfect indifference to him. Mr. Hawke, however, as the disburser of hard cash, was keen to see something come up besides bits of rock and shells. The heavy horse face hung broodingly over the gunwale, full of hungry wonder as to the treasures which might lie there just beyond their sight as they had lain for centuries, and the water crept up round their ankles.

"Ach!" he gasped at last, as something more than rock and bits of shell came joggling up to the surface in the net. "There is something at last."

He grabbed the object and examined it carefully, and old MacNeil leaned over toward him and looked at it with a wild wonderment in his face which seemed quite out of keeping with the fact that the discovery, after all, was only what they had come for. It was small and round and flat and dull and heavy, and in the middle of it was set one of the "bits of glass" which, according to Mr. Hawke, were so completely gone out of fashion.

"What iss it?" gasped Mr. MacNeil, when his surprise allowed him to speak.

"An old brooch, I should say. Copper by the feel of it," and Mr. Hawke weighed it thoughtfully in his hand. "It is a curiosity, but it is not worth much," and he slipped it into his pocket. "Try again, Mr. MacNeil, in the same place. Perhaps there will be some more down there."

"You had petter go on throwing the watter out the poat," said Mr. MacNeil, as he stolidly thrust down his dredge again. But all their efforts only succeeded in fishing up one more dull water-worn silver coin, similar to those Mr. Hawke had already acquired possession of. He, however, did not seem ill-pleased with the results of their first attempt, and when Mr. MacNeil intimated that it was his bedtime, and that



if he didn't get his sleep in the day he could not keep awake in the night, the other made no objections and, without more words, they pulled ashore.

### CHAPTER XIII

MR. HAWKE was thoughtful and preoccupied all afternoon, and declined to gratify the golfers' curiosity as to his and old Tam's proceedings out in the boat.

"No," he said, with a weighty shake of the head, "we did not catch any fish. They would not bite to-day."

They had fresh mutton for dinner that day, but found it somewhat insipid for want of salt. And the language they used at Vandenbyl's foresight in taking it with him would have been sweet music in that astute gentleman's ears if he could have heard it.

When the rest turned out the following morning they found still another notice pinned to the cottage door, and they all gathered round to read it. It ran as follows:

#### NOTICE

##### TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Having acquired by right of purchase the sole right to the use of the only boat on this island,

Notice is hereby given that permission to use same can only be obtained from Mr. Isidor Hawke.

Terms.—£1,000 per trip each person.

Trespassers will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law.

ISIDOR HAWKE.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Ravenor. "What does he want with the old tub? He can't row."

"Gone dotty, I expect, don't you know," said the Duke, who had come out with the porridge spoon in his hand on hearing their exclamations of surprise.

"I expect it was the only thing left that he could collar, and he felt he must have a little pie of his own," laughed Dansie.

But Chase looked thoughtful and said nothing.

Mr. Hawke had gone for a stroll, and they all set on him the moment he returned.

"Say, Hawke, what on earth do you want with that rotten old boat?" asked Ravenor.

"Speak up, old man," gurgled Dansie. "You've got us all on the hip some way, I'll be bound, but I'm hanged if I see how yet."

"After breakfast I tell you," said Mr. Hawke, weightily. "Beesness is better after a meal than before it. Is it not?" and they all, except himself, hurried through their meal and sat waiting impatiently for Hawke to finish. He cleared off all the remaining eatables, with much growling at the lack of salt, and then got up, and they all went outside to their usual lounging place in the sun, with their backs to the cottage wall.

"You said those pistols were from the Spanish Armada, Mr. Chase," he began. "What do you make of these?" and he spread out before them the coins and one of the trinkets he had got from Mr. MacNeil. But now the trinket shone in the sun and the "bits of glass" twinkled merrily. Some of the coins he had also polished, and some he had left in their natural state.

"There's no doubt about these," said Chase, after a moment's careful examination of one of the coins. "They are Spanish coins of the time of Philip II. And these"—picking up one of the ornaments—

"Those are rubies and emeralds and sapphires, set in silver," said Mr. Hawke, quietly.

"Gad!" said the Duke. "Are there any more to be picked up about here, Mr. Hawke? I could do with a few dozen of 'em on my own account—that is, if they're to be had for the finding."

"Plenty more, maybe," said Mr. Hawke. "But you can't get them, and they belong to me by right of purchase."

"Does Mr. MacNeil know the value of these things?" asked Chase, quietly.

"He does not know and he must not know—yet," said Mr. Hawke. "When we have got all we can, then it will be time enough to tell him and to give him

what we think right. My idea is to form a small syndicate, hire a vessel when we get back, and a diver, and see what more we can find. Then the syndicate will divide up according to its holdings. There will be fifty shares of one hundred pounds each, and Mr. MacNeil and I take twenty-five shares for our interest. What d'you say, Mr. Dansie? How many will you take?"

"Oh, I guess I'll take some. It's a sporting chance," laughed Dansie. "I'll have a talk with Chase about it. I always like his views before I go into a thing."

"Right! And you, Mr. Ravenor?"

"We'll talk it over, old man, and then decide. Seems a pity to let it go out of the family if it's a good thing."

Chase said nothing. It was a curious fact about Chase that when he said least he always looked as if he could say a good deal more if he chose.

They discussed the matter among themselves, while Ravenor and the Duke played a round of the links, with Vandenbyl up on the light as critic. His Grace listened attentively to all that was said, but having no money to invest ventured on no remarks.

"Well?" asked Mr. Hawke, when they met at supper, "do you want any shares in the Treasure Trove Syndicate? I go to allotment to-night."

"At par, I suppose?" said Ravenor.

"Yes, we start square, anyway. But they will not stop long at par," he said, with a knowing nod.

"Well, we'll take up the twenty-five among us," said Dansie, "on condition that you let Chase investigate your title and all that. He'll make good anything that isn't sound in it, and see that old Tammy gets his fair share. You can put ten down to me, and five each to the others, including the Duke. I'll give you my I. O. U. for the lot, and we'll square up among ourselves."

"Right! I'll draw out the scrip. You make out your I. O. U.'s, Mr. Dansie, and Mr. Chase and I will see to the other matter."

#### CHAPTER XIV

VANDENBYL never set foot outside the lighthouse that day. He sat up in the gallery and watched them play golf over the

course he had toiled at so laboriously, and followed the doings of Mr. Hawke and old MacNeil in the boat with much curiosity. He smoked twist and paced the circumscribed round and found it extremely dull. He was a man of active habits, both of mind and body, and at present he found himself severely restricted on both of these counts.

The limited accommodation of the lighthouse was already strained to the utmost. The welfare of the occupants had not been affected by his smart manipulation of affairs down below, but they resented it, and he found the atmosphere many degrees lower than it was outside.

On the second day of his retirement, Ravenor, in the midst of a round of the links with the Duke, the others being in close and critical attendance, looked up after his ball one time and said "Hello!" and Chase, following his gaze, said "Ah-ha!" and Dansie, catching sight of the object of their attentions, said: "Quite so! You go over and see what he wants, Chase. There's no variation in terms." And Chase strode away through the whins to Vandenbyl, who was sitting on one of the lowest rungs of the lighthouse ladder fluttering a white handkerchief and swinging his long legs.

"Well, old man," said Chase. "Why don't you come down and have a game? What's the good of moulting up there like a—er—cormorant?"

"What terms?" asked Vandenbyl.

"As per Company's by-law. Entrance fee——"

"Oh, rats! That's sheer robbery——"

"Well, as to that, my boy, those square meals of yours were fairly steep, you know."

"They *were* perhaps a bit stiff," acknowledged Vandenbyl. "I've been thinking we might perhaps amalgamate the concern——"

"I see! On what basis do you suggest?"

"Start fresh from to-day on basis of present holdings."

"I'm afraid we couldn't do that. My principals wouldn't agree. Why should they? They've got enough to live on—sheep——"

"My sheep," interjected Vandenbyl.

"Not a bit of it. They trespassed on our property and are confiscated in the terms of clause 4 of the Land Company's proclamation. As a strict matter of law

you're trespassing yourself, you know, even when you're up the light. But that may be a case for a Superior Court, and at the moment we don't press it."

"Rubbish! my boy, and you know it. The old chap may have the right to sublet his scrag-end of a reef, but he can't sublet government property, and you know it as well as he does. However, we don't need to discuss that. You talk the other matter over with them, Chase. I'll come down and talk it over, too, if you like," and he kicked the rock with a swinging foot which longed evidently for a wider field than the circumscribed round of the lighthouse.

"That's a technical trespass anyway," said Chase, and Vandenbyl hastily drew the offending foot up onto the rung again. "You have infringed our rights in contravention of our by-laws with the provisions of which you are acquainted. Those are our pebbles. You've no earthly right to set foot on them. I am bound to institute an action in defense of our rights. Perhaps you would like to settle and stay proceedings. It'll be an expensive matter, you know. Commission to Skor Vhean and so on."

"We'll settle all that in the amalgamation. You talk it over with 'em, Chase, and if we come to terms, I'll——"

"Oh, come now, Vandenbyl, remember whom you're talking to."

"Keep your hair on, old man. I was going to say, when you interrupted me, that if you came to terms I wouldn't mind standing a square meal all round and whiskies and twist free."

"I'll tell you what we'll do. You're sickening for a walk. I can see it by your feet. Send down all the whisky and twist you have and you shall have one complete round of the links."

"Yes. I've no doubt. My own links, too!"

"It's never wise to start your improvements till your lease is signed," said Chase.

"By the way, Chase, what were those two old fellows playing at in that boat yesterday?"

"Hasn't Mr. MacNeil told you? There's an Armada ship out there below the reef. They were fishing up coins and—things."

"What kind of things?" asked Vandenbyl, quickly.

But Chase only nodded knowingly, and that only increased Vandenbyl's desire to know all about it.

"Is it a genuine find, Chase? Not a put-up job between those two old files?"

"It's genuine enough as far as I can see. Anyway, Dansie has paid £2,500 for a part share in the find."

"The deuce he has!" and Vandenbyl fired more and more and could not conceal it. His eyes sparkled. In his excitement his dangling foot came within an inch of the rock once more. Chase regarded it hopefully.

"I'm half inclined to accept your offer," said Vandenbyl, hastily drawing up the offending member. "If you'll throw in a trial round by myself first. I've never been all round it yet."

"All right! We'll throw that in. When shall we say?"

"This afternoon. You bring me the stick and ball here, and I'll hand you over the whisky and twist. Honor bright now, Chase. No catch in it. No actions for trespass."

"My word for it," said Chase.

And when he reported the arrangement to the others, Dansie's first word was, "You didn't think of including some salt, I suppose."

"By Jove!" said Chase, with a frown, "I forgot all about the salt."

"Too late now," said Dansie. "If you mention it he'll want the island in exchange."

Punctually at three the company met Vandenbyl at the foot of the ladder, and the exchange was made. The Duke and Ravenor conveyed the treasure to the cottage. Vandenbyl grasped his club and strode away to the links. Dansie and Chase went with him.

By five o'clock he had not succeeded in entering the first hole.

"I'm a bit out of practice," he said, cheerfully, "and it's a deuce of a course, though I say it myself."

At six o'clock he was still pottering about that first hole—overshooting, under-shooting, everything but getting in.

"A deuce and all of a course," said he, and went on banging away with stolid energy, while Dansie and Chase eyed one another in mournful silence and made sarcastic comments aloud.

"It's the confinement has upset my aim, I guess," said Vandebyl, at seven o'clock. "I don't claim to be much of a player at best, but I never was as bad as this before. And there are ten more holes!"

He managed that first hole just before supper time, and promised to come back in the morning for number two.

"I'm sorry," said Chase, as they meditatively ate their supper. "All my fault. You've got to keep your eyes pretty wide open when an American man sets out to get on your blind side."

"That's so," said Mr. Hawke, reminiscently.

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised if he tried to work a sheep or two into that first round," said Dansie.

"I'll take care he doesn't do that, anyway," said Chase, gloomily. "Strikes me we'll have to pass an emergency by-law limiting games to the same day they're begun in."

"Trouble is this isn't a game," said Dansie, biting at his pipe as if it was a bit of Vandebyl. "You and I'll have to start a game as soon as it's daylight, and keep at it all day and bluff him that way."

"He took the club with him. Said it was his free pass," said Chase.

"Well, we'll make one club do."

"He'll play his own round out all the same, and it'll last till the tender comes, if I know anything about it. Write me down an ass."

Vandebyl sallied out next morning and cheerfully started to play again. He came across Chase and Dansie at their game with one club, and apologized for retaining the other one. "I'd like to manage that next hole to-day, if I can," he said modestly. "I'm really ashamed to have had any hand in making such a course."

"Poorest attempt at a course ever I came across," growled Dansie, from the third crease in his throat. "And if I couldn't play better than that, Van, I'd tie the stick round my neck and jump into the sea."

"It's awful, isn't it?" conceded Vandebyl, making apparently a most determined effort with the usual disastrous result. "Seems to me there's a twist in this club. The stone's the squarest thing in the combination."

"Bit of a twist up above, perhaps," suggested Chase.

"Yes, I've lost my knack through solitary confinement. Say, Dansie, what do you say to amalgamating the concerns?"

"Start fresh from the beginning and I've no objections, my boy."

"Oh, that's out of the question. Start fresh from to-day, if you like."

"Why should we? We're all right. We've got all the mutton we want, and oatcakes and porridge."

"What about salt?" asked Vandebyl, with a smile.

"Ah, Miss Katie's been telling tales, has she?"

"Not a bit of it. I caught her trying to steal some, and drew my own conclusions."

"Good girl! She shall have a medal."

"But it's out of her reach now. Fresh mutton without salt will begin to pall on you soon, and porridge without salt is simply repulsive."

"We'll last out, I guess," said Dansie.

"Are you going to be all day getting into that hole?"

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised. It's a regular corker. Worst hole I've struck yet. What's this fairy tale Chase was stuffing me with about Armada ships? Anything in it?"

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised if there were," said Dansie, who showed no desire to enlarge on the subject.

"Good thing?"

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised if it were."

"You've taken shares in it, Chase was saying."

Dansie nodded.

"Then there's something in it, I'll be bound. Want to part with any of your shares?"

"Part with 'em? No. Why should I want to part with 'em? I've only just bought 'em."

"At a price?"

"At my price, maybe."

"And what's that?"

"Swop you my Treasure-Trove shares for their face value in Askandagas."

"I bet you would. But you take too much for granted, old man," said Vandebyl, as he perpetrated another ghastly failure. "In the first place you take it for granted that Julius V. is three parts fool, which remains to be proved. And in the second place you accept that old reprobate's

report of his alleged discovery at *its* face value, which also remains to be proved."

"I see you know all about it," said Dansie, "so there's no need to go into particulars. Been pumping old Tam, I suppose."

"He don't pump worth a cent, darn him!" said Vandenbyl, adopting another line at once. "Hawke's sworn him to secrecy I expect. He's as close as a steel trap with nothing in it. Have you seen the things he's found, or is it only talk?"

"Oh, we've all seen 'em. They're genuine enough."

"And what are they?"

"Ah, now you are asking, my boy, and in a case of this kind the less said the better till we're in full possession. Hawke seems to have struck a good thing, and Chase has seen to the documents in the case."

"And you're satisfied there's something in it, Chase?"

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised if there were. When do you expect to get through this trial round, Vandenbyl? You're stopping play for all the rest of us."

"Awfully sorry. I'm doing my level, but I'm bound to say the performance is not one to be proud of. Say, why shouldn't we amalgamate all three concerns and run the whole show among us?"

"The World—that's us; the Land Company, the Flesh—that's you, the Commissariat Trust; and the Devil—that's Hawke, I suppose," said Chase, with his quiet smile. "If the Flesh were not so grasping it might perhaps be possible. But as usual, he wants all he can get, and a bit more than he's a right to."

"Oh, I'm not a grasping man, not the least little bit. All I want is to keep from getting rusty while we're stuck here. I'm open to any reasonable suggestion. You think it over, Chase. Afraid I can't manage this hole before lunch. I'll come down and try again afterwards. So long! Hope you'll enjoy your mutton. There's still some of that tinned meat, Dansie, and the soup is really first-rate. Makes me feel quite bad to be enjoying it all alone, but if you won't be reasonable it's your own fault, you know," and he pocketed his stone ball and shouldered his club and marched away to the light.

He tried again to extract information concerning the alleged treasure from Mr. MacNeil, but since Chase had had a talk

with him the old gentleman was closer than ever, and was, moreover, visibly excited and elated. After some controversy with Mr. Hawke, Chase had succeeded in securing for the original finder eight out of the twenty-five shares which Hawke had reserved as purchase price. He thought five would be ample and Chase stuck out for ten. After two hours' arguing they settled on eight, and Hawke only agreed to it on the understanding that Mr. MacNeil refunded the five pounds he had originally paid him. This the old man flatly refused to do, and finally, sooner than give up good gold for doubtful paper, he yielded Mr. Hawke one more share and kept the money. He had, therefore, seven shares, Hawke had eighteen, Dansie ten, and the others five each.

The natural effect of all this reserve and mystery on Vandenbyl was to increase tenfold his desire to get inside it, both as regards knowledge and interest. And the more difficult the approaches the more his heart was set on it. If Hawke alone had been behind the matter, he would not have touched it with a forty-foot pole. But Chase and Dansie suggested stability, and the reluctance he encountered on all sides to afford him information, and the evident desire of everyone concerned to keep things entirely in their own hands, made his fingers itch to get into the pie.

## CHAPTER XV

VANDENBYL's sleepless head revolved with schemes and combinations all night. He had a natural trend toward treasure-trove. In the course of his life out West he had had his share in many an extraordinary find. He had seen huge harvests result from the tiniest seeds. This might be one more. The fact of these hard-headed men being in it, and obviously reluctant to admit him, set him on fire to get in too. Morning found him much more disposed to meet Dansie's views than he had been the night before, that is, if he could do so without parting with all the advantage he had gained, and if he could make quite sure that the whole affair was not a put-up job for his beguilement.

As he betook himself to the links for some after-breakfast exercise—dutifully



smiting his round stone in front of him, so as to keep within the terms of his contract—he came across Mr. Hawke going down toward the boat.

"Say, old man," began Vandenbyl, amiably. "Let's forget all that's passed and start fresh. Life's not long enough for squabbling. What's about this treasure business?"

"Well, what about it?" asked Mr. Hawke, regarding him malevolently.

"Is it all O K?"

"Don't you have nothing to do with it, my friend. It is all a swindle, a dirty swindle."

"About as bad as the Commissariat Trust, eh?"

"Oh, worse, much worse. And there are no shares to sell anyway."

"Can't we do a dicker on some? I've a bit of a bias toward wildcats, you know. I'll swop you I. O. U.'s and some Askan-dagas for a finger in the pie."

"They are not good so obtained. You have no right to them. They will not hold."

"Oh, I guess they will. But if you're not open for business this morning it's all right. Think it over. You know where to find me. So long."

He switched his stone along toward the cottage in search of Dansie or Chase, to see if they had come to a more reasonable temper, and felt pretty well convinced in his own mind, from Hawke's manner, that the Treasure-Trove matter had a genuine backbone, and was not simply a fairy tale promulgated for the enticement of a too trustful American financier. They were not sitting in the sun with their backs to the wall as was their custom, so he opened the door and looked in.

There was a little shriek of dismay, and the Duke and Miss Katie confronted him with flustered red faces. His Grace had his pudgy arm round Miss Katie's waist, and he had been making a desperate effort to snatch a kiss when Vandenbyl so inopportunately disturbed them.

"Oh! It iss you, Mr. Vandenbyl," said Miss Katie, covering her confusion with a lame statement of fact.

"Come in, Van, old man," said the Duke, with an assumption of bravado. "Collecting my debts, don't you know. Debtor disputes claim."

"It's a good thing it was only me and not Mr. McTavish," said Vandenbyl, with a twinkle.

"My Kot! -You would be deat now, and me too, maybe," said Miss Katie warmly to the Duke. "You are a foolish wee man and I will not haff you behafe so."

"No harm done, my dear, seeing it's only old Van, and he never tells tales," said the Duke, circumspectly.

"Where are Dansie and Chase?" asked Vandenbyl. "Come along and help me find 'em, Duke."

"Yess, go along, do, and do not come back again effer," said Miss Katie, still very hot and angry.

"Oh, come, I say. That's a bit rough, don't you know, Miss Katie. You said you'd——"

"Go 'long," said Miss Katie, flourishing a broom at him as if he were a strayed hen. "I neffer said anything of the kind."

"Bless me! I've kissed dozens of girls——"

"Well, you can go along and kiss them again iff they will let you," she said, tartly. "But you do not kiss me."

(To be continued.)

